

October 11, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-



Make your own
TOYS
Twelve designs
and a
DOLL'S WARDROBE

Pages 39-50



**SAVE YOUR
CHILD FROM
A HEADSTRONG
MARRIAGE**

Page 57



**LUXURY
HOME**
built from
SCRAP

Pages 52-55



**WHICH GIRLS DO
MEN PREFER?**

Pages 32-35



Time to celebrate the

with new ways to enjoy
the natural goodness of

BUTTER • MILK • CHEESE

This month, right throughout Australia, a great primary industry is celebrating its Festival. What does this Festival mean to you and your family?

First of all, it is a reminder. We are all so dazzled by industrial progress these days that it is easy to forget that our real prosperity — like the health of our children — depends on *natural* products and the natural goodness of dairy foods. The Spring of 1961 is a time to remember how much Australia owes to her great Dairy Industry — and to make the fullest use of dairy foods:

Milk . . . Butter . . . Cheese and the versatile processed milks.

Then, because cooking and celebrations go together, it is a time for recipes.

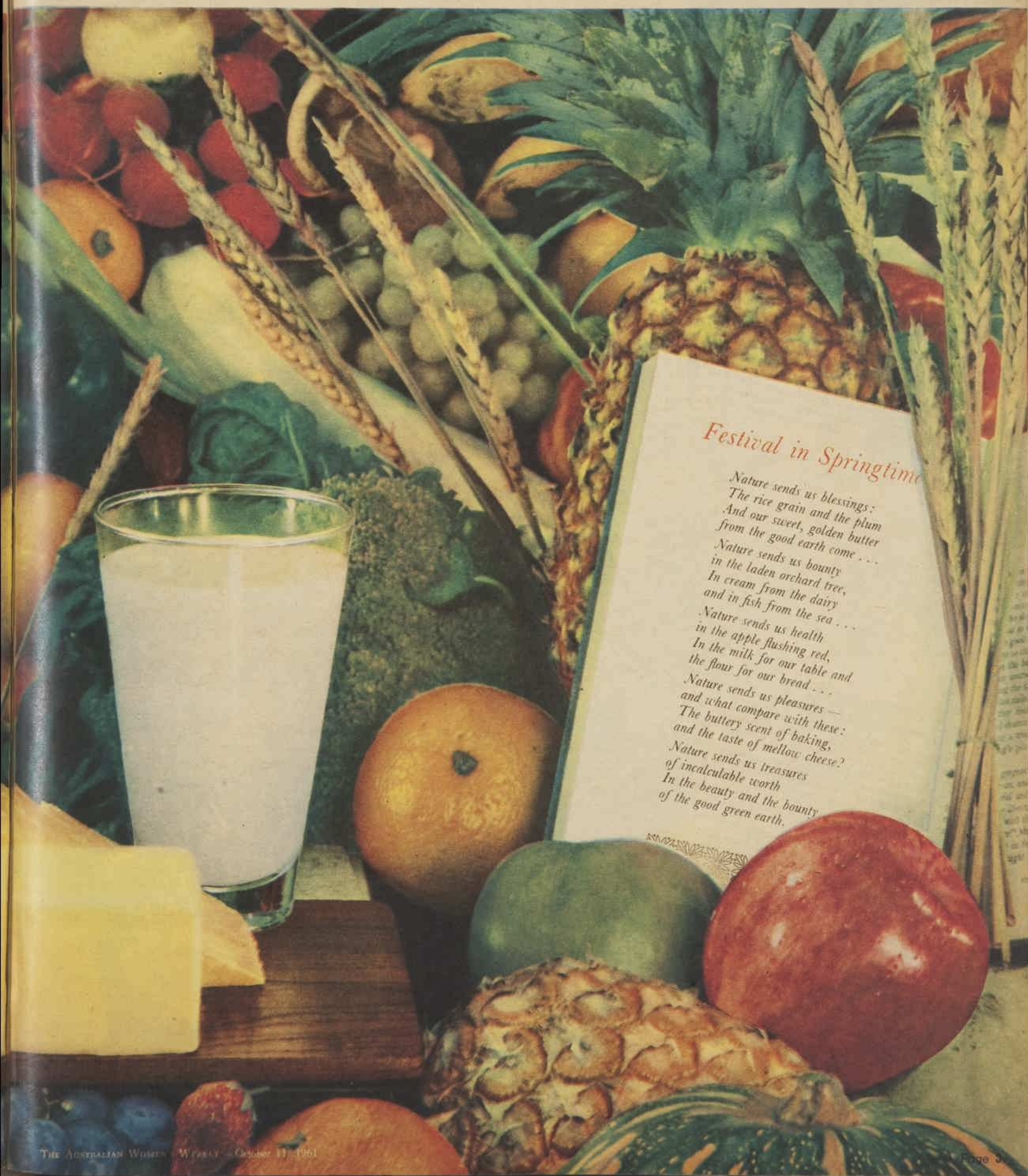
In this issue of the Australian Women's Weekly you will find a feast of recipes created by experts to help you enjoy dairy products — as well as other fine Australian foods — in new, exciting ways.

Whatever the weather, they will put Spring — and the natural goodness of Dairy Foods — on your table!

— AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD —



National Festival of Dairy Foods



Festival in Springtime

Nature sends us blessings:
The rice grain and the plum
And our sweet, golden butter
from the good earth come . . .
Nature sends us bounty
in the laden orchard tree,
In cream from the dairy
and in fish from the sea . . .
Nature sends us health
in the apple flushing red,
In the milk for our table and
the flour for our bread . . .
Nature sends us pleasures —
and what compare with these:
The buttery scent of baking,
and the taste of mellow cheese?
Nature sends us treasures
of incalculable worth
In the beauty and the bounty
of the good green earth.



Time to celebrate the **National Festival of Dairy Foods**

A dish to make you famous Pineapple Cheese Balls

made with
NATURAL CHEDDAR
and

Golden Circle PINEAPPLE

**Fresh-as-Spring
Lunch**

Pineapple Cheese Balls
Minted Peas and
Buttered Baby Carrots
Bread Sticks
Quick Cassata

(Candied fruits and nuts between
layers of your favourite brand of ice
cream — strawberry, chocolate or
vanilla. Freeze firm and slice)

Festive enough for special guests...
easy enough for a family meal!

These marvellous Pineapple Cheese Balls couldn't be easier to make. Natural Cheddar gives them their savoury goodness and precious protein... glistening Golden Circle Pineapple adds sparkling flavour and crisp, contrasting texture. There's nothing like the tangy-sweet taste of Golden Circle — sun-ripened pineapple at its luscious best — to give new excitement to savoury dishes as well as sweets.

Pineapple Cheese Balls

FILLING: 4 ozs. Natural Cheddar (grated), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg yolk, 2 pineapple slices cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ " pieces.

Combine cheese and milk. Stir over low heat till cheese has melted. Add salt, pepper, yolk and crumbs. Beat till blended. Cool.

COATING: $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Natural Cheddar (grated), 2 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley, fine dry breadcrumbs.

Take a dessertspoon of coating mixture. Place 1 teaspoon of filling in centre, plus one pineapple piece. Cover with more coating and shape into a patty. Cover completely with crumbs. Fry golden brown, drain on paper and serve hot with remaining slices of luscious Golden Circle Pineapple.



Another way to enjoy the natural goodness of Dairy Foods



Time to celebrate the **National Festival of Dairy Foods**

MILK and *Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

Registered Trade Mark

"The best to you each morning"



and **BUTTER** and *Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

"The best to you" in cooking too – Spring Blossom Cookies



Spring Blossom Cookies

BASE:

4 ozs. soft butter, 3 ozs. ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup not packed) brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg yolks, 5 ozs. (1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups) plain flour, 1 cup Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 2 table-
spoons thick berry jam.
Cream the butter, sugar and vanilla. Mix in the yolks, then the flour and the lightly crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Press out into a thin sheet ($\frac{1}{4}$ " thick) on a buttered baking tray. Bake 5 minutes in a moderate oven. Remove, spread with jam, then with topping. Decorate with sliced cherries, if desired, and bake 30 minutes longer in a slow oven, or till topping has set. When partly cooled, cut into fingers.

TOPPING:

2 egg whites, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes. (Optional addition: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.)
Beat the sugar very gradually into the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Fold in the vanilla, coconut, Kellogg's Corn Flakes (and nuts).

Another way to enjoy the natural goodness of Dairy Foods



Time to celebrate the **National Festival of Dairy Foods**

Friday Family Treat featuring:

Budget Fish Casserole

made with **BUTTER** and **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

Menu

ORANGE OR PINEAPPLE JUICE
BUDGET FISH CASSEROLE
TOSSED SALAD
CANNED OR FRESH FRUIT
WITH ICE CREAM

Nourishing Kraft Cheddar -Best Cheese for cooking

This is the cheese that makes cooked dishes taste better every time... its mild Cheddar flavour melts and blends to savoury perfection. You provide lots of protein for strength with Kraft Cheddar because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound. Kraft Cheddar is today's bargain in nutrition.

Budget Fish Casserole

INGREDIENTS: 1 lb. smoked fish; water; 6 small cooked onions; 1 medium size carrot, cut in pieces and cooked; 1 cup cooked peas; or 2½ cups mixed leftover vegetables.

SAUCE: 2 ozs. butter (2 tablespoons); 3 tablespoons flour; 2½ cups milk; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 2 teaspoons salt; ¼ teaspoon dry mustard; pinch pepper.

METHOD: Place fish in saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil, drain. Cover fish with fresh water and simmer gently for approximately 15 minutes. Strain off water. Remove skin from fish; cut into pieces and arrange in a casserole.

SAUCE: Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour and let cook for few minutes. Stir in the milk gradually, then add the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, salt, mustard and pepper. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until cheese has melted and sauce is smooth. Gently stir in vegetables. Pour over the fish in the casserole. Place in a moderate oven (350°F. Gas, 375°F. Electric) for 15-20 minutes or until heated through. 6 Servings.



Another way to enjoy the natural goodness of Dairy Foods

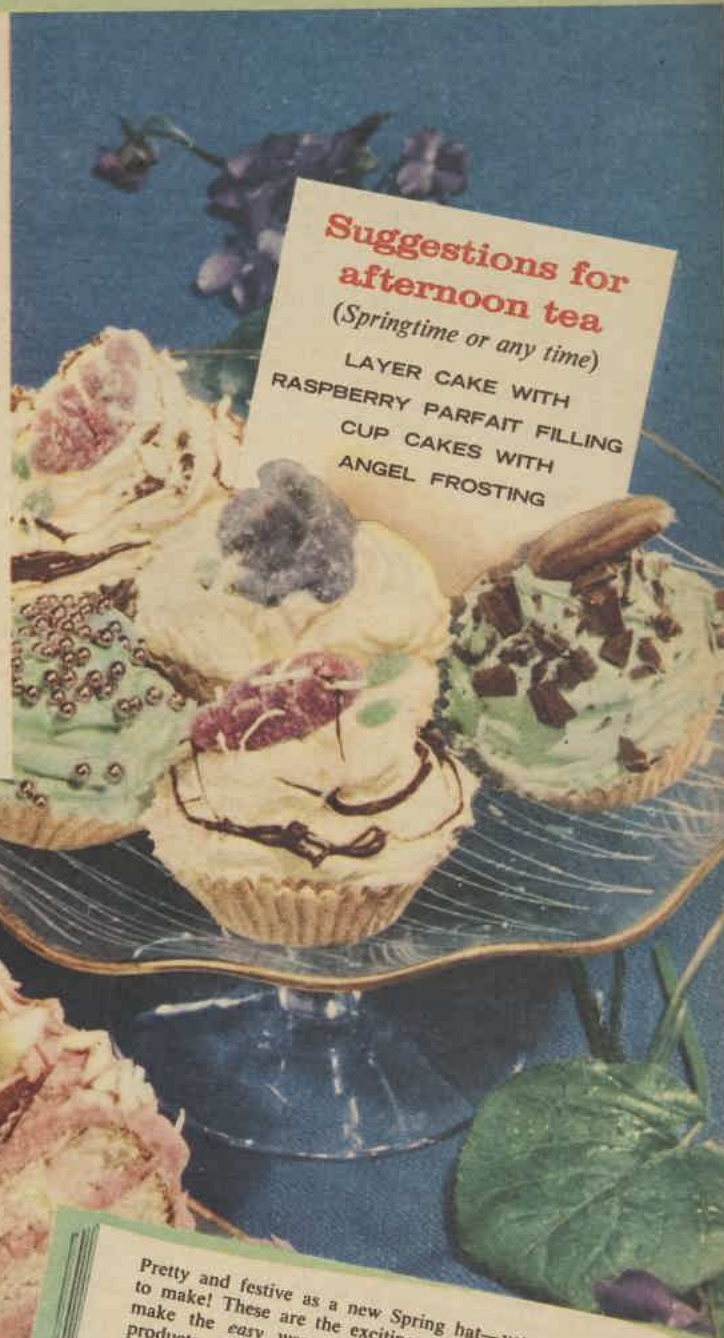


Time to celebrate the **National Festival of Dairy Foods**

Dress up your cakes with fabulous

Fillings and Frostings

made with **BUTTER**
and **NESTLÉ'S**
MILK PRODUCTS



**Suggestions for
afternoon tea**
(Springtime or any time)

LAYER CAKE WITH
RASPBERRY PARFAIT FILLING
CUP CAKES WITH
ANGEL FROSTING



Pretty and festive as a new Spring hat—yet surprisingly simple to make! These are the exciting new frostings and fillings you make the easy way—with butter and Nestlé's famous milk products. They're different, delicious and good for you, too, because Nestlé's processed milks—Ideal, Sweetened Condensed Milk and Sunshine—are fresh, whole milk in concentrated form. Discover the magical things they can do for your cooking!

Raspberry Parfait Filling

3 tablespoons soft butter, 2 level tablespoons castor sugar, 1 oz. (use measuring cup) Ideal Milk, 1 good tablespoon raspberry jam, 2 level tablespoons Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, few drops each red colouring, lemon juice and vanilla.

Combine all ingredients in a small deep bowl. Beat very rapidly with rotary beater or electric mixer for 2 minutes—or till light and fluffy. Spread generously between layers of your favourite butter cake or cake mix.

Angel Frosting

2 tablespoons soft butter, 3 ozs. (use measuring cup) Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon any essence or fruit juice, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, colouring as desired.

Combine all the ingredients in a small deep bowl and beat at high speed with rotary beater or electric mixer till mixture fluffs up like whipped cream. Swirl on top of cup cakes and decorate as desired. The frosting will set as it stands.

Another way to enjoy the natural goodness of Dairy Foods





Time to celebrate the **National Festival of Dairy Foods**

Delectable Dessert!

Swiss Caramel Apple Tart

made with **BUTTER**
and

BEAR BRAND MILK

Spring Dessert Menu

ICED PINEAPPLE JUICE
FRESH FRUIT WITH
SWISS CARAMEL APPLE TART
NATURAL CHEDDAR

A new high in apple pie! Almonds, juicy apples and rich, luscious caramel in crisp Magic Minute Pastry! You'll love this new twist on an old favourite... love the way this good double-rich Bear Brand Milk tastes so much better, stays so much fresher, because it's the ONLY evaporated milk with its goodness protected by a gold lined can.

Swiss Caramel Apple Tart

Magic Minute Pastry to line an 8" pie plate. 2 ozs. finely-chopped (or ground) almonds mixed with 1 dessert-spoon sugar, 5 or 6 apples, 2 ozs. butter, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup Bear Brand Evaporated Milk. Sprinkle the almonds and sugar over base of unbaked pie shell. Peel, quarter and core the apples. Cut each quarter into thin slices. Pack into the pie plate and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven. Reduce heat to moderate and bake 15 minutes longer. Meanwhile, melt butter and sugar in a saucepan and add the Bear Brand Milk. Stir over moderate heat till caramel-coloured and as thick as custard—about 15 minutes. Spoon over apples. Bake 30 minutes longer, or till glazed. Decorate with almonds and serve hot or cold with Tongala Swiss-Style Reduced Cream—plain or whipped.

MAGIC MINUTE PASTRY Melt 4 ozs. butter. Add 2 tablespoons hot water. Place in a cooled bowl and beat until mixture begins to set. Using fork mix half of this mixture into 6 ozs. plain flour. Then fork in balance of mixture. Turn out, knead and roll. Can be used immediately. Wrap and chill if preferred.

DAIRY FOODS
BUTTER



Another way to enjoy the natural goodness of Dairy Foods



Time to celebrate the **National Festival of Dairy Foods**

Light and luscious

Viennese Buttercake

made with **BUTTER** and
WHITE WINGS FLOUR



Come-to-Coffee Menu

VIENNESE BUTTERCAKE
WHIPPED CREAM
HOT COFFEE
MINTS & CANDIES

Tender, feathery buttercake laced through and through with chocolate!

Absolutely superb — mellow and melting as only butter can make it... light and perfectly risen because it's made with White Wings Self Raising Flour. If you think a cake like this is complicated or expensive to make, you'll be delighted with this new, easy recipe. But to get the best results you must use the best ingredients: Butter and White Wings — the flour that makes good cooking easy.

Viennese Buttercake

(Serve it true Vienna-style with Whipped Cream and Coffee!)

7 ozs. (1 cup) sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ measuring cup water, 4 ozs. soft butter, 2 ozs. (2 tablespoons) brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon juice, 2 large eggs, 10 ozs. (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups) White Wings Self Raising Flour sifted with 1 level tablespoon powdered milk and $1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons cocoa blended with 1 tablespoon water or sherry.

Use a large fluted ring cake tin or an 8" x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " cake tin. Dissolve the sugar in the water over moderate heat. Cool completely. Cream the butter, brown sugar, vanilla and lemon juice. Add the eggs with 2 heaped tablespoons of flour. Beat 2 minutes. Add the cooled liquid and remaining flour in alternate lots, heating smooth after each addition. Stir 5 tablespoons of this mixture into the blended cocoa. Butter and flour your cake tin, then alternate very thin layers of dark mixture with thick layers of light mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 45-50 minutes. When cold, drizzle with Shiny Chocolate Glaze.

Shiny Chocolate Glaze

Boil for 1 minute: A scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, a good tablespoon cocoa and 2 tablespoons water. Stir constantly. Partly cool, then beat in a good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla (or $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and 1 teaspoon rum). Use the Glaze as soon as it starts to thicken.



Another way to enjoy the natural goodness of Dairy Foods



Today's Babies Need the Best—



for
extra
protection

'Savlon' TRADE MARK MEDICATED powder

The only powder containing 'Hibitane', the most effective antiseptic known to medical science. Ideal for all the family, 'Savlon' Medicated Powder, used regularly, brings quick relief from minor skin irritation, heat rash, chafing, burning feet, and protects Baby from napkin rash.

Cool, fragrant 'Savlon' Medicated Powder soothes, relieves and banishes discomfort.



Ask your Family Chemist for
'Savlon' Medicated Powder —
in the pastel-blue polythene flask.

Two convenient sizes:
4'9 and 8'

PUT 'SAVLON' MEDICATED POWDER ON YOUR SHOPPING LIST NOW!



Made in Australia by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● American psychiatrist Dr. Murray Banks has an amusing anecdote to illustrate "What Your Dreams Tell About You" (pages 22, 23), the last of the series from his book "How To Live With Yourself."

HE says: "One day an old lady in her seventies came into a psychiatrist's office.

"She expounded her ailments, real and imaginary, but seemed most concerned about a recurring dream in which she was diligently pursued by a personable young man who wanted to kiss her.

"The doctor advised her how she might sleep more soundly.

"In a few days she returned, still woeful. 'Don't tell me you aren't sleeping better nowadays,' teased the doctor.

"Oh, I'm sleeping just fine," she replied. "But I certainly miss that young man."

★ ★ ★
THE five attractive knitted animals in our toy feature (pages 39 to 50) were designed specially for us at the request of the Agricultural Bureau of N.S.W.

They were designed on behalf of the Australian Coordinating Committee for the 10th Triennial Conference of the Associated Country

Our Cover

● Simon, an appealing Maltese terrier, wore a blue bow for his cover picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow. He's a talented terrier. He has appeared in TV commercials, fashion parades, and a musical, "And So To Bed," at Sydney's Independent Theatre, where he took curtain calls with the cast. Simon, owned by Miss Shirley Bridges, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., has the pedigree name of Mayrae Aristotle.

Women of the World. This conference will be held in Melbourne in October, 1962, with delegates from 30 countries.

It is the custom at these conferences to have a stall where souvenirs are sold to help defray expenses.

Australian country women needed designs for typically Australian toys to stock their stall, so our designs have been created for them.

NEXT WEEK: Prizewinning recipes in our £3000 Dairy Foods Recipe Contest in an eight-page pull-out to add to your cookery files... An Iris For Everyone — Expert advice on irises, among the easiest and most beautiful flowers to grow.



● Vivien Leigh and Paul Fitzgerald with the portrait.

VIVIEN IS DELIGHTED WITH HER GOOD-LUCK PORTRAIT



● The actress strikes the same pose that she adopted when painted in the role of Viola in "Twelfth Night." Artists who have painted Miss Leigh's portrait in the past include Walter Sickert and Augustus John.—
Photographs by Jonathan Evetts.

THE luck of a raffle draw has produced a charming portrait of Vivien Leigh in the role of Viola in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," painted by Melbourne artist Paul Fitzgerald. The artist had promised in advance to paint the portrait of the winner of a charity raffle.

The raffle took place soon after Vivien arrived in Melbourne, at her first big appearance off-stage. This was at a ball at "Homeden" to aid The Three R's Committee to raise funds for research and rehabilitation among retarded children.

The committee secretary, Dr. Kathleen Galbally, called on Vivien to draw the lucky number. She did—and produced one in the doctor's own name. Kathleen Galbally didn't want it, though, because the same artist had already painted her portrait, so she nominated Vivien as the winner.

Paul Fitzgerald could call the painting his first portrait by remote control. For the actress was not able to spare much time for sittings.

He had two with her in her dressing-room at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, when he did the first sketches. Then he attended three performances of "Twelfth Night," watching it from

the front row of the dress circle with his field-glasses glued on Vivien.

Next he borrowed Viola's costume from the theatre. His wife, the former Mary Parker, of early Australian TV fame in Melbourne, wore them for several sittings in the studio at their Canterbury home. Luckily she is petite, like Vivien, and the costume fitted her perfectly.

Finally, Vivien went to Paul's studio for a solid two-hour sitting.

The result is a portrait with which Vivien Leigh is delighted. She plans to hang it in her country home, "Tickerage Mill," near Tickerage, Sussex, when she returns to England after her Old Vic world tour.

The company will be playing in Sydney for the next two months. A season in Adelaide will follow from December 11 to 30, and a two-week season in Perth will open on New Year's Day. After a short holiday the company will begin its New Zealand tour in Auckland on January 24.

Then will follow a tour of Asia, with performances in Hongkong, Japan, the Philippines, Thailand, and India.

— Freda Irving.

Gigi or Brigitte?

as french
as french...
which
perfume
is you?



"Both, darling!"

A girl can change her moods, you know"

Will she choose the enchantment of Gigi...
or the fascination of Brigitte?
When a girl possesses both Potter & Moore
perfumes, she can be the girl she wants
to be... always! Gay girl or demure,
sophisticate or charmer—always fresh,
exciting, different.

Wear Gigi or Brigitte perfume on all
occasions. And enjoy the luxury of their
matching Skin Perfumes after you shower
and to freshen up during the day.
In adorable French-styled packs at your
favourite cosmetics counter.

Potter
& Moore

LONDON • MELBOURNE

Skin perfume 5/6 & 10/6
Body talcum 5/11
Travel-size perfume 12/6
Handbag-size perfume 7/6

Skin perfume 5/6 & 10/6
Body talcum 5/11
Travel-size perfume 12/6
Handbag-size perfume 7/6



A SOUR LOOK AT AUSTRALIA



"TASTELESS" Surfers' Paradise, which Priestley calls "a tasteless mess... with neon lights impatient for the sun to go down."

● Australian men are not interested in women. Australian men may not believe this, but Mr. J. B. Priestley, the English writer, does, according to his latest novel.



HE has one of his characters, a French scientist who has lived a while in Australia, say: "I have almost forgotten there are two sexes..."

"The men are monks without God, with only beer, picnic baskets, and tennis racquets. The girls are handsome but puzzled. They look at themselves, give a sigh, and bake another cake."

In the novel, "Saturn Over the Water" (published by Heinemann), not only Australian men come under fire—Surfers' Paradise, Melbourne, country pubs, and social attitudes are all criticised.

Its opening passages suggest a straightforward yarn, but the story, as it proceeds, becomes involved in a message.

It has Tim Bedford, an English artist, scurrying around the world in search of his cousin's husband, Jo, a scientist who has disappeared from a research institute in Peru.

Tim discovers that the place is a front for a sinister organisation dealing with nuclear bombs.

Aided and abetted by Rosalia, granddaughter of the institute's wealthy director, he continues the search in Chile, and then in Australia.

From a passenger on the ship Tim gets a piece of advice about Australia:

"Keep away from the beer," he is warned, "it's the curse of the country. They're all muzzy with it—half-drowned."

Tim reaches Melbourne, which to him is "as if Liverpool had been cleaned up and moved to the subtropical Pacific... Melbourne gave the impression of being big, rich, important, but nothing much appeared to be happening there. At least the newspaper I bought couldn't promise much."

Tim gets quite lyrical about the drive from Ballarat to

Charoke, Victoria, where he hopes to find another clue to the mystery:

"Sometimes I might have been driving through an emptier and warmer bit of Bucks or Northants, or passing central sections of Watford or Nuneaton that had been left out in the sun..."

Near Charoke he finds the College of Applied Psychology (another front for the Group). It's quite an impressive building — "no corrugated-iron dinkum-Aussie rough stuff... it looked like some of the better sheep stations."

Further clues switch the search to New South Wales.

By this time Rosalia is back in the act. She has been acting as double agent, moving in top circles in Melbourne and Sydney for the Group, but really on Tim's side.

The two are in a hurry now to solve the mystery because, as Tim explains, "Rosalia had taken a violent dislike, which I could do nothing about, not only to top circles but to Aus-

By
JOYCE HALSTEAD

tralian life on most levels. All she wanted was to get out from down under..."

"She thought the whole Australian scene had no real color, flavor, smell, or history."

They arrive at the Queens-land Gold Coast.

And Surfers' Paradise! Oh, horrors—"big, gaudy, a tasteless mess... a mass of razzle-dazzle—Tahiti, Honolulu, Chinatown, the Wild West run up in plaster-like film sets—with pink and emerald paint and awnings that hurt your eyes and neon lights impatient for the sun to go down."

A stretch of coast that hadn't yet been developed pleased them more.

"It was clean, sharp, bright, empty except for beauty, and bad for trade..."

"This is how it all was—

YORKSHIRE novelist, essayist, dramatist, and social reformer J. B. Priestley. He visited Australia two years ago to attend a disarmament congress which Lord Casey, then Minister for External Affairs, denounced as "Communist-inspired."

On Mr. Priestley's return to London he wrote an article bitterly criticising Australian life. He said he and his wife were treated like lepers.

Priestley, now 67, has been married three times and has six children. The present Mrs. Priestley is Jacquetta Hawkes, a well-known archaeologist.

perfect', said Rosalia, half-angry, half-sad. 'And this will not be here very soon. Just hotdogs and ice-creams and lucky charms and real estate and drycleaners.'

"I hate those places there so much I wish a great wave would come one night and pull them all into the sea."

"They are not even Florida and Southern California, which are terrible, but a nasty cheap imitation—terrible, terrible rubbish."

Naturally, Priestley does not spare the small country hotel where his characters spend a night.

"It was really a kind of big beerhouse at the crossroads—a wooden shanty on an enormous scale... a mixed smell of beer and greasy frying-pans."

"To get to the bathroom you had to go a creaky walk to the other end of a balcony."

Somewhere in the high country behind Surfers' Paradise the mystery resolves itself. Tim and Rosalia are free to get out as quickly as a plane will carry them.

ONE-ROOM OFFICE TO £500,000 BUILDING IN FIVE YEARS



TWO FAMILIES. Above, left, the Salteri children, Paul, 14, Mary, 13, and Adriana, 8. Above, the Belgiorio Nettis children, Luca, 7, Marco, 8, and Guido, 3, with (left) Mr. and Mrs. Salteri and (right) Mr. and Mrs. Belgiorio Nettis.

● Five years ago Italian engineers Franco Belgiorio Nettis and Carlo Salteri formed a building-construction company with £1500 in Sydney, a city already thick with successful builders. Today, the company and its subsidiaries are handling contracts worth £6,000,000.

THE builders' original one-roomed office is now an almost-finished marble-fronted block of 14 storeys costing £500,000. Their one secretary is now a staff of 1000.

And Messrs Belgiorio Nettis and Salteri, who, with their wives and children are now Australian citizens, still work a six-day week.

"Sometimes seven," added Mr. Belgiorio Nettis as we sat round a mosaic coffee-table in his office. "For we started business here late in life. We must catch up with our Australian contemporaries."

"We must hustle in business," agreed Mr. Salteri.

He looks a hustler. Tall and lean, he is a boyish 40. There's a touch of Australian in his accent. Skiing and sailing are his favorite relaxations—and on the dashboard of his car there's a permanent memo from his eight-year-old daughter, Adriana, "Don't speed, Papa."

A native of Milan and a mechanical engineering graduate of Milan University, he looks after the constructional side of the business.

His partner—called Belgiorio in the business world, Nettis by the neighbors in Clontarf, and "the Little

Genius" by employees—looks after the technical side.

He has the veiled eyes of a shrewd businessman and a thinker. At 6, he was helping his blacksmith grandfather in the forge in a Southern Italian village. In his twenties, he graduated as an electrical engineer at Turin University.

To pay for his studies he painted portraits of well-known Turin families. He was self-taught.

Now, at 45, Mr. Belgiorio Nettis is too busy to paint. Instead, he is a patron. "Industry should sponsor art," he says.

It was on his motion that the company established a prize of £1000 to be awarded annually for the best modern Australian painting. The first award was made last month to mark the fifth anniversary of their company, Transfield Pty. Ltd.

Singly, either man would probably have made a success of business. Allied, success was inevitable.

They first met ten years ago at Rome airport about to catch an Australia-bound plane. They were being sent by a big Italian construction firm to fulfil contracts in New South Wales lasting five years.

As salaried men, they organised the construction of bridges, steel power transmission lines—including the first

in the State—and a television tower for Channel 9, Sydney, the first in Australia.

Their wives followed them here. And at the end of the five years both families, undecided about the future, returned to Italy.

"But it was out of the question to start our own business in Italy," said Mr. Belgiorio. "We could never have done there what we've done here."

So they returned to Australia.

Migrants' success story

"It was a risk to come back. Yet, it was an adventure, too," said Mr. Salteri.

"£1500 capital to start with is nothing," said Mr. Belgiorio. "But it is a wing to fly on."

So the "flying" began.

Tiny office

The one-roomed office—borrowed—was only 10ft. square. The secretary, Miss Alison Gardner, complained of not having enough work.

But from their previous years in Australia the engineers were quite well known in the construction field. Men who had worked for them before left secure jobs and went to work willingly for the new

team for "next to nothing." Slowly the small contracts came in.

Every penny profit was ploughed back into the business. By the end of the first year there was enough money to buy a 27-acre block at Seven Hills to put up a steel-fabricating factory.

Shortly after they put in a tender for a contract of 2000 tons of steel structures for a firm at Port Kembla, N.S.W. The client was interested and wanted to see the factory.

"We wanted the contract, and we had no factory. What did we do?" asked Salteri.

"Belgiorio had a good idea. We hired a bulldozer for the day to make a lot of commotion on the land at Seven Hills. This is where our factory will be," we said.

"We got the contract. The client didn't know that we had no money to build a factory."

So the team of workmen made the steel structures out in the paddocks. When it rained, they worked in prefabricated movable huts.

The contract completed, they got the job of erecting the steel structures they'd made.

And so business snowballed.

With more prestige, the big contracts were secured. With more profits, there were larger offices—and at the end of two years four secretary-typists.

Now, of course, there is a large factory—with a heated swimming-pool for employees. There is a new self-designed home for Mr. Belgiorio, his wife, and three sons, Marco, 8, Luca, 7, and Guido, 3, at Clontarf.

Mr. and Mrs. Salteri and children Paul, 14, Mary, 13, and Adriana, 8, are just moving into their new house at Castlecrag. Both families share a 32ft. yacht.

As with business, there is a do-or-die romantic streak running through the men's personal lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Salteri fell in love at the respective ages of 16 and 13. Their parents were friends and had summer villas at Lake Maggiore.

Married just after the war, Mrs. Salteri was quite calm about packing up two small children and following her husband to Sydney.

"I knew my man. So I trusted him," she said, her blue eyes unusually serious.

Mrs. Belgiorio Nettis agreed wholeheartedly.

So wholeheartedly did she trust Franco that she married him by proxy shortly after he first came to Australia ten years ago.

"We had been engaged a month when Franco was given a week's notice to go to Sydney," she explained. "So four

months after he'd left I wore a white dress and had a full wedding in Turin Cathedral. His brother stood-in for the ceremony."

This trust has enabled both wives to cope philosophically with all the upheavals their husbands' business has caused.

They are consulted on business matters of extraordinary importance, but generally recognise that their job is to keep the respective homes running smoothly.

Forget to eat

"A big job," said Mrs. Salteri. "The men would be hopeless without us. We even have to ring the office every night at seven o'clock to remind them to come home for dinner. Otherwise they'd work twenty-four hours a day."

How did they feel about becoming Australians?

"Our husbands wanted it. So we did," said Mrs. Belgiorio Nettis.

"When we took our children back to Italy," continued Mrs. Salteri, "we found they were one and a half times bigger than their Italian cousins—even if they weren't so quiet and well-behaved."

And the men?

"As I was flying back over Australia five years ago to start again, I suddenly thought, 'This is home!'" said Mr. Salteri.

Mr. Belgiorio Nettis pondered his answer.

"Wherever you go and you put the flag up—that's your home," he said. And added: "It's easy to become accustomed to better things."



Time to celebrate the **National Festival of Dairy Foods**

Excite them...delight them with

Ice Cream Volcanoes tonight!



**YOU CAN DO
SO MUCH WITH
ICE CREAM!**

Easy...spectacular

Ice Cream Volcanoes

Place scoops of your favourite ice cream in individual dishes. Top each with a canned apricot half (or other fruit). Pour a little lemon or orange essence over lumps of sugar. Place a lump on each piece of fruit. Light with a match and serve flaming.



Another way to **enjoy the natural goodness of Dairy Foods**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 11, 1961

"Happy birthday," First Lady

● Our "First Lady of Fine Cooking" is Mrs. Janet Meyrick, Glasshouse Mountains, Queensland, whose Dinner Party Menu won her the Grand Champion Prize of £2000 in our recent Dairy Foods Contest.

THIS announcement of Mrs. Meyrick's win coincides with her birthday on October 11. As Mrs. Meyrick said when told of it — "Wow! What a birthday."

Talented Mrs. Meyrick (pronounced Merrick) is a freelance writer, newspaper columnist, expert gardener, artist, as well as being a first-class cook and expert in many other aspects of home-making.

Her winning Dinner Party Menu makes dramatic and interesting use of dairy foods. Moreover, she does all her cooking on a fuel stove.

At some time or other she has won contests in both cooking and writing fields, but this is by far the biggest prize she has won.

"I'm going to take a picture of the cheque and frame it, then put the money in the bank and watch it for a long time," she said.

"I have to pinch myself to make certain I'm not dreaming."

"I do thank the farmers as well as The Australian Women's Weekly for the generosity of the prize, but I thank them, too, for the imaginative planning of the contest."

"The title itself is a very lovely one — 'First Lady of Fine Cooking.' It stimulates the imagination, and it is imagination which converts food into a banquet."

She considers that the quiet life on her husband's 500 acres of freehold land on the slopes of the romantic Glasshouse Mountains is perfect for letting imagination run riot.

Community worker

Her love for life and people finds outlet in the nearby town of Nambour, where she writes a women's column for the local paper. She is also compiling a history of the district.

Mrs. Meyrick takes part in all community efforts. Her private dedication, she says, is towards the unity of Churches. She is an ardent helper in the Billy Graham crusade.

Her husband, Mr. Lou Meyrick, is a keen bowler. While he bowls, Mrs. Meyrick gathers material for her column and buys stores for their bushland home, which is surrounded by thousands of acres of State forest.

"Birdsongs and the ring of axes are my meditation music," Janet Meyrick said.

The Meyricks used to grow pineapples but are at present selling surplus timber before planting their next crop.

Their two good-looking teenage daughters are taking after their mother in household skill — although Virginia, 13, is known at home as "Daddy's girl" because she is passionately fond of outdoor life.

Janet, 16½, takes a science course at Nambour State High School. She has copper-colored hair and hazel eyes.

Mrs. Meyrick is a sixth-generation Australian. She is descended from three pioneer families — the Schwaebisch family (originally of Melbourne), the McClellands of Tam-



"FIRST LADY" Mrs. Janet Meyrick receives congratulatory kisses from her daughters, Jan (left) and Virginia.

worth, N.S.W., and the Stewarts of Liverpool Plains, N.S.W.

Her husband came to Australia from England in 1920.

Mrs. Meyrick was taught to cook from the age of ten by her mother, the late Mrs. Margaret Schwaebisch (formerly McClelland).

"Mother always taught me to set an extra place at the table and prepare for the unexpected guest," she said.

"On account of her ill health I soon took over all the baking and most of the cooking, even though I worked during the day and played for the old silent pictures at night."

"I took a commercial course at Brisbane Technical College and I've been studying one thing or another ever since I left school."

"I have a wonderful collection of cook-books . . . well over 100 bound books not counting notebooks and boxes of cuttings."

Uses fuel stove

"Since I've been married (for 18 years) I've managed without any special gadgets. We have no electricity except a home-lighting plant, so that rules out many electrical gadgets."

"But on the old wood stove I've baked everything from bread to the richest of rich cakes."

Mrs. Meyrick has an attractive 21ft. x 10ft. kitchen looking on to Mount Crookneck. It is divided into "cooking" and "hobby" sections.

A few years ago Mr. Meyrick felled his own timber and cleared the site for their modern home, which has a huge verandah, 27ft. x 27ft. lounge-room, and three bedrooms. The main bedroom has a tallowwood floor and the sitting-room floor is of red "stringy".

"I designed the house and treated myself to a lovely old-fashioned pantry," Mrs. Meyrick said.

Of her winning entry, Mrs. Meyrick says: "It is not a budget meal. The contest didn't ask for that. Some might think that it is rather rich. So it would be for a family meal. But this is NOT an ordinary family meal."

"Chicken casserole is, of course, served often enough in most homes, particularly in the country, where people have their own poultry. And the avocados I have added to

● Glasshouse Mountain, Mt. Tibrogargan (the lion), is the background for Mrs. Meyrick as she helps a neighbor, Mr. Glen Reed, gather his pineapples.



HOBBY of Mrs. Meyrick is collecting notes on early history of the Nambour district, Qld. Here (right) she is beside the Shire Hall with Mrs. Percy Wells, whose husband is local ambulance officer, and Mr. Jim Carroll, 83.

First Lady's tour

AS part of her prize, Mrs. Meyrick will make a tour of Australia, visiting all capitals, where she will be presented as "First Lady of Fine Cooking."

This tour will take place during the National Festival of Dairy Foods this month.

During October Mrs. Meyrick will be at—

Brisbane: 5th and 6th.

Sydney: 9th to 11th.

Melbourne: 12th and 13th.

Hobart: 16th.

Launceston: 17th.

Perth: 19th and 20th.

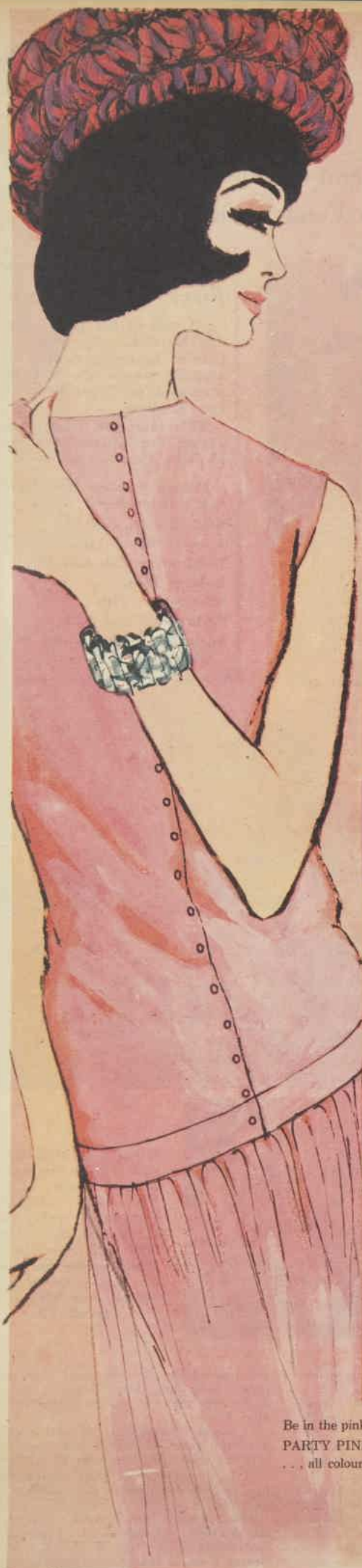
Adelaide: 24th, 25th, and 26th.

CHOOSING A NAME FOR BABY?

Then buy next week's paper for

1000 names for boys and girls with their meanings and origins

(What does your name mean?)



Be beautiful in



SOFT PINK
PINK CORAL



Be in the pink also with favourite Lournay pinks like
PARTY PINK, POLKA PINK, PINK CHAMPAGNE
... all colours to make a prettier you.



Pink



PINK IS FASHION'S FAVOURITE!
Pink in every mood . . . from the tender blush pink to vibrating cyclamens. Pinks to flatter every woman from sixteen to sixty. Pinks that make her look and feel younger and prettier. Pinks for her gowns, her shoes, her accessories and, of course, pink to give a soft sweet look to her lips. To celebrate this vogue for pink, Lournay brings you two new pinks and reminds you of variations on the pink theme.

SOFT PINK . . . a true, delicate pink, sweetly pretty as a strawberry parfait.

PINK CORAL . . . a new pink spiced with gold to mix and match with favourite pinks.

Lournay

NEW BLACK AND GOLD REFILL 8/-
Golden Lournay Lipstick 10/6



"What are you so frightened about this morning?"



"That ought to be a good photo . . . I pressed the button twice just to make sure!"

It seems to me

BUT I don't see how you can call it spring," said an Englishwoman last week on one of those divinely warm days that finally replaced the bleak weather of Sydney's early September.

"It's pleasant," she went on. "I'll grant you that. But on the Australian seaboard you miss the drama of spring. First it's winter and then it's summer."

Maybe she's right, but I have just spent 20 minutes in front of the mirror wondering whether a dress is, or is not, half an inch too short. So I know it is spring. If this were autumn I would let the dress down half an inch and err on the safe side.

If it were midwinter or midsummer I would throw it on regardless and not care what length it was. Nor, indeed, on some days, whether it was back-to-front.

★ ★ ★
SPRING is a suitable season for airing a theory I have about clothes.

The generally accepted notion is that you should always consider any prospective purchase in relation to your needs and the rest of the wardrobe. If it doesn't fit into your color scheme and planning you should reject it, because otherwise you'll regret it.

After many a spring, I have come to the opposite conclusion. If you yearn for a dress (and can afford it), buy it. Revise the plan. Be flexible. If you like a dress you'll feel happy in it, and feeling happy will make you look nicer.

At this point an observer might question my claim to clothes-sense. It isn't clothes-sense I'm discussing, but clothes-enjoyment.

As for regrets, the sharpest ones in this field are often about the pretty or becoming items you passed up in order to stick to a co-ordinated plan.

★ ★ ★
OTHER signs of spring—the chives given me by a reader are flourishing in a pot, and, of course, the big races are on.

Which reminds me, have you ever noticed the Oxford dictionary's definition of a horse? It is "Solid-hoofed quadruped with flowing mane and tail, used as beast of burden and for riding on."

No punters, the compilers of that dictionary.

★ ★ ★
A **SPEAKER** on the B.B.C. recently quoted the comment of an 18th-century citizen on the proposed tax on incomes.

"Is a true Briton to have no privacy?" wrote this citizen in 1799 in his diary. "Are the fruits of his labor and toil to be picked over, farthing by farthing, by the pimply minions of democracy?"

Goodness knows what passions would be aroused in him by modern taxes. But he'd know better than to reflect on the complexions of the assessors, if he were waiting hopefully for his annual refund.

By



Dorothy Drann

FRRIENDS of mine, having spent their honeymoon in Japan, have a tale to tell of the pitfalls which beset innocents abroad.

Travelling in a train they noticed a Japanese man absorbed in a magazine.

When he arrived at his station he left it lying on the seat, so they picked it up. The article which had occupied him so intently was illustrated with mildly amusing line drawings, but, since neither of the honeymooners understood Japanese, they could get no clue to the subject.

They kept the magazine as a souvenir, packed it in a suitcase which followed them home by sea.

Last week a letter came from the Customs department, stating that the item had been withheld for translation and using alarming terms such as "prohibited imports" and "obscene publications."

The husband rang the department saying, "Whatever it is, keep it." And there, perhaps, will be a mystery for ever unsolved.

The story reminds me of a joke, current so long ago that it might be new to some people.

It concerned a man who found a scrap of paper on which were written words in an unfamiliar language.

He showed it in turn to different people, all of whom expressed the greatest horror, refused to translate, so he wandered disconsolate on a cliffside, where a stranger finally agreed to translate the words, whatever they meant. (At this point a relentless teller used to have some listeners on the edge of their seats and others asleep.)

But just as the man handed over the scrap of paper to the stranger, a gust of wind caught it and blew it into the sea.

★ ★ ★
THOUGHTS after consulting the volume of the Australian Encyclopaedia which is labelled "Marsupials to Parliament."

"Marsupials to Parliament." An old-man kangaroo

Said, "No, it's not ridiculous, in fact it could come true,

For if the current lot went out then who's to govern? Who?

The A.L.P. and D.L.P., opposed through thick and thin,

Insure with doleful certainty that neither crowd can win.

The mob might want to vote Bob out, but who can they vote IN?

The native bears and possums and the small marsupial mouse,

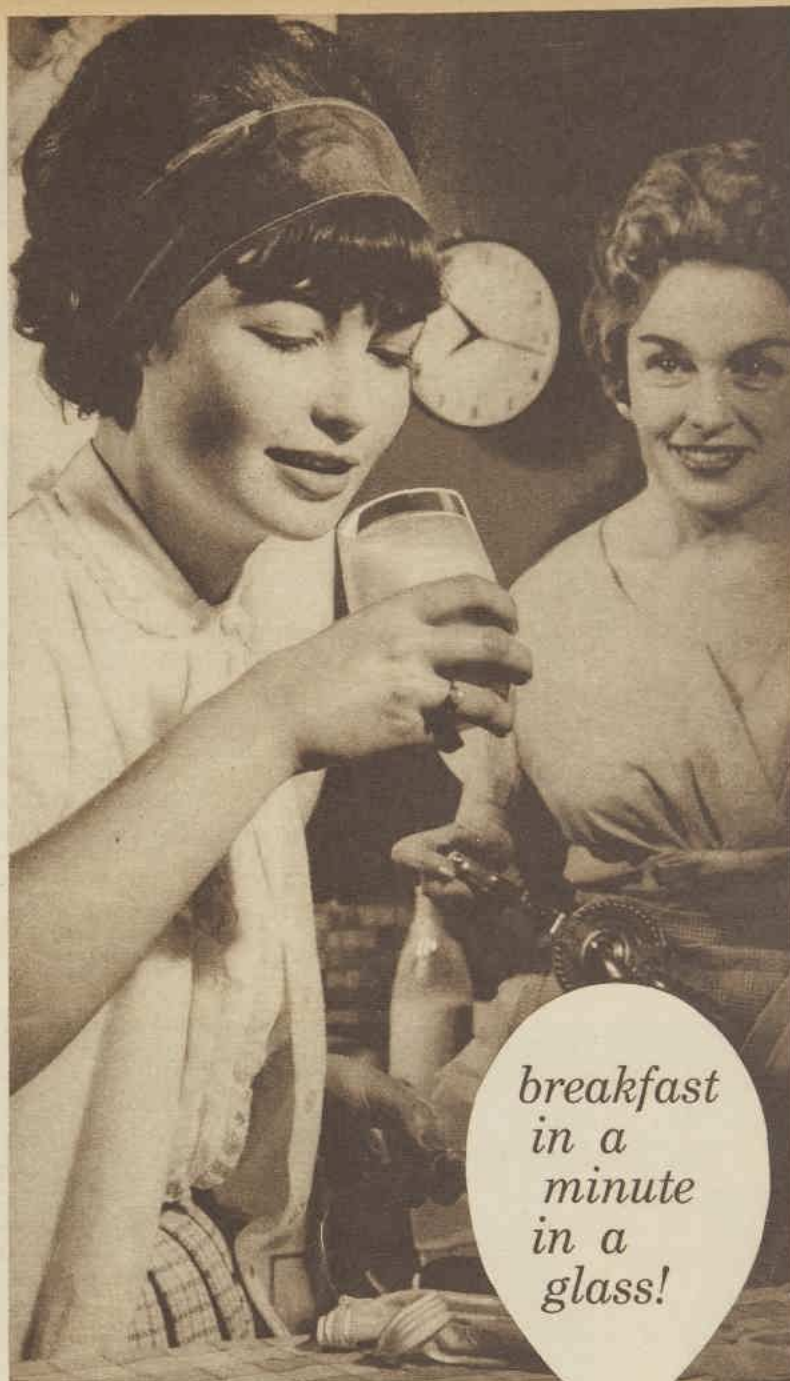
And wallabies and kangaroos — we'd like the Federal House;

In fact I've heard its comforts described as extra grouse.

Besides, if all the nations do not solve their current blue,

They'll eliminate the humans, and who'll there be in lieu

Of Marsupials to Parliament?" asked the old-man kangaroo.



breakfast
in a
minute
in a
glass!

Snappy egg flips never miss the bus!

Takes seconds to fix . . . quick to drink as a glass of milk.

Ideal for late risers . . . nourishing as a sit-down breakfast.

Active people (especially teenagers) need at least two eggs a day.

Everyone will love egg flips . . . any way. Try them!

SUNRISE EGG FLIPS

MOCCA FLIP

1 egg yolk
sugar to taste
coffee to taste
1 cup milk
1 egg white
beaten stiffly

SAVOURY FLIP

1 egg
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon
tomato sauce
 Worcestershire sauce
 salt to taste

Mocca Flip—Beat egg yolk, sugar, coffee and milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white, and serve.

Savoury Flip—Beat egg with sauce and seasonings. Beat in milk. Serve.

SUNRISE

eggs are good mixers!



FB80/61



● "Ride 'im, boy!" The horse, rigid with fury, tries to unseat John Riley, of Warren, N.S.W. John came off, but only after his 10 seconds were up, and he wasn't hurt.

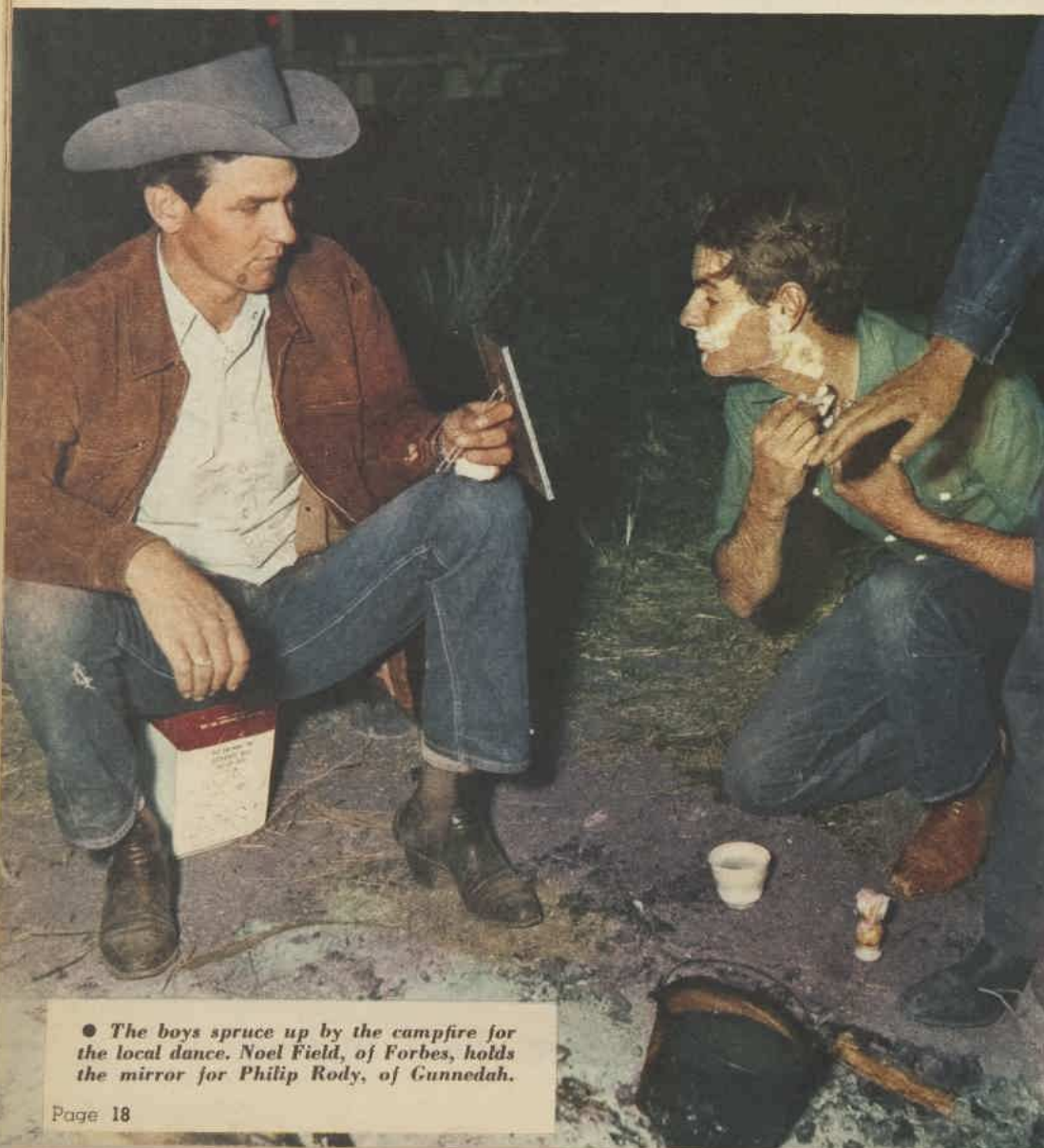
GURLEY'S ANNUAL RODEO

● For most of the year the riders who follow the rodeos from town to town are laborers, stockmen, or wanderers. But at rodeo time they seem as romantic as the players in a U.S. Western; and for a few seconds in the ring they're heroes.

by KIRSTEN WARD. Pictures by ERNIE NUTT



● Bob Hart (above), of Moree, keeps one hand high. The pick-up men are ready to dash in if there's trouble.



● The boys spruce up by the campfire for the local dance. Noel Field, of Forbes, holds the mirror for Philip Rody, of Gunnedah.

● Bill Graham (right), of Maitland, is after the wild steer in the camp drafting. The steer has to be guided in a figure 8 round two trees, then through a "gate." Bill won the event later.



GURLEY is a one-everything village set 20 miles south of Moree on the tanned north-western plains of N.S.W. There's one school, one post office, one station, one store, one pub.

(The pub was a double-decker once, but since 1948 there's only been the ground floor. The yarn goes that the customers drank so much rum they raised the roof. But actually a cyclone flattened the town and took with it the pub's top storey. The Gurley people — a self-styled easy-going lot — found the roof, put it back over what was left of the pub, and left it at that.)

It was Gurley's eleventh annual rodeo.

There were camp-drafting events, children's riding, flag and bending races, sprints — each day climaxed by steer-riding and buckjumping.

The men who trail the rodeos from town to town for these events are quite a bunch.

For the rest of the year (the

rodeos are held about now — after shearing and before the wheat harvest) they just earn a quid wherever they can.

But for the few seconds they're digging their spurs into the panting sides of a frenzied, snorting bronc which might kill them at any moment they're heroes.

There's no money, no security, no future in it. They pay about £2 entrance fee for the privilege of getting killed or scarred, breaking bones, or losing their teeth — with a 50 to 1 chance of winning the prize. (At Gurley £45. If a bloke's only fourth-best stayer, he gets £2 — after that, nothing.)

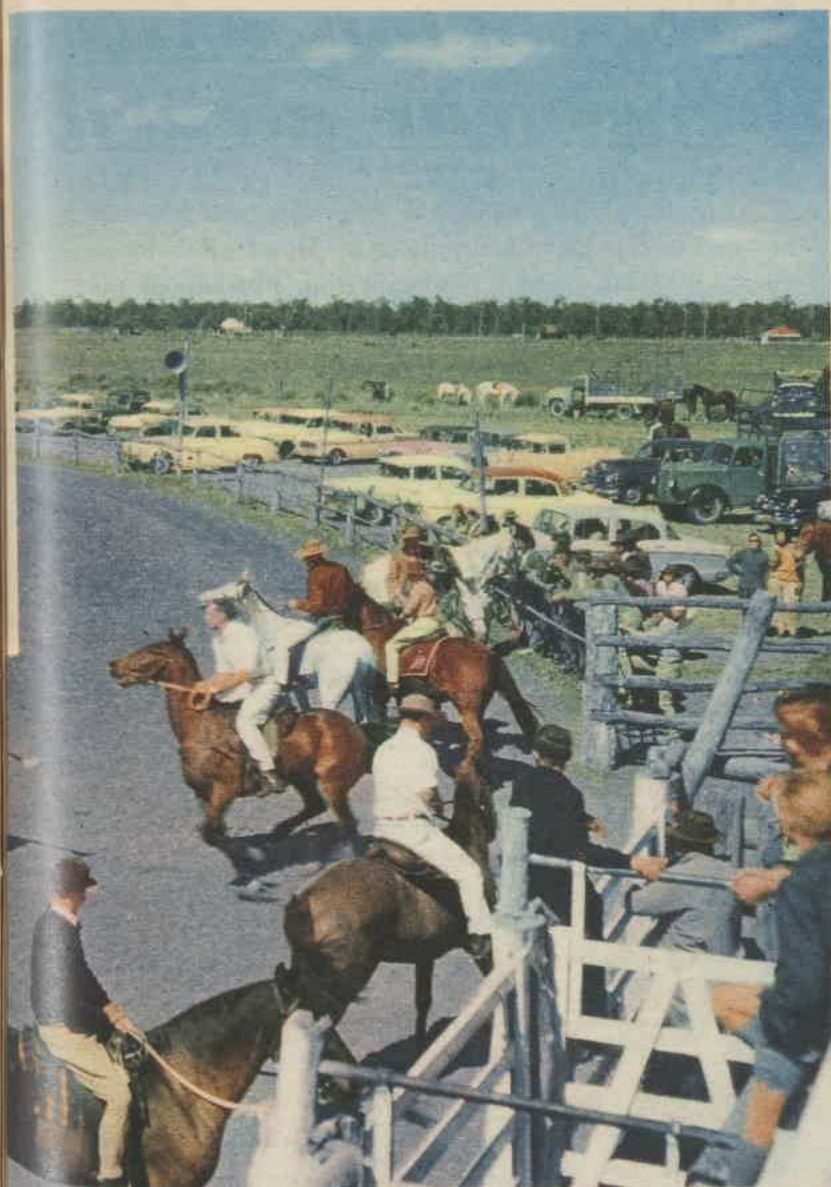
But, as they say, "Ar, it gits yer blood."

Some have had little, if any, "learning" and they take life as it comes.

During the rodeo season their home is a tent, the back of a truck, the side of a road.

They know they're not landed gentry, and they stick together through most everything. The one who's in the money supports the others as long as he's got it.

"Ar, it gits yer blood," say the riders of the north-west plains



● "Golly!" says Mark Tramby, 5, as he gazes in admiration at 6ft. 2in. horseman Noel ("Darkie") Field, of Forbes. Mark was all dressed up with cowhide chaps and six-shooters. Mark's father, Mr. Tom Tramby, is secretary of the Gurley Progress Association.

For food they'll make do at a pinch with a caught porcupine ("the best chicken in the west"). They like a drink and they like a good yarn.

"Buck" Timmins, a Boomi boy and brother of "Stumpy" Timmins (who's accepted as one of the best in the business), said he was "born in a cowyard, and rocked to sleep on a bronc."

Most are well built and slender. Their clothes flatter them . . . the tight jeans, high-heeled riding-boots and spurs, the fitted shirt, and that symbol of it all, the wide-brimmed hat.

When they're buckjumping they have chaps, too.

They're the characters in the play — now, action!

The horse is separated from the herd in the yard and jammed into the narrow saddling pen. Many rough, calloused hands quickly strap on the saddle and the rope. One man twists the ears of the horse to keep its head up and its attention on something else.

The rider clambers up on the pen and mounts from the

top. The horse trembles and kicks at the rails, wild-eyed.

"Y'right, boss?"

"He's a mean one, this one."

"Let 'er go!"

To score points the rider must keep "raking" with his feet. One hand must be held out and up. If he touches anything with it he will be disqualified.

The gate's pulled open, the horse stands for a second, stiff and blowing froth. It kicks off, sending up a smoke-cloud of dust, arching, twisting like a mad thing — anything to get the rider off.

"Stick it out, mate!"

The hat flies off as likely as not, but they don't like mounting without it.

The judge's whistle blows — the horse couldn't get his rider off in 10 seconds.

Now the two "pickups," who've been waiting on big, solid horses just out of reach of those flailing hoofs, move in, one on either side.

One man grabs the rider under the arms and lifts him out of the saddle. The other paces with the racing horse to catch the rope.

This is easier said than done. The horse, freed of the strange thing on its back, charges round the ring, mane and tail flying.

"Thinks he's Tulloch," someone draws.

It goes like this, smoothly, relatively speaking, if the rider has stayed on. It's man against beast, though — and the odds favor the horse.

The rider might fly through the air and thud to earth. Then the horse, if it's mean, will do its best to kick and kill.

One of the boys, Paddy Nash, a local from Gurley, came a cropper.

A roar went up from the spectators as the horse ended on top of him.

It seemed a long time that they just lay there.

The ambulance men, the pickups, and others raced out. The horse lurched, found terra firma, walked off, winded.

Five minutes later a cheer went up and ear horns bleated as Paddy, a bit sad and sorry, limped back to the stalls.

"Good on yer, mate!"



● These three pretty girls worked hard during the two-day rodeo. They were in the "office" noting the entries and giving out the prizes. From left: Anne Nicholson, of Kirramingly Station, Roslyn Chick, of Barrington, Barbara Price, of Innisfail, all Gurley properties.

Victoria's TOP

Shepparton wins three-year award

● A city is only as go-ahead as its people, and it would be hard to find people anywhere as proud of theirs as the 13,500 inhabitants of Shepparton, proclaimed the Premier Town of Victoria for the next three years.

IN Shepparton, thriving heart of the rich Goulburn Valley, you don't get that so-very-common country-town feeling of "There's nothing here for me" or "Nothing ever happens here."

There is practically no drift away from the area—people have all they could want right there, from drive-in theatre to dramatic clubs, from schools to swimming-pool.

Twenty-six centres entered for the Premier Town contest, the second organised by the Develop Victoria Council. Winner in 1958 was Warrnambool.

Points are given for town planning and beautification, culture and education, town promotion and tourism, recreation and youth work, industrial development, town development, and community organisation.

Among the Mayor and councillors of Shepparton the big talking-point at present is the £250,000 Civic Centre which is now being designed.

New industries like the large £1 million canned-soups factory nearing completion outside Shepparton and a can-producing firm, as well as long-established ones like the Shepparton Fruit Preserving Company, give lots of job opportunities.

Water, of course, is a secret of Shepparton's success. Criss-crossed with irrigation channels, the rich land around the city is bursting with life, with orchards and dairy farms in every direction.

Residential areas in Shepparton could well be mistaken for thriving suburbs in a much bigger city. Homes are modern and often quite lovely in their garden settings.

Story-telling club

An excellent children's library, an annex of the Shepparton City Library, has 4000 books, and in the school holidays the children's librarian, Mrs. Olga Johnson, conducts a story-telling club in the adjoining library hall.

About a hundred children pack the hall every morning for an hour. I watched from the doorway as they listened, enthralled, to the adventures of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, from Kipling's "Jungle Book."

"They liked that story so much when I

read it last holidays they wanted to have it again," Mrs. Johnson said. "Some days the hall is so crowded I have children sitting on the stage."

One of the most significant community efforts in Victorian country towns at present is the work of the Apex Clubs, and the club in Shepparton is no exception. Willing young men turn their hand to all sorts of work to help local organisations.

City of conferences

A number of them were working at night in a Shepparton garage making an engine for a trackless train they hope to operate by Christmas for children beside the Raymond West Swimming Pool.

The engine, president John Stewart explained, would draw three carriages holding about 40 children.

Apexians built a paddling-pool and did a lot of the concrete work at the Goulburn Valley Centre for Intellectually Handicapped Children.

One thing that sets Shepparton apart from

other towns in Victoria is its fast-growing reputation as the convention city of the State.

A luxurious modern hotel, the town's recreation grounds, and the general welcoming feeling of the people there are attracting visitors from far away. Industrialists, professional men, and clubs find the setting ideal for their conventions.

The elderly people of the town have their special club, the Senior Citizens' Club, now based in Jaycee House, but next year to be housed in new clubrooms in the proposed Civic Centre. There are 200 financial members—minimum age is 55.

Shepparton's own TV station, GMV6, will start regular transmissions at Christmas, and Shepparton people are ready and waiting. Many have TV sets, and with tall aerials try to get the patchy signals of Melbourne channels some 100 miles away.

For the old and for the young, Shepparton is a good place to live in. It looks after its own people the way all good towns should.

But it's an open-hearted town and clear-sighted, too, so the stranger gets a welcoming smile. Who knows, he might decide to stay—and the more the merrier!

By
MARGARET BERKELEY
Pictures by Jim Ellard



● Shepparton has wide streets and a fine old Post Office.



Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo for normal hair. When you are buying a shampoo, select the one Breck Shampoo that is right for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and beautiful. Hair you can keep beautifully in place with Breck Hair Set Mist.



4 oz. bottle 8/6
Breck Trial Sachet 1/6



BRECK HAIR SET MIST A soft, fine spray that is good to your hair. Holds curls beautifully in place for hours. Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray that leaves your hair soft and shining, never stiff or sticky. It is good to your hair. Breck Hair Set Mist holds curls beautifully in place. This fragrant mist, with lanolin, brings out the natural beauty of your hair. Use after combing, to hold hair in place. Use before combing—style as you comb. Use for pin-curling.

Breck Hair Set Mist 17/9

Potter & Moore

NOW MADE IN AUSTRALIA FOR JOHN H. BRECK INCORPORATED, U.S.A. BY

TOWN

WEeping WILLOWS in spring leaf frame the view across Victoria Park Lake, Shepparton, to the largest chlorinated swimming-pool in Australia, with its high-diving tower. This "inland Bondi of Victoria" has a sandy beach, lawns, and a life-saving association. Victoria Park Lake is regularly stocked with trout.

BELOW: Amid apricot blossom at the orchard of fruit-growers' president, Mr. Bill Hanlon, 8-year-old Barbara Hanlon (red jumper), watched by her mother, rides a pony led by its owner, Lynette Dowdell. Joy Dowdell (9), on her pony, and Lynette were about to go out with the local pony club.



OPEN-AIR HAIRCUT at Shepparton caravan park for Robert (8) with his father, Mr. Peter Landgren, wielding clippers, while Kristine (5) and Jennifer (7) get Mützi to beg a biscuit. Family were on tour from Geelong.



Final
article
in a
series
by

Dr. Murray Banks

American psychiatrist and
lecturer — from his book
"How To Live With Yourself."

WHAT YOUR DREAMS

● In dreams we experience some of our most exciting, stirring, terrifying, and amusing adventures. "Oh, it was only a dream," we sometimes sigh regretfully when a very pleasant dream has ended. Or "Oh! It was only a dream!" we exclaim, comforted, when we awaken from a morbid and scary interlude.

Crozzle No. 10 winners

● First prize of £100 in Crozzle No. 10 was won by Mrs. N. A. Knibbs, 176 Bligh St., Warrane, Tasmania, who amassed a grand total of 422 points—5 points ahead of the next highest score.

SECOND prize was shared by 22 entries, which will each receive a share of £9/1/0 for scores of 417, 415, 411, and 409.

Thirteen entries showing a score of 409 were eliminated under rule 5, which covers lower scores for interlocking letters.

The winning 22 entries are:

Mrs. S. Foster, Princes Highway, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W. (2 shares); Mr. J. Cain, 154 Princes Highway, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W. (2 shares); Mrs. Ruby Walters, Harwood Island, Clarence River, N.S.W. (2 shares); Mrs. M. J. Foster, 20 Gloucester St., Highgate Hill, Brisbane, Qld.; Mrs. T. Coleman, 60 Hunter Rd., Camberwell, Vic.; Mrs. E. G. Halls, Bag 35, Currie, King Island, Tas.; Mr. T. A. Flatau, Flat 2, 20 Avenue Road, Mosman, N.S.W.; Mrs. Lil Upton, Harwood Island, Clarence River, N.S.W.; Mrs. D. Slegle, Hatten-vale, via Laidley, Qld.; Mrs. R. Thompson, Double Crossing, Woolgoolga, N.S.W.; Miss A. C. Asmus, 36 Ardoyne Rd., Corinda, Brisbane, Qld.; G. C. Coles, 46 Moxing Rd., Attadale, W.A.; Mrs. C. H. Hartmann, Newee Creek, Macksville, N.S.W.; Mrs. D. Pennycook,

9 Hedderwick St., Essendon, Vic.; Mrs. D. E. Broomfield, 4 Napier Flats, 5 Napier St., Cottesloe, W.A.; Mrs. E. M. Barnard, Flat 3, 17 Overton Gardens, Cottesloe, W.A.; M. Clancy, 10 Gertrude St., Fitzroy N.S. Vic.; Mr. J. K. Hayward, Bridge St., Bermagui, N.S.W.; Mrs. B. M. Blee, 157 Bond St., Long Gully, Bendigo, Vic.

Below is the prizewinning entry by Mrs. N. A. Knibbs (redrawn by our artist for more satisfactory reproduction).



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 172
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 250
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 422

OR else, we fret and worry about them, reading some mystical meaning, some dread omens, into our lives in the Land of Nod.

Actually, dreaming is no more mysterious or unnatural than thinking or feeling when awake.

Our dreams are only continuations of our thinking on a loosely controlled basis, despite their very dramatic quality. Dreaming is thinking without criticism; free, uncontrolled thinking. As dreams are fancies of those asleep, so fancies are but dreams of those awake.

People often stop me to say that they have just had an interesting dream, and invariably end with: "Now analyse my dream!" This can never be done unless there is thorough understanding of the personality of the dreamer.

That is why two different people may have a similar dream requiring an entirely different interpretation.

Sometimes knowing a person's outstanding wishes or desires is enough, for dreams

are frequently dramatic wish-fulfillments.

Note for example the titles of some popular ballads: "I'll See You in My Dreams," "My Dream Girl," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?"

One young man confessed that he preferred the girls in his dreams to the ones in his daily life. "You meet a much higher type of girl this way," he said with a sigh.

It's your day all over

SINCE dreams are but a dramatic continuation of your everyday thinking, you should not be surprised to find the things you worry about during the daytime reappear, even if somewhat distorted, in your sleep.

Many an accountant unable to find an error in his trial balance continues to think about it, dreams he is looking for the error, and, what is more, often finds it. "It came to me in a dream," he may explain.

Why are dreams often wish-fulfillments?

"If I could only have this."

"If I could only have that."

Man's most constant characteristic is that he is always wanting something. Our wishes and motives impose themselves upon us continu-



Many ingredients go into the melting-pot of your dreams.

ously and forcefully, forever seeking gratification.

Do we not often satisfy ourselves in thought, long before we are satisfied in reality? Many times when we look forward to some pleasant experience, we anticipate it so vividly, and taste of the imagined delights so heartily, that the reality is a let-down. Yes, anticipation is often greater than the realisation.

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W. W. 31/10/61

REVEAL ABOUT YOU

Sleep offers us the best opportunity to escape from reality. Have you ever noticed how sleepy you grow when you have a lot of work or an unpleasant situation to face?

And, by the way, how wide awake you feel when you have an exciting and pleasant experience facing you!

By giving up our consciousness as we do in sleep, we can enjoy escape from our critical faculties and the world of hard facts.

Complicated dreams are not amenable to such easy interpretation.

If dreams are but a dramatic continuation of your day's thoughts, what do you think about during the day? Actually a staggering number of things come into your consciousness in the course of but a single day. You see and hear thousands of sights and sounds, think about present things, recall things experienced years ago, and project many thoughts of the future.

Now, when you realise that all of these, and more, go into the melting pot of your dream life, it is not too difficult to realise how bizarre and strange your dreams may be. If some uncontrolled cook were to mix together such things as gin, soup, flour, milk, eggs, and cheese, would you not find it difficult, to say the least, to analyse the concoction?

In dreams, this uncontrolled mixture of a number of unrelated happenings and thoughts is not guided by your critical consciousness and may, therefore, appear as a most unusual fantasy.



If you imagine you're flying, you're ambitions for power.

Dream interpretation is very important in psychoanalysis. Freud believed that one's unconscious and repressed hopes, fears, frustrations, wishes, and desires will come through and appear in one's dream life.

An easily understood dream is one in which you pick up money from the ground, only to find more and more money lying there. The strong wish for money in this instance is apparent.

Flying through space is another common dream experience. It is very likely that this is symbolic of the desire for power, since flying puts one high above one's competitors. Highly ambitious,

though thwarted, persons perhaps dream of flying quite often.

In many ways your dreams protect you from waking up and disturbing your rest.

Thus, if you are thirsty, you will dream of water; if you are hungry, of food; and if you are starved for romance—well . . . you will just dream!

Here is another illustration of how physical stimuli are turned into your dream content:

If your alarm-clock rings, you may sleep right through it, having turned its harsh jingling into part of your dream, perhaps as the siren of a fire engine going by. A friend of mine, therefore, is forced regularly to set two alarm-clocks to defeat the insidious manoeuvring of his dream life.

No need for superstitions

DREAMS never predict the future, so stop being superstitious. If you dream of the dead, this does not mean that the dead are "thinking of you" or "praying for you," since nothing can influence your dreams but your own thoughts, conscious or unconscious.

One of my students told me quite solemnly that he believed in the prophetic quality

of dreams — for did he not once dream that his wife was dead? After two months did she not actually die?

But this poor, gullible young man did not realise that he often quite consciously, although fleetingly, thought of the possibility of her dying (perhaps even hopefully).

For, upon questioning him



Dreams of appearing in public naked indicate a secret.

further, I found that she had been quite sick for a long time before her death. All he did in his dreams was to continue his daytime thinking about her dying, and manage at night to complete it.

If you have dreamed that something would happen, and it did, it is a coincidence, nothing more, despite all amazing stories to the contrary. How many times have you dreamed that something would happen and it didn't?

If you are honest, you will admit that you remember your

successes and conveniently forget your failures.

We are quick to say, "My heart told me this would happen," but we were very slow to say, "My heart lied to me," when it doesn't.

I have heard of many men who dreamed they found a million dollars, but never of one who really did.

A nightmare is only a projection in a dream of a conflict or a troublesome problem or a fear which manifests itself in a dramatic fashion.

The more nightmares you have, undoubtedly the more troubled you must be. These conflicts and fears may be completely unconscious, only showing up in your dream life.

Only when you succeed in straightening out your life itself, ridding yourself of the causes, will the unconscious thinking or morbid dream life disappear.

Fears show themselves in your dreams in various ways. Perhaps you have dreamed that you are in a large room surrounded by many people, when, to your chagrin, you discover that you are naked.

Is it not likely that this is symbolic of your fear of having a deep, dark secret discovered by an unsympathetic society?

Practically everyone has dreamed of running from some terrible pursuer with



Don't blame your heart if your dreams don't come true.

leaden feet, though he or she strains every muscle to escape. This is but a representation of a real conflict of fear in your life.

If you will turn in your dream to look upon the face of the pursuer, you will find that it is vague and indistinct—a phantom. Thus, even in your dreams you are spared the shock of facing your conflict directly.

Make your dreams talk

YOU can have a most amusing and perhaps instructive time considering the meaning of your own dreams. To do so, however, you must think of them immediately upon waking or they will be forgotten.

By association, fragments of a dream may be recalled. Ask yourself, "What do the things I dreamed about represent to me?" "What unconscious thoughts might this dream be expressing?"

Be able to smile at your dreams, thinking, "What an interesting mind I must have!"

HAPPY DREAMS!



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MAIDENFORM—AMERICA'S DREAM BRA—BEST SELLING BRA IN THE WORLD

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

NEWEST trump card up brilliant Robert Helpmann's sleeve on his return to London in November, after launching "Duel of Angels," the final production in the Old Vic Company's current season, will be a series of television shows starring famous artists in off-beat roles.

The personalities will include dramatic actress Dame Sybil Thorndike (who is also an accomplished classical pianist) playing rock-'n-roll!

Dame Margot Fonteyn will dance — but NOT in her ballet shoes.

Robert will play many roles in the series. It's my guess one of his most hilarious performances will be crooning "My Baby Just Cares For Me" to a puppet Marilyn Monroe "ogling" him in a cocktail-bar scene.

His tiny chihuahua dog, Mr. Brutus, will make his debut as a professional artist in the programme, too.

"He weighs only 2½lb., but we have to keep this a secret from him as he thinks he's an alsatian," says Robert. "It's because even large dogs run in terror from Mr. Brutus, imagining he's an overgrown rat!"

THERE'S buried treasure in the lovely garden of Mr. and Mrs. John Arnott's home at Wahroonga this week. A 10/- note has been "planted" in a secret spot on a section of lawn to be roped-off as treasure-trove territory as part of the entertainment at the children's party there on October 7 to aid the Truby King Mothercraft Clinics. Mrs. Peter Warren, president of the committee arranging the party, says treasure seekers will buy tiny flags to stake where they think the 10/- is hidden.

SUCH an eye-catching gown was chosen by Mrs. W. A. Davey for the Royal Engineers' Ball at the Australia Hotel. It was of peacock-blue velvet with a ducktail skirt (up to the knees in front and reaching to the ankles at the back) and an Empire-line cowl bodice of multi-hued iridescent chiffon.

YOUTHFUL Lord and Lady Portarlington, settling down to domestic life in Brisbane, are renting a house in Copernicus St., Coorparoo. Lord Portarlington says his bride is a "fabulous cook." Before their recent London wedding she was Davina Windley, the lovely daughter of the Governor of Gambia, West Africa, Sir Edward Windley, and Lady Windley.

AN inlaid-wood lamp base — a replica of one made for Princess Margaret — was given to Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Scammell when they visited "Goldings," a Dr. Barnardo's trade-training school in Hertfordshire, during their recent visit to England. Mr. Scammell is honorary treasurer of Dr. Barnardo's Homes in Australia and his wife is president of the Women's Auxiliary. As Mrs. Scammell is still officially "on leave of absence," vice-president Lady Morshead will greet Dame Pattie Menzies when she opens the "Embroidery Through the Ages" exhibition at David Jones' on October 4 to aid the Auxiliary.

I HEAR Bill Chenhall, who has been spending a month with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Hilton Chenhall, at Palm Beach, on his first home visit to Sydney for four years, is returning to Hongkong on October 10.

AS a curtain-raiser to the Art Show at the Mater Hospital on October 21, Mrs. Cook Rudwick turned the billiard-room of her Roseville home into a miniature gallery and entertained at a morning-coffee party and viewing of some of the paintings donated by noted artists to the Art Show. Dorothy Clemens introduced an interesting sidelight by setting up her easel at the party and working on a still-life she is contributing. As an added novelty, she invited guests to share the job with her, using the brush under her supervision, adding touches of color to the canvas.



AT RANDWICK. From left, Mrs. Gill Warry, Mrs. George Bullock, Miss Rosemary Vickers, and Miss Barbara Potter at the opening of the Spring Racing Carnival. Miss Potter later assisted her mother, Lady Potter, the wife of the chairman of the A.J.C., to entertain at a large luncheon party. She wore a navy polka dotted white silk frock, and her sister, Mrs. Bullock, was in a white silk suit spotted in black.



NAVY-AND-WHITE THEME was chosen by Mrs. Bob McInerney on Derby Day at Randwick. Her navy-blue silk jersey frock was set off with cuffs and an upstanding boat-line collar of white ottoman silk to match her wide-brimmed hat of the same material.



COUNTRY VISITORS. From left, Mrs. John Nixon, of "Oakhampton," Manilla, Mrs. Paul de Lepervanche, of "Guiseley," Walgett, Mrs. David Rowntree, of Mungindi, and Mrs. Alan Friend, of "Talbareur," Walgett, with Miss Annette Eilbeck, of Wahroonga, at the opening of the A.J.C. Spring Meeting at Randwick.

HUGE white organza "chrysanthemum" hat and a pink silk frock were worn by Miss Jill Chapman (on the left), with Mr. and Mrs. John Stranger at the Derby. Mrs. Stranger's white pillbox hat was draped with a navy blue scarf, matching her navy blue silk taffeta outfit.



EXCHANGING TIPS. Mrs. Bill Moses (on the left), chatting with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Friend, of Dural, on their arrival at Randwick.

John Carew - undefeated champ

SHOW BUSINESS



CAREW FAMILY. From left, Elizabeth (whom her father calls Bill); Terry, nursing Elenora; John; and Maria Teresa. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

IT'S a long, long time since John Carew, Australia's undefeated boxing-quiz champion, hung up his gloves as an amateur welterweight, but his passion for the sport has never diminished.

Today, because of it, he is richer by £3000 in cash, a £1750 block of land at Surfers' Paradise, Qld., and a whirlwind trip round the world — all won on Coles £3000 Question.

John, a sandy-haired, freckled-faced Australian of 32, has been mad about fighting since he was seven. His father took him to his first fight when he was not much older, when he saw Jack Carroll fight and defeat Dutchman Bep van Klaveren in an open-air fight at the Sydney Sports Ground.

Ever since he can remember he has read everything

he could about boxing and stored it in his encyclopedic memory. John, who seems to be strung on high-tension wires, is never still. He dissipates his nervous energy in quick movements, which, with his knowledge, make him an entertaining TV contestant.

He saw the Coles £3000 Question as an opportunity to make £3000, entered, after a long wait got his chance, and won.

Later, in another contest, he eliminated the other three contestants who had won the £3000 in the first year of the show to win the world trip. He won the

block of land by correctly answering a boxing question in every city he visited.

John, who is head of his own thriving concern, selling business machines, says the £3000 was "a tremendous lift," but emphasises that business, not quizzes, comes first with him. That is not quite true. Obviously John's wife, lovely Italian Maria Teresa ("Terry"), whom he first met when she came to Australia in 1955 for our Italian mannequin parades, and their three daughters, Maria Teresa, 3½, Elizabeth, 2½, and Elenora, six months, come first.

Coles have announced that they will match John again next year in an international contest against three overseas champions for the world championship boxing-quiz title and a purse valued at £3000. I'm putting my money on John. He's a good boy.

—NAN MUSGROVE

He's loved - and hated

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Arthur Godfrey, America's best-loved and worst-hated TV personality, will make his first Australian appearance on Channel 9 at 9 p.m. on October 9 in his famous show "Candid Camera."



Arthur Godfrey

"CANDID CAMERA" is a pictorial record of the reactions of ordinary people in extraordinary situations, filmed without their knowledge.

It seems mighty unethical to me, but apparently no one minds, and to be fair to Godfrey I must say that everyone filmed unawares is approached after the film is made, shown it, and signs a document for or against its public showing.

The situations sound interesting. There's one showing the reactions of men and women mailing letters in a post-box that talks to them; of a man who presses the button on a public phone and is deluged with coins; of a schoolgirl suddenly faced with Fabian in the flesh.

I'm looking forward to seeing Godfrey himself. He's nearly 60 and is said to be the top personality in American show business. For more than 10 years he has been one of the most controversial figures on TV.

Meeting the French people

"THE HEARTBEAT OF FRANCE" — a long documentary narrated by Australia's now famous Peter Finch — was an interesting study of a country.

Televiewers saw France through the eyes of its ordinary people, a farming family, an artisan jeweller, and a worker in the vast Renault factory.

The French people, according to this film, seem to become passionately dedicated to whatever they do — make love, make clothes, make jewellery, fight for the republic, enter politics, eat, cook, or incubate slums. It was the people in the 50-minute documentary who stole the show.

This was as it should be, for Finch said during the film that he and the directors had tried to paint a picture of the personality of the French people.

"The heartbeat of France is the individual," he said.

As striking to me as the heartbeat was our Mr. Finch's accent. There is not a single sign of "you beaut" in that voice now. His Australian accent has disappeared, to be replaced by the most highly rated TV accent — the international accent.

TV producers seek it here, there, and everywhere. They describe it as an attractive, clear voice easily understood and acceptable in any English-speaking country.

It is a very important voice in these days of spreading TV, when a series is sold right round the world.

Gripping air pageant

THERE are few TV spectacles to equal the Farnborough Air Show for excitement, wonder, and breath-catching. This year's telecast from Channel 7, a two-hour show, left me gasping.

Breaking the sound barrier is old stuff now. One aircraft starred in the show was a

Lightning, which is capable of more than twice the speed of sound. Many of the planes looked like space-fiction monsters or fantastic outriders from Mars.

The commentator was wonderful. He waxed enthusiastic about the new aircraft types, provided technical facts, prepared viewers for excitements to come, but couldn't hide the fact that he was head over heels in love with the Comet airliner.

I quite envied the Comet the last time it appeared. He got that lilt in his voice and said: "Look at the Comet. She's beautiful, dignified, and, of course—fast."

'Congratulations!'



says Elaine to Sandra who topped the class, for they have just passed the final examination of the 18-month Assistant-in-Nursing Diploma Training Course at the Lidcombe State Hospital Training School, Sydney.

They have well-earned their place as experienced bedside nurses in the field of geriatric nursing, for their training and worth are vital to the good nursing care of our elderly folk in ill-health in State hospitals.

If you, too, want an interesting nursing career and possess at least second year high school education with age not less than 16 years 9 months by January, 1962, fill in the coupon.

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FILM REVIEWS with MIRIAM FOWLER

★★★ Excellent
★ Average ★★ Above average
 No star — poor

★★★ GONE WITH THE WIND

Twenty-two years since its premiere, this U.S. Civil War epic will rock first-up viewers with its technical and camera skill and the perfection of undated acting.

A 1940 multi-award-winning film, G.W.T.W. is not a film revival but a film stayer.

It has been showing in some theatre, somewhere, ever since '39.

As the fiery Scarlett O'Hara and her dashing suitor Rhett Butler, Vivien Leigh and (the late) Clark Gable are a dynamic team. In vivid contrast is the quiet gentility of (the late) Leslie Howard as Ashley Wilkes and Olivia de Havilland as Melanie.

From pre-war splendor, the plot (just under four hours of laughs and tears) moves leisurely through the tragic Confederate campaign, aftermath famine, and Yankee carpathagging to new-order prosperity.

Changing from intimate to extras-packed sequences, the action keeps an unwavering dignity, even during the horror siege of Atlanta.

The film stamped Gable, already an Oscar Award winner, as the king-size hero and gave the almost unknown Vivien international fame.—St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . MAJESTIC.

★★★ GREENGAGE SUMMER

An elegant chateau in France's champagne country is the picturesque locale of this jeune fille romance. An English schoolgirl, Susannah York, holidays with her young brother and sister at the chateau-hotel. Under the spell of guest Kenneth More, Susannah grows up. — State, Sydney.

In a word . . . COLORFUL.

★★★ CRIME AND PUNISHMENT U.S.A.

Gripping film based on Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" is well photographed and effectively acted, although occasionally too drawn-out. George Hamilton stars as the young murderer, whose sense of guilt eventually overwhelms him. P.F. — Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . VITAL.

★★★ LA VERITE

This French film, directed by veteran Henri Georges Clouzot (of "Wages of Fear"), gives pert Brigitte Bardot a fine opportunity to show her quality as a dramatic actress.

Action switches constantly from the courtroom, where Bardot stands trial for the murder of her lover (Sami

Frey), back to the Paris Left Bank setting of their love story.

Bardot has lots of scope for her usual kittenish tricks, but the surprise is that she handles moments of passion and tragedy so well.—Lido, Sydney.

In a word . . . DRAMATIC.

★★ EUROPEAN NIGHTS

Famous international entertainers appear in this film, which takes the audience on a whirlwind visit to some of Europe's most exciting cabarets and nightclubs. Every act is entralling and brilliantly performed. — Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIVELY.

★★ THE QUEEN OF SPADES

Exquisite Bolshoi Theatre voices and intense acting unfold a Pushkin tale of love, lunacy, and death in this sombre Tchaikovsky opera. — Gala, Sydney.

In a word . . . LEADEN.

★★ THE HONEYMOON MACHINE

Lieutenant Steve McQueen, scientist Jim Hutton, and "Max," the ship's electronic computer, cook up a foolproof scheme to break the bank in this breezy comedy. It's hair-

brained fun, without subtlety or specialty. Typical of nautical farces, the plot is blown up with an admiral's antics, his daughter's romance, a security scare, and near national crisis. —Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . LIGHT.

★ GRAN VARIETA (Grand Variety)

Sometimes funny, sometimes sad, this story of the music-hall is always light and entertaining. Vittorio de Sica is among the many Italian players who take part in the five sketches of theatrical life. P.F.—Palladium, Sydney.

In a word . . . GAY.

★ ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

Pert Shirley MacLaine and personality-boy Dean Martin make the most of this hollow comedy. Script humor is superficial, the plot disjointed. —Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word . . . SHALLOW.

★ BOTTOMS UP

Twirling that moustache and wielding a cane, Professor Jimmy Edwards bulldozes humorless slapstick as the frenzied headmaster of a mediocre British public school. A "St. Trinian's" war between staff and boys, it drags. —Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . TEDIOUS.

Evergreen Chevalier

● Maurice Chevalier, at 72, is still considered one of the great singing talents of all time.

THIS is in the face of rock-'n-roll competition, which, incidentally, Chevalier likes.

Right now there are at least four albums out starring Maurice Chevalier—and all enjoy the glory of hav-

THE AGELESS Maurice Chevalier gets last-minute instructions from director Jean Negulesco before a take of "The Blessing," a film he made in Paris.

ing been top-sellers for years. His "Gigi" album, from the film of the same name, has sold about 8,000,000 dollars (£A4,000,000) worth since its release.

Chevalier has just completed making "The Castaways"—co-starring Hayley Mills—for Walt Disney.

With Hayley, he recorded a song called "Enjoy It" for the film. And when Chevalier says "Enjoy It," it comes out sounding as if he's in love with life and wants to convince the world it should be, too.

Written by Bob and Dick Sherman, the bouncy lyric should be a hit.

"Maurice Chevalier breathes a fresh, timeless youthfulness into everything he does," Disney said. "His lyrics bubble with happiness and I don't think his voice has changed from what it was in the 1930s."

An amazing man.

BOB HOPE'S 60th birthday is not far away and this fact seems to have given him a new outlook on life, according to close friends. During his almost 30 years of marriage Bob has left wife Dolores sitting at home while he globe-trots. Now Bob realises his wife is a good travelling companion and the emotional support a man needs in his declining years. That's why she is with him in London, where Bob is making "Road to Hongkong" with Bing.

BING CROSBY is rushing through the filming of "Road to Hongkong" in London to join wife Kathy before the birth of their third child. One of the most doting husbands in Hollywood, Bing sent his wife home from England early, fearing she might have the child ahead of schedule.

A TALL, lonely figure can be seen on many Saturday mornings emerging from a silver Rolls-Royce at the Holy Cross cemetery, a wreath of flowers in his arms. The man? None other than Jimmy Stewart. The grave? Gary Cooper's. "I'm not ashamed of paying tribute to my pal," Jimmy said. "I miss him."

A STRONG believer in astrology, Tuesday Weld is convinced by her horoscope that the man she marries will be a Pisces. Evidently the rebellious teenager isn't joking. Dick Beymer, Tuesday's former admirer, and Gary Lockwood, her current romantic interest, are both Pisces men. In fact, both have the same birthday, February 21.

HOLLYWOOD stars will soon find out just how good a job their publicity men are doing. A new firm, called Publmetrix Inc., has opened offices in Hollywood. Their prime job: publicity metering. They will measure the amount of publicity received by celebrities. An interesting fact recently revealed by Publmetrix is that Elizabeth Taylor received almost four times as much publicity as President Kennedy during her recent illness.

A BROKEN-HEARTED Lili Kardell is not answering phone calls since her engagement to Troy Donahue was broken. Troy, on the other hand, wasted no time in calling his oldtime girlfriend, Nan Morris. The pair have been out almost every night.

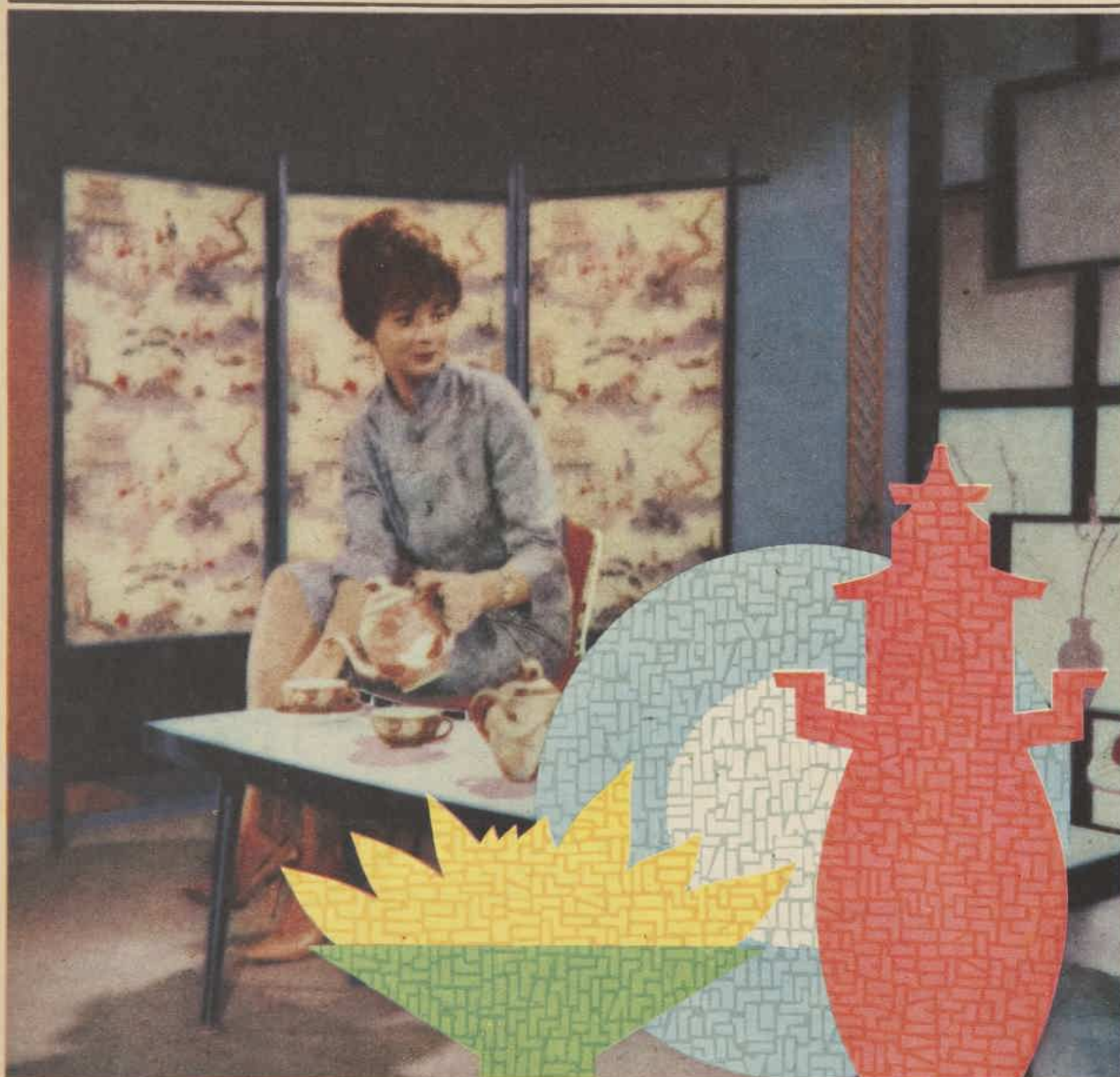
ALICE FAYE will return to the screen after a 16-year absence to play Pat Boone's mother in "State Fair," a 20th Century-Fox production.

JANIS PAIGE has become a vitamin and health food addict. Once a chubby 5ft. 5in. weighing 9st. 9lb., Miss Paige has dropped to 7st. 12lb.

THOUSANDS of fan letters addressed to Hayley Mills have been pouring into Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood and into Rank headquarters in London. More than 90 per cent. are from boys in their late adolescence.

DESPITE Deanna Durbin's statement that she'd never make another film, the one-time queen of the screen may relent to accept a role in the musical version of "The Twenty-Seventh Wife," based on Irving Wallace's novel.

FORMER juvenile actor Dean Stockwell may forsake the Broadway theatre to accept a starring role in Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," which is scheduled to go before the cameras in a matter of weeks.



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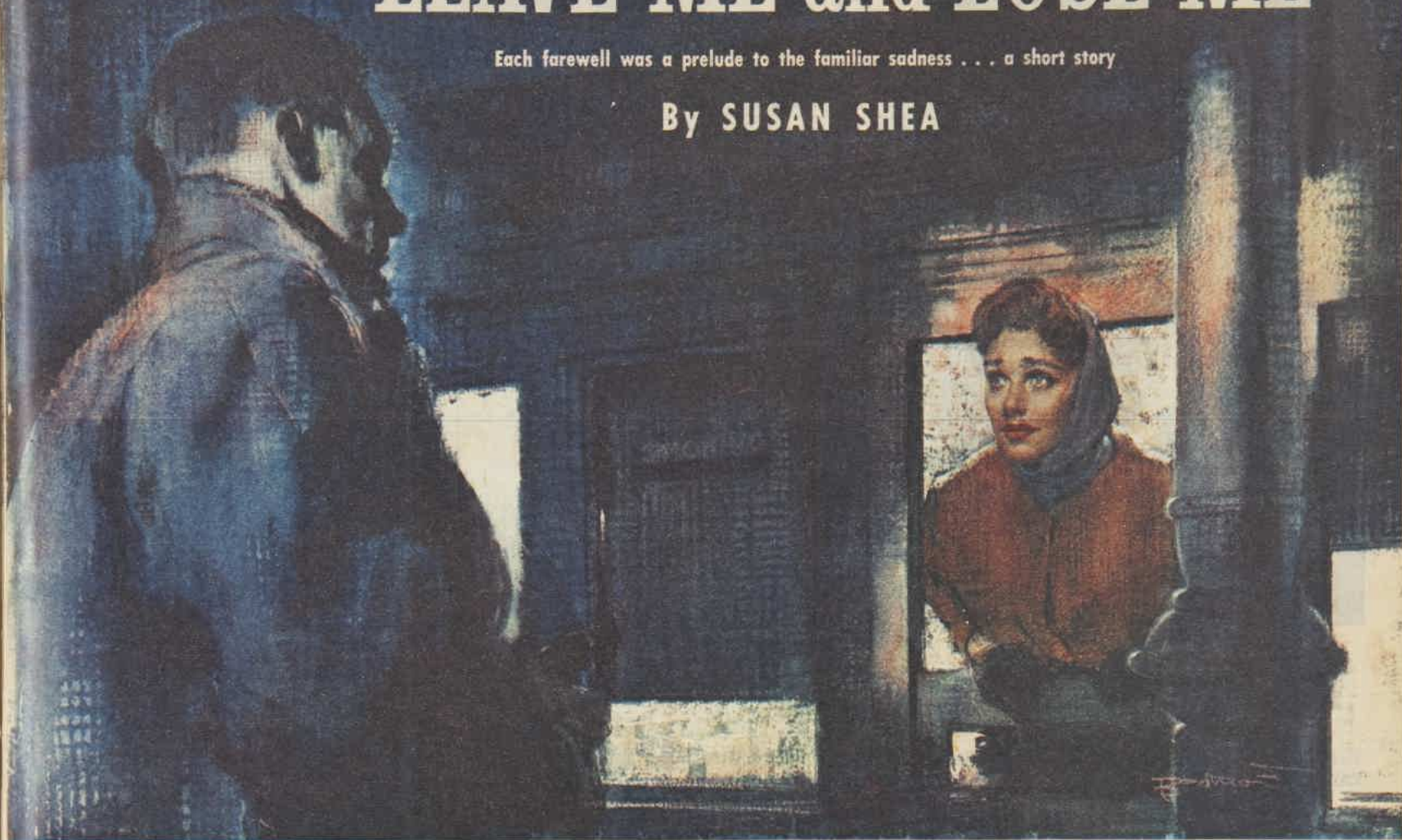
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LEAVE ME and LOSE ME

Each farewell was a prelude to the familiar sadness . . . a short story

By SUSAN SHEA



As she leaned through the window he said gently, "The months will pass in no time. We shall be together again very soon."

SHE peered along the darkened lines for the dilating golden eye that signified the approach of a train. "Please catch the next train, whatever it is," he said. "If it's the wrong one, you can change farther down the line."

"Yes, I know."

They were the only people on the platform—two silhouettes clinging to each other's hands, waiting for the moment they had dreaded ever since they had met on that same platform one month ago.

Now that the time had come, they felt nothing but longing to have it over and done with, so that they could begin once again on the painful business of being without each other.

Yet they kept postponing the final second, the second when she would go back home again and he would rejoin his ship.

"We should be good at it by now," she said. "I mean we should be good at saying graceful goodbyes."

"It's worse every time," he replied briefly, looking down at her, studying every detail of her face with tired concentration for the last time.

"I have perfect faith in you, Cynthia," he said. "Otherwise it would be quite unbearable."

"I know," she answered, and, standing on tiptoe, she pulled his face down towards her own and kissed him. His misery was so apparent that her heart ached for him.

"If only I had not to bear his loneliness as well as my own," she thought.

As suddenly as every long-awaited thing, the train appeared in the distance, its noise still the faintest rumble. Immediately, in panic, they began to say over again all the things they had already said.

"I'll write more often, I promise."

"I shall always love you."

"Separation is really the least of evils . . ."

"We have each other and the future . . ."

"The months will pass in no time, you'll see. Before we know it, spring will be here and we shall be together again—"

"And married and stoddily settled down like all the other couples—"

"God bless you. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

She left him standing on the platform, as if he could still not accept this simple fact of parting, which had hovered above their happiness as long as they had known each other.

She sat composedly in the train, and at first there was nothing but the relief of having got it over at last. Then one single thought began to fill her consciousness and to spin dizzily round and round.

"This time it will be different. He is so good. This time there will be no one else to fill in. I shall be lonely and write letters and wait. Because I love him. This time it will be different."

It had been so long since they first decided on each other—three years, nearly four. Four years of learning to be without each other, and the separations had to be lived through, filled somehow. He did it the strong way, with work and work and work.

"But you must go out if you wish to," he always told her. "It is probably harder for you, left behind in London. You know I would trust you to the ends of the earth."

That was the incredible thing; the thing that made her conduct inexplicable. He endowed her with his own rigid standards of loyalty. He trusted her absolutely.

"I love him with all my heart," she told the night which streamed past the carriage window. "I want no one else."

It was easy while his kisses still warmed her lips; while she could still close her eyes and see him standing

on the darkened platform, Danny. A tall figure watching motionless while the train carried her out of sight.

If only his presence could remain with her for the whole six months as closely as it was with her now.

She turned her mind sharply away from the prospect of the endless weeks to come—the empty evenings, the empty visits to friends who tried to be kind, the empty flat, the unbearable longing for the reassurance of affection.

"I shall knit him a pair of socks," she decided, and then laughed suddenly inside herself at the picture of pathos which the words conjured up.

When she reached her flat there was a slip of paper pinned by her landlady to the door:

"Dr. Michaels phoned. He said not to forget Saturday."

She unpinned it tenderly. It was a precious blink of light in the darkness ahead—the annual cocktail party of her father's former partner, held on his birthday each year. He always insisted on her presence—though they might not set eyes on each other from one party to the next.

He declared that she brought color to his sepia gatherings; that she was a spot of secular light on their deep professional gloom.

By lunchtime on Saturday she had reached the heel of the first sock, written three letters, eaten ten solitary meals, and seen two films in the company of women friends.

The party was not until six o'clock, but by two she was basking in a scented bath, trying to decide which of her two cocktail frocks to wear. Through the steam on the mirror she could see a dim reflection, a pale, slender shape crowned by a cap of brown hair.

She turned restlessly away from the mirror, shutting

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A worthwhile gift

YOU don't have to be wealthy to give the best wedding present. Married about 18 months ago, a couple I know were promised by an elderly lady—as her wedding present—to baby-sit two nights a week should they have children. When a bonny boy arrived, she cheerfully kept her promise. What better present could a young couple receive than the opportunity to go out and enjoy themselves knowing their baby is in safe hands?

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Bird, Essex, England.

Protection from the sun

EVERY day we read articles on the danger of skin cancer and how its beginnings can be traced to childhood. Being a victim myself, I've always stressed to my two children the importance of protecting their faces with hats; yet at school, during parade or while playing sport, they're not allowed to wear hats. Skin care should be included in teachers' training.

£1/1/- to "Worried Mother" (name supplied), Qld.

She asked for it

A TEACHER friend asked her class to compose a short essay. For the subject she placed her hat on her desk. Silence reigned for some minutes, then a small voice piped up, "Please, Miss, are there two Bs in shabby?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Strange soulmates

WHEN we first brought our duckling, Donald, home, we put him in the aviary with Pip, our rabbit, and 20 budgies. That afternoon we went out to see how they were getting on and found Donald and Pip asleep with Donald's little head tucked under Pip's chin. Ultimately, as Pip was more energetic than Donald in their endless games of chasing round the 'Aviary' we had to put Donald in the fowlyard. But their separation was short-lived. Pip burrowed out of the aviary and into the fowlyard. After a friendly greeting they snuggled up together and went to sleep.

£1/1/- to Miss A. Daish, Cronulla, N.S.W.

The unromantic male

I HAVE heard that men are far more romantic at heart than women, but I doubt it. My boy-friend took me to the pictures the other night. In a romantic scene—a dinner table set for two in glamorous surroundings—the hero popped a cherry into his beloved's mouth. Her beautiful lips parted, and "Gosh," said the creature beside me, "I forgot to feed those darned goldfish this morning!"

£1/1/- to Miss A. Browne, Scenic Crescent, W.A.

They remembered the nurse

WHILE on night duty in a home where there were numerous noisy callers during the day, I was getting so little rest I was tired on duty. The doctor, annoyed at these thoughtless people, wrote on a card, "Please Remember the Night Nurse," and put it up on the hallstand. Next evening when I came on duty I picked up the card. Underneath it was a two-shilling piece, two sixpences, and nine pennies!

£1/1/- to "Nursie" (name supplied), Mandurah, W.A.

Timid children

"WORRIED MOTHER" (N.S.W.) need not be unduly concerned about her timid three-year-old son. Build up his confidence with your affection and support. Unobtrusively supervise his play with other children and encourage give and take. My timid son soon learnt to protect himself and his possessions when he started school.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Butta, Lithgow, N.S.W.

IF your son has a very sensitive nature you will have to be very firm—as well as patient. Try to explain, in his own child talk, that to be a big man some day he must learn to stand his ground and not run away through fear.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. K. Farland, Madang, New Guinea.

TEACH your son that if his companions will not play fairly, he should walk off with his toys—if they have caused the trouble—and simply say that he does not want to play with his little mate unless he behaves. Self-control is one of the most important virtues.

£1/1/- to Miss Z. Benjamin, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

MY son was five before he learnt to stick up for his rights. It is better to let him learn under his own steam rather than unnecessarily make him into a bully.

£1/1/- to "Don't Worry" (name supplied), Heidelberg, Vic.

START encouraging your son to stand up for someone smaller or younger than himself. Praise him for his effort and before long he'll be standing up for himself, too.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Three" (name supplied), Blackwood, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE tag has come off the end of one of my shoelaces.

Every morning I have a job to get it through the little hole in my shoe. They seem to be making these holes smaller nowadays. They don't put metal rims round them any more, either—although this is supposed to be an age of Progress.

The end of the lace gets more frayed all the time, and the task of pushing it through the hole is harder and harder. A crisis is approaching when I shall have to find a new shoe-lace.

This morning I was all prepared to face the nasty little struggle again. Then, lo and behold, the lace went through the hole the first pop.

I got a real kick out of it. I had won another of those small victories that mean a lot to people who are in a small way.

Bigshots may pull off big deals, get big jobs, and do big things, but many of us find satisfaction in minor feats. Just catching the train nicely without running, for example—what a good feeling that is! So is fishing a marble out of the baby's mouth before she swallows it.

TINY TRIUMPHS

For harmless pleasure it is hard to beat finding 2/- in the pocket of a coat you have not worn lately. One thing that beats it is finding a pound note, but that only happens rarely—once or twice in a lifetime.

There was a 2/- piece in the lining of my overcoat last week and I had



quite a tussle to get it out. It is surprising how many dead ends and secret compartments there are in the bottom corner of an overcoat. The excitement of rummaging for the 2/- made it even more appreciated.

My wife says her life, too, is cheered by little achievements that

nobody bothers to write up in the papers. Like finding children's lost shoes.

A lost shoe is a serious matter. While it is being looked for the owner goes about the house with one shoe on, making a dismal pad-clop, pad-clop noise.

Good shoe-finders take years to train, and my wife is rightly proud of her skill. She found a small shoe once inside a big shoe.

Getting the clothes in just before it starts to rain is another of her pleasures. To do this you have to develop a special sense of when it is going to rain, like that possessed by ants. My wife has it, and she rushes to the clothesline in time three times out of four.

Today has been one of my good days in miniature matters. I remembered to take the garbage tin out just before the council truck rumbled down the street. I got a seat in the train and worked out a fairly hard crossword. Everything's going my way except for one thing—I have lost my ball-point pen. But I am looking forward to the thrill when I find it.



Julie and I

TODAY, while I was waiting for Julie to come, with jealousy so bitter within me I could taste it like poison on my tongue, I suddenly thought of something out of our youth. I suppose it was the association of jealousy, because it had been the only other time in my life I'd been jealous of my sister, Julie.

One of the things that made the situation so unbearable now was that for years Julie and I had been as close as two sisters could be.

Our mother died when we were very little, and Dad brought us up in a loving but haphazard way. He was a scientist, and his work was the only reality for him. But Julie and I never felt neglected or lonely, because we always had each other.

Every summer we were sent to Pine Haven, a simple, family kind of place, where fashionable people would never dream of going, but it had everything a young person could want—beach and dunes, sea and sun, and other young people.

We always stayed at Whispering Pines, a boarding-house run by a motherly woman named Mrs. Beswick. (Mrs. Beeswax, Julie and I privately called her.)

That summer, when I was fifteen and Julie seventeen, started like most other summers. We were dizzy with delight on arrival, and for the next couple of weeks all went as usual, our days filled with beachcombing, exploring the woods, fishing, swimming.

Julie had grown very rapidly in the past year, and at seventeen she was an over-tall, thin girl, all arms and legs, and awkward posture to minimize her height. She had red hair, which she wore in a ragged style, and a vivid smile,

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Sometimes Julie was remote, lost in a dream world of her own imagination.

How could I have been
so jealous? . . . a story

By RUTH LYONS

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

WHICH GIRLS DO MEN

Seven men studied pictures of eight pretty girls. All, of course, didn't come up with the same choice for a "steady"—but some of their comments run startlingly counter to commonly held ideas about the kinds of women men really prefer.

Our pictures show professional models posed to portray different types of girls.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● If you're a woman without a man, the chances are you're trying too hard to catch him by being too glamorous, too sophisticated, too clothes-conscious, and too demanding.

At least that's the conclusion I've reached after conducting a poll among a cross-section of Australian men.

Stockbroker, farmer, artist, politician, headwaiter, dress-designer, rock-'n-roller all agreed that the type of woman who LEAST appealed to them was the dazzling beauty or the "half-starved clothes-horse."

It seems that they don't care if a woman is a little too plump or a little too skinny, as long as she has the right proportions in being friendly, understanding, and not too possessive.

These gentlemen no longer prefer blondes. But neither do they prefer brunettes or redheads, so the girls dying to please should presumably worry only about pleasing themselves.

For, as the politician said (and the others agreed):

"I like a woman to have pretty hair, but it isn't the color of her hair that is important: it's the color of her heart."

I showed each of the men pictures of eight different types of girls (here and overleaf) and asked which he thought had the most appeal.

We deliberately chose pictures of women in the 20-25 age group, all unfamiliar in Australia, all of seemingly equal attractiveness.

Two girls—completely different in looks—topped the popularity poll by scoring two votes each.

Their success, and that of the remaining three girls who scored a heart apiece, was due to the fact that the men in question thought they looked natural, interested in things and people other than themselves, and had the ability to "wear well."

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FARMER'S FAVORITE: "She's my kind of girl. She has personality and a certain mystery, the girl you want to know forever. On face value I'm sure she's the type I'd marry and never roam from. Her most attractive feature is her eyes, which are direct, full of fun."

"She'd be a good listener, but she's intelligent and wouldn't let a man dominate conversation. She'd be generous to a fault and she'd wear well."

POLITICIAN'S CHOICE: "She appeals to me most, though she's not the type I'd like to marry. My ideal girl has good appearance, good taste in dressing, and a good humor-loving personality, but she's also homely, practical, and understanding. As wife material, this girl looks a bit over-sophisticated, not cuddly enough."

"Though I wouldn't marry her I would be quite happy to take her home to mother. That's one of her charms. She'd be good in any company."

"What appeals to me most is her smile, which shows a sense of humor, and that's my first prerequisite for taking anyone to dinner. Her worst feature is that she's battling to show the outside world an assurance that doesn't come from her heart or nervous system, and her air isn't relaxed. This would worry me. When I take a girl out I want to be soothed."

HEADWAITER: "If you wanted someone to take to Westminster Abbey for a Royal wedding or something like that she'd do you proud, she's so nice and refined. Not my type, though."

ROCK-'N-ROLLER: "I rather like this girl and she'd be my second choice. She's natural, looks lots of fun."

STOCKBROKER: "Quite nice, but I couldn't sum her up from this photo. Maybe she's a negative type."

DRESS-DESIGNER: "I don't like her at all. I don't like her clothes or look. I guess she's not my type."

ARTIST: "She looks as though she'd be a good wife and mother, but wouldn't make your bachelor days the most entertaining in the world. What more can I say?"



FARMER: "I like my women covered a bit and she's not bad, not bad at all. But perhaps it's just as well I live too many miles from the sea ever to have been enticed by such a cookie. She's the type to love and leave. I'm sure she's spent many lonely nights waiting for the phone to ring."

HEADWAITER: "Gee whiz! Well, yes, I'd love the chance to take her out and have a good time. Don't think it'd last more than an outing or two with that one, though."

ROCK-'N-ROLLER: "Could be fine in the morning when you want to go for a swim and show her off on the sands. But she'd be hopeless to live with and she certainly doesn't give the impression of being loyal. I'd say she'd be a real suburban embarrassment."

POLITICIAN: "She looks very relaxed but so easy-going that you wouldn't know when or where she was going or whom she was going with. She couldn't be relied on. I'd only want to go out with her if I ever got to the stage of wanting to prove to boastful friends that I could still win myself a cutie."

DRESS-DESIGNER: "You would never want to marry a woman who would show herself like that in public. They look nice in movies or magazines, but they're best when they stay there."

STOCKBROKER: "She'd be terrific for one date. But her stocks wouldn't rate high with me after that."

ARTIST: "She has sexy attraction. If I say any more about her you wouldn't be able to print it, so I'll leave it at that."

REALLY PREFER?

THIS IS THE PANEL

Farmer

Aged 38, medium height, and dark, flashing-eyed good looks; married one year. Hobbies: Golf and tennis. His favorite evening is winning, dining, and dancing for two.

Headwaiter

Aged 32, dark haired, average height, and pleasant manner; unmarried and uncommitted. Hobbies: Racehorses, polo. Favorite evening is dining at a hotel (other people waiting on him for a change) and taking his companion to a lively musical.

Rock-'n-roller

Aged 23, a junior executive, tall, dark, very much alive; unmarried and uncommitted. Hobbies: Music of all types, swimming. Favorite evening is either a quiet dinner, accompanied by pleasant music, or a party with lively music.

Politician

Aged 42, average height, fair haired, genial; married six years. Hobbies: Polo, skiing, reading, and being well dressed in the latest "good-taste" fashions. Favorite evening is dinner by candlelight for four, with good wines and background music.

Stockbroker

Aged 37, tall, sandy haired, and with a dry sense of humor; married ten years; three children. Hobbies: Golf, tennis, and surfing. Favorite evening is winning and dining, followed by dancing or cards.

Dress-designer

Aged 39, a blond, witty six-footer; divorced; one child; currently uncommitted. Hobbies: Swimming, people, and conversation, and his miniature pekingese dogs. Favorite evening: Dinner plus opera or ballet.

Artist

Aged 50, of average height, grey haired, a distinguished moustache and air, and boisterous sense of humor; married 20 years, with one daughter, one son. Hobbies: Home and family first, followed by racehorses and a beer with the boys.



APPROVED



CHEERS, BOOS



JILTED

ARTIST'S IDEAL: "She's beaut. Can't think of a better word to describe her, though perhaps I should emphasise my feeling by saying she's very frothy. Brother, would I love to flaunt her among my friends!"

"Here is no clothes-horse. Here's a real human being who'd leave more conventional beauties for dead."

"It's hard to say if she'd have any faults in personality or temperament, but I don't think there'd be anything much to complain about. She'd be a good listener, she'd wear well, she'd be practical, and she'd be only as self-reliant and independent as a man likes. (They have to give a bit, you know)."

FARMER: "She's too youthful for a bloke my age. I don't think she's developed a real character yet and I wouldn't like to predict what it will turn out to be or whether I would like it."

HEADWAITER: "To me she looks a lonesome type. She doesn't lack attraction, however, and if you knew her I think she could turn out to be as nice as the next person."

ROCK-'N-ROLLER: "I don't like girls who copy styles. This one's trying to be a cross between Hepburn and Bardot. If she'd stop being studied and be natural she'd be quite pretty in her own right. She'd probably be nice if you took the trouble to get past her current screen idol. I wouldn't have the patience, personally."

POLITICIAN: "She looks gentle, affectionate, and very friendly, but she just isn't my type. I think probably it's because she hasn't developed a poised personality or a mature sense of humor. But she's young. Maybe she'll develop into something terrific."

STOCKBROKER: "Interesting, but a bit young."
DRESS-DESIGNER: "I'd be a bit scared of her. If you spent an evening with her you'd run out of conversation unless you talked in rather lofty terms about art, etc. And I'm afraid she'd develop into rather a scrappy-looking old lady."

HEADWAITER'S DISH: "She's the sort of girl you'd like to take anywhere; the sort of girl you'd like to marry. She's the most casual girl in the collection and that makes her wonderful. The others are too overdone, too put on, if you know what I mean."

"Her smile, her most attractive feature, is as sincere as she is. Perhaps her one fault could turn out to be that she's spoiled, though it's hard to say, and I certainly wouldn't mind spoiling her myself."

ROCK-'N-ROLLER'S HIT NUMBER: "She's terrific and would be wonderful to have with you on all occasions, from taking to dinner or going on a picnic to taking home to mother or meeting at the altar."

"Her most appealing feature is her freshness. She wouldn't really be self-reliant or independent—she'd need a shoulder to lean on, and this is good, very flattering. Also she'd be a loyal wife and a good mother to whom age would be very kind."

FARMER: "I suppose you could call her a farm-type girl, but I'd always be glad if some other Romeo kept her away from my farm. She'd wear too readily and probably turn very hard at the same time. No, thanks."

POLITICIAN: "She has a nice open face and personality, but the whole effect is spoiled by the accentuated Dolly Varden look. I'd be happy to buy chocolates from her in the theatre interval, but that would be it."

STOCKBROKER: "She's a bit tizzy and I'll leave it at that."

DRESS-DESIGNER: "Her look is as old-fashioned as crinolines. She's just hideous to my eye. Her teeth, hair, dress, everything about her could come under the heading of uninspiring."

ARTIST: "She'd make a good wife and mother for someone, but she certainly couldn't inspire me to greater things. She's too much like the Hollywood starlet who's seen better days."

FARMER: "I'd like to take her night-clubbing and also show her off to my bachelor friends as I would the bikini girl. But a brief love affair would be the extent of my interest. She'd be too hard. You'd never know where you stood, and the party pace would be a killer."

HEADWAITER: "She looks as though she'd be very boring and very possessive. This would be enough to kill any woman in my book. And I think that too much of her would kill any man, too."

ROCK-'N-ROLLER: "She'd be the life of the party, maybe even the belle—and she'd go home alone. But anyone so sophisticated deserves to be lonely."

POLITICIAN: "She looks anything but pretty and she has no appeal whatsoever. I wouldn't mind her having a drink, but she looks as though she's a chain-smoker, too, and I'd hate that. Women smoking a little is all right, but I hate the ones with smoke coming out of their ears. And I'm sure smoke would come out of this one's ears... smoke both from cigarettes and from the bad temper she'd frequently display."

DRESS-DESIGNER: "Rather divine at first glance. She'd be nice for a brief love affair—the type to choose when you're on the rebound. But a man would be lucky if she made the first move to get out of his life."

STOCKBROKER: "I think she looks very attractive, but she'd be much too flighty. There'd be too much competition I couldn't cope with and wouldn't want to try. I admire her tall, willowy look, though."

ARTIST: "She looks well, but is perhaps a bit too studied. While she'd make a good hostess, she'd put herself before most things and could show temperament. I think you might need a bullet-proof dog-house if you married her."

MORE OVERLEAF

All the men considered that the women of their choice would still look good in 30 years' time.

"And that's most important," said one. "After all, no man wants someone with a face that's painted when you marry her and petered out soon after."

The three girls who didn't win a heart were:

- A tall, slender, elegant woman with the 1961 look, which all women envy. (The men—with the exception of the dress-designer and the artist—all thought she looked too skinny, too studied, and too expensive.)

- A sultry, well-rounded bikini girl of the type usually pictured on the cover of men's magazines, and of whom women are often envious or jealous.

(Admittedly the men didn't hand her picture back quickly. They each gave it a lingering look, and then explained this was the type of girl they'd like to take out—once. "She's the sort of doll you'd like to flaunt in front of your bachelor friends," said the farmer. "You'd like to take her dining and wining, and then to lure her to see your etchings. But then you'd leave her sitting by her phone for the call that would never come.")

- A sophisticate of the high-society type, who makes other women nervous because she's always outwardly cool.

(Here the rock-'n'-roller, who is also a junior executive, summed up the feelings of the more experienced and more financial men as well as his own: "She doesn't appeal to me and I don't think she'd appeal to the majority of men. Firstly, she'd be too selfish, too snaky, and too expensive to keep around for long. She looks the type who thinks the outdoors is strictly for the birds, and that parties and people—men, anyway—make life.")

KOOL



Why are Kool Filters mentholated? Find out. Light one. The mild Kool menthol plays a light, bright tune on your palate. You get springtime freshness. You might even be on a breezy beach! Make a fresh start on smoking today: king-sized Kool.



TOO COLD

THE FARMER: "Her stark sophistication doesn't appeal. I like a girl to have an assured personality and ease of manner, but this girl goes too far. She looks as though she'd have these qualities, but she wouldn't have the warmth, the human touch to go with it."

HEADWAITER: "To me she's more or less strange. She has a certain shyness by the look of her, but the trouble with that type is you can never tell whether it's real or part of the act. I'd like to have her as a regular in my dining-room. She'd give the place an air. But I wouldn't want anything to do with her myself."

ROCK-'N'-ROLLER: "She could be rather fun to take out once, but she'd be well beyond my budget. She'd be more likely to want things as her right rather than to take what's going. She just doesn't really appeal."

POLITICIAN: "She looks like a model rather than a cuddly, homely person. I like her clothes, but I don't find her personality has any appeal."

STOCKBROKER: "A woman, to have appeal, must at least let a man think he's the most important thing in her life, even if she's cleverly hiding the fact that self comes first. This one looks as though she'd be much more interested in herself, her clothes, and money than anything else and wouldn't bother to hide the fact."

DRESS-DESIGNER: "She's marvellous to look at in a fashion picture, but for a real-life girl-friend she's much too modelly. She looks as though she'd carry her over-sophistication into private life."

ARTIST: "She's smart, ornamental, elegant, and graceful, but she has no appeal at all from the wifely point of view."

WK202-10-61

DO MEN REALLY PREFER?



YES-AND-NO

DRESS-DESIGNER'S DELIGHT: "This is the girl I'd like to take with me everywhere, including home to mother as the girl I'd almost certainly like to marry. She looks absolutely charming, interesting, and fun. She's got it. The only thing I'd be wondering about is could one girl possibly have this and cook, too?"

"The last thing I would want to do with this girl is to love and leave her. She's no girl you'd meet at a bar and wished you'd left there. She'd be fun for all occasions and her feelings would be too wonderful to hurt."

"Her striking feature is the magnificent bone structure in her face. Anatomically, I can't see she has a fault. She has a nice figure, lovely face, pretty smile, nice movements. Maybe, though, she could be a bit temperamental. She'd be a good listener if she was interested in the subject, but if she wasn't she couldn't care less."

"But she'd be so interesting otherwise that you'd cope. And what a delight she'd be in your old age. She's obviously going to develop into the most elegant lady you'd ever meet, and she'd carry that charm with her through the years."

FARMER: "She wouldn't fit into a farmer's life. She's the Ascot, Epsom, Trooping-the-Color type. She'd probably faint if she saw a spider. And she could become a bit snaky if she didn't have a book of blank cheques at her disposal."

HEADWAITER: "She looks like a lot of fun and would be very daring. A good dinner-date, but I think you'd get tired of her. I can't see her as my wife or the mother of my children."

ROCK-'N-ROLLER: "I'm always suspicious of ladies carrying on in affected poses with umbrellas. She looks like a tough career girl who'd put self before everything else. Not my type at all."

POLITICIAN: "She looks a friendly enough person, but very over-sophisticated and not terribly charming."

STOCKBROKER: "I like her very much, but she would be independent and determined to get on in her career. I don't like a woman to be too serious about anything. My week's work is serious enough. I like something brighter after hours. She's not for me."

ARTIST: "She's the image of my daughter, so naturally I love her. But I love her as a father. She's young and vivacious and shows a great deal of promise. I'm sure she'll develop into an elegant, poised woman. She has good taste in clothes and would be good fun. But I was born too soon for her, I'm afraid."



DISCORD

STOCKBROKER'S FAVORITE: "Here's a girl who has everything, at least on face value. I couldn't think of anything I'd rather do than show her off to my friends if I were still single."

"I think she's just the right carefree type of girl who'd be colossal fun whether you took her to the beach, on a picnic, or even to a formal ball."

"Her most attractive feature is her tall, willowy grace and the beach skin which she obviously has to go with it. I also think she would wear quite well."

"As a stockbroker, I'd want her to be practical, and I think she would. Among her virtues, she looks as though she'd be reasonably self-reliant, but not too much so. I can't bear women who are too independent. Must keep them under your thumb a bit, you know."

FARMER: "Now just what could you seriously say about this one? She has no appeal at all. For one thing, she's too skinny. Apart from that, she leaves me cold."

HEADWAITER: "My word, she's a girl who's used to posing as a model. I suppose she's attractive in a way, but I like something more than a clotheshanger. They all seem a bit dumb to me, even when they're as pretty as a picture. I guess this just isn't my type. Too hard to keep up with."

ROCK-'N-ROLLER: "Here's another nice girl to look at, but she looks too much like the marrying-for-money kind for me. She'd be another one who'd expect everything as her right. She'd possibly be tons of fun to take out, but not to settle down with."

POLITICIAN: "I wouldn't even be interested in buying her a cup of coffee. She appears clumsy and untidy, and while I think her clumsiness is perhaps just unfortunate, her untidiness is unforgivable. I don't just mean her hair is blowing in the wind. You can tell from this picture that she'd tend to be untidy in all her dressing and probably in her housekeeping, too."

DRESS-DESIGNER: "She has no sense of assurance and her taste in dress is bad. You can tell even from this casual beach shot. I think she'd be a silly little thing I wouldn't care much for. Those high heels on the beach are appalling. I think they reflect her lack of discretion in many things. But she's pretty and maybe if you bothered to get to know her and show her you liked her she'd be quite nice."

ARTIST: "Here's another little cutie with sexy attraction, but I wouldn't want to spend the rest of my life with her. I think she'd be as full of intelligence as a burst bubble. And you need to talk to a woman sometimes, you know."



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Now you can plan to slim... with Slim-plan! Slim-plan is a completely balanced diet giving everything a normal person needs for active, healthy life—all the protein, vitamins and minerals, minus the excessive calories that form excess weight! Slim-plan employs no drugs or artificial bulking agents and you pay only 2/6 a meal! Save as you slim with Slim-plan.

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Slim-plan is sold in packs of four meals, each meal of 250 calories individually packed. You simply pour each convenient ready-measured meal into a large cup, add a little water and mix into a smooth paste. Then add enough water to make a large cupful of delicious drink.

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In extreme cases of overweight, it is always advisable to obtain medical advice. Your family doctor will be pleased to tell you the most judicious way to use Slim-plan if this is necessary.

Decide today to Slim and Save with Slim-plan! Now is the time to regain that fine figure that's really yours... with Slim-plan. Just 10/- for four 250 calorie ready-measured meals.

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Colors of Summer

● Green, the forgotten fashion color of the 'thirties, is new again for summer. Pale yellow and rosy-pink — in a burst of unexpected pleats — also flatter in the sun.



● ROSY-PINK, the everlasting flatterer. Seen here in a cool, loose dress of pleats, inspired by the discarded schoolgirl tunic, and belted on the hips.



● GREEN is the color gleam in summer's fashion eye. It is seen above in a classically simple dress, enlivened with two self ties and wide box-pleats.

● PALE YELLOW. A pinafore-like matching overdress, loose but for a waist tie (left), half-conceals the swirl of skirt pleats in the dress underneath.

Whichever way you look at it...



only nature—or...

RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK HOME PERMANENT gives you lovely, really natural-looking waves

The secret is in Richard Hudnut's exclusive Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion with lanolised penetration. This crystal clear lotion penetrates so quickly and so thoroughly, it lets you wrap more hair on to each curler so that you use less curlers—and your waves are more natural-looking. Your waves set easier and your set lasts longer. And, because of its special lanolising ingredient, your hair always stays soft and silky.

Choose the type made specially for your hair!
For easy-to-wave hair **RED BOX**
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Each one gives you sufficient for two, 20-curl, Perms!

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Quickette

Gives two end waves or two between-perm pick-ups... you can add new curls just where they are needed to keep your hairstyle looking perfectly groomed all the time. Richard Hudnut Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is the one waving lotion that can be recapped for using a second time.

Each box contains sufficient for two pick-ups and costs only 9/-.

Worth Reporting

MR. K. A. H. READ would approve your taking the teapot to the kettle, but—as the Tea Bureau's Commissioner for Australia and New Zealand—he might also wonder:

- Do you keep the tea in an old-fashioned tin caddy with a tight-fitting lid—the perfect container for retaining leaf oils.
- Did you fill the kettle from the hot-water system? Shame! The tea connoisseur insists on aerated water—if not rain water ("splendid")—then, at least, from the main.
- Did you catch the water at its moment of boiling—not a second sooner or later?
- Did you use a silver teapot (the best for retaining heat) or, second best, an earthenware?
- Is the teapot a brand-new one that you have unforgivably failed to "season" (filled with a strong brew and left for 24 hours to allow a film of tea oil to form on the inside)?
- Have you been thoughtless enough at any time to clean the inside of your pot (teapots are rinsed in warm water, NEVER cleaned)?
- Are your leaves high-grown—picked 4000 to 7000ft. above sea-level? These give your brew the only color acceptable—that of a bright new penny.
- Is the inside of your cup white to enhance the "new penny" allure?

See what we mean?

At a Sydney television studio the Bishop (genuine) was quietly removing his make-up when in walked a glamorous blond model.

Applying her cleansing cream, the model—a Methodist devotee—appraised the Bishop.

"Well," she said, "you certainly LOOK the part, but, with a hand-on-chest gesture, 'do you really feel it HERE?'"



Princess Sophia... it was unbelievable.

Duty was not forgotten

LONDON was given a glimpse of the excitement surrounding Europe's latest Royal romance when concert pianist Gina Bachauer returned from Switzerland.

The romance: the engagement, announced in Switzerland, of Princess Sophia, elder daughter of King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece, to Don Juan Carlos, 23-year-old Pretender to the Spanish Throne.

Gina Bachauer told interviewers at London airport that a radiant Princess Sophia had roused her from bed at 8 a.m. to give her the news of her engagement.

"I've something unbelievable and important to tell you," said the Princess. "I'm engaged to Don Juan Carlos."

Miss Bachauer, who has been teaching Princess Sophia the piano since Easter, said: "It was wonderful. Everybody was so thrilled and kissing everybody else."

"They are a charming couple and madly in love."

Yet, despite the excitement, the 22-year-old, russet-haired Sophia—every inch a princess—did not forget her duty.

She was back promptly at 9.30 a.m. the same day for her music lesson.

"She said she wouldn't miss her lesson for anything," said her teacher.

"Don't you think that's wonderful self-discipline?"

Calling the co-eds of 1911

WITH your high starched collar and your straw hat perched on your long hair were you a demure co-ed at the Sydney Technical High School 1911-1912.

Then please come to the Jubilee celebrations of this famous school on October 6, especially the dinner to be given by the Old Boys' Union.

The Old Boys would dearly love to have the Old Girls renew that "rather brief" association with the school, says president Mr. D. Zinader.

"We want as many of the original girl students (believed to be about 50 in all) as possible," he said, explaining that the girls were transferred to Fort Street Girls' High School in 1912 because of the heavy admission of boys.

"We know that 15 girls were enrolled during the first year and that a Miss Mildred Harris was secretary of the Old Girls' Union."

The union was disbanded in 1913.

The regal non-smoker

A TOBACCO queen who doesn't smoke and can't stand smoke-filled rooms sounds a strange choice, but no one could "sell" tobacco better than Queensland's Tobacco Queen for 1960, pretty Margaret Salton, of Mareeba, North Queensland.

Margaret, in Sydney for a trip with a purseful of spending money, both part of her prize, was feted by the huge tobacco companies, who seemed to be out-rivalling each other to do her proud.

Aged 19, blond, blue-eyed and charming, Margaret never seems to refuse a cigarette outright. A murmured "No, thank you" satisfies people who press her to smoke, and she accepts gifts of packs and cartons with grateful aplomb.

"For Mum," she explains when queried by those who know she's a non-smoker.

YOUR BOOKSHELF

With Joyce Halstead

"A Mess of Potage"

Natala de la Fere (Macmillan), 20/-.
A macabre, if original, theme gives this novel a mixture of humor and gruesome tragedy. The Miredo family, in a small provincial village in France, drink their grandmother—yes, actually drink her. Her ashes have been sent from America in a food parcel in a tin marked "Special Soup Powder" by her stingy daughter, who wanted to avoid expense by dodging formalities. Unfortunately, Madame Miredo emptied the tin's contents into her soup pot before the explanatory letter arrived. The only member of the family who had no soup was Louis, the story's narrator.

Thenceforward Grandmother Miredo reaps terrible retribution from the family, influencing their lives in most unusual, sometimes frightening, ways. Though written in English, this is a thoroughly French novel. The touch is sure and light, sometimes so light that it is hard to take the rather serious subject seriously.

"The Importance of Understanding"

Lin Yutang (Heinemann), 31/-.
A collection of Chinese writings translated and chosen by Dr. Lin Yutang from his personal library. Most are pieces he has loved and been influenced by over the years. They are catalogued under headings—Human Life, Love and Death, Seasons, Nature, Human Adjustments, Women, Home, Art, Literature, Tea and Wine, Wit, Fools and Wisdom. What is so extraordinary to the reader today is how modern-seeming in their thoughts and attitudes were Chinese writers as far back as the 9th century. The 17th-century writers seem positively streamlined. A piece on Cut Flowers and Arrangements could have come out of a modern women's magazine. A 17th-century writer in discussing fashions in Cuisine, gives several recipes, including Sautéed Porcupine. A treasury to read at leisure.

TOYS TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

● In addition to the doll's wardrobe below, this section gives directions for sewn and knitted toys that are inexpensive, easy to make, ideal for Christmas gifts and for school fetes.

SUMMER WARDROBE FOR A DOLL



MAKE this fresh and pretty summer wardrobe in miniature and delight the heart of a little girl. The clothes were designed to fit a doll 14in. high. Little expense is involved in making them because only small quantities of material and trimmings are required. The home dressmaker's scrap-bag will probably yield enough material to make the petticoat-bodice and the pantees. Directions and diagram for making the petticoat are given overleaf.

FRILLY PETTICOAT for a doll is made of lawn, embroidery edging, and ribbons. See directions and diagrams for petticoat on page 46.

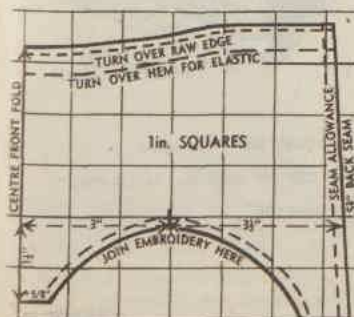


DOLL'S PANTEES

Materials: One-sixth yd. 36in. fabric, 5-8th yd. embroidery edging, 1yd. elastic.

Cut out pantees from diagram below.

Cut pieces of embroidery edging each 11in. long. Gather each piece and attach to legs of pantees, stitching right side of embroidery to wrong side of garment. Turn trimming to right side and stitch 1in. above edge to make channel for elastic. Stitch back seam, using flat seam, then join leg seam with flat seam. Turn hem on top of pantees for elastic.



DOLL'S CHECKED GINGHAM DRESS

Materials: Three-eighths yd. 36in. checked fabric, 1 3-8th yds. cotton braid trimming, snap-fasteners.

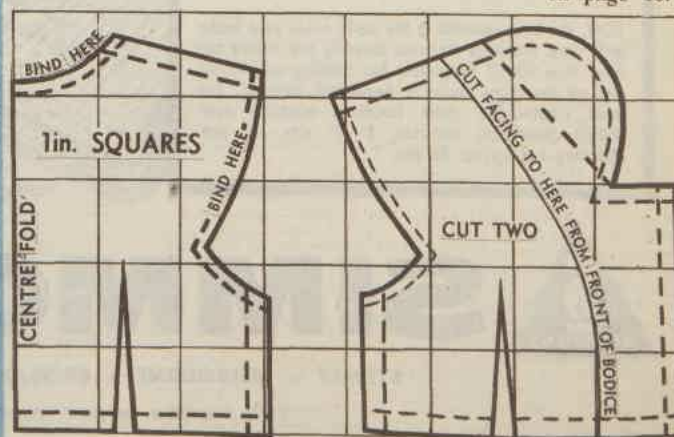
Cut out bodice, using diagrams below. There is no diagram for skirt, which is a straight piece 8in. deep cut from the 36in. fabric.

Stitch darts in front and back bodice. Bind back neck, stitch front facings to front bodices. Join shoulder seams of bodice and neaten. Turn back front edges of skirt, turn up

hem to make skirt 5 1/2in. Stitch band of trimming on right side of skirt piece 2 1/2in. up from bottom of hem.

Gather top cut edge of skirt to fit waist of bodice. Stitch bodice and skirt together, with seam facing right side. Now cover this join with trimming used on skirt. Commence at left side front across waist, up front of right side of bodice, folding trimming at waist to lie flat. Attach snap-fasteners.

on page 46.



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Beautyrest Mattress

gives you even more comfort with

FLOATING ACTION COILS

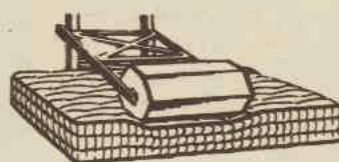
New Simmons invention offers you healthier rest than ever



The secret of Beautyrest has always been the independent action of its individually pocketed coils. Now, a new way of assembling these coils has been invented and perfected in Simmons' Engineering Laboratories.

Result: the independent spring action of Beautyrest is improved up to 19%.

Now, more than ever, Beautyrest gives single-bed comfort in a double bed—the heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep.



The best costs the least!

In special tests under a 270-pound roller, Beautyrest outlasts other mattresses three to one. So, with SIMMONS ten-year guarantee, Beautyrest is actually the least expensive to own.



In "ordinary" mattresses, springs are tied together top and bottom. Press any spring and the other springs go down with it. This mattress can sag under your hips.



New comfort with Floating Action Coils

New, ingenious method of assembly makes coils completely free, both top and bottom; supports every curve of your body, giving you a new kind of sleeping comfort.



In Simmons Beautyrest mattress, springs are independent. Not tied together, either at top or bottom. Each coil in Beautyrest is individually pocketed, cannot sag.

Beautyrest mattress, 4' 6", 41 gns.
Matching box spring, 30 gns.
(Legs or castors extra.)
Prices slightly higher in some areas

NEW SUPER Beautyrest

NOW, the best mattress in the world made even better with most luxurious mattress covering any money can buy. New SUPER Beautyrest has Floating-action Coils and all the other exclusive Beautyrest features. The most comfortable, most luxurious mattress ever. SUPER Beautyrest mattress, 4' 6" size, 43 gns. Matching box spring, 32 gns.

New luxury-look fashion covers on every mattress in the superb Simmons range



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"CHARM," £19/15/-

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There are new luxury fashion covers in the complete SIMMONS range of mattresses. New colours! New designs! New materials! SIMMONS—tops in every price range. See them all at your furniture store now!

SB76/61

KNITTED ANIMALS

● In this feature directions are given for knitting a toy kangaroo (on this page), lamb (page 43), and platypus (page 50). Directions for the koala and possum shown below can be obtained free by sending us a stamped, addressed envelope. See panel at bottom of page.

KANGAROO

Materials: 4 balls Patons double quick knitting wool (dark grey); 1 ball Patons Patonyle 4-ply (light grey); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 2 pairs doll's eyes (small and medium); stuffing; small quantity black wool for embroidery.

Measurement: Height 10in. Tension: 6 sts. to lin. on No. 10 needles.

RIGHT BODY

With No. 10 needles, beg. at tail, cast on 24 sts.

Work in st-st., casting on 4 sts. at end of first 4 rows, then cast on 4 sts. at end only of foll. alt. row (44 sts.).

7th Row: Knit.
8th Row: Cast off 4 sts., p. inc. once in last st.

9th Row: As 7th row.
10th Row: Cast off 28 sts., p. inc. once in last st.

11th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

12th Row: P 2 tog., p. inc. once in last st.

13th Row: As 11th row.
14th Row: P. inc. once in last st.

15th Row: Knit.
16th Row: As 14th row (14 sts.). Break off wool.

* Cast on 26 sts. for foot.
1st Row: K, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: Inc. once in first st., p. to end of row.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k. inc. once in last st.

4th Row: Inc. once in first st., p. to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

5th Row: As 3rd row.
6th Row: As 4th row.

7th Row: K 2 tog., k. to end of row.

8th Row: P 2 tog., p. to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

9th Row: As 7th row.
10th Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

11th Row: Cast off 10 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

12th Row: Purl.
13th Row: K 2 tog., k. to end of row.

14th Row: As 12th row.
15th Row: K 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. (9 sts.).

16th Row: Purl.
17th Row: Inc. once in first st., k 8, cast on 5 sts., work across sts. of tail, inc. once in last st. (30 sts.). Inc. 1 st. at beg. of every foll. 4th row, while at the same time inc. 1 st. at end of every foll. 6th row

until there are 35 sts. on the needle.

Work 9 rows straight.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 25 sts. rem. Work 1 row straight.

Next Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. these 2 rows once. Dec. 1 st. at end of next and foll. alt. row.

Work 1 row straight (23 sts.), break off wool. Cast on 6 sts. for paw.

** 1st Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd and Alt. Rows: P. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: Inc. once at each end of row (8 sts.). **

7th Row: K 8, cast on 3 sts., k across sts. of body, dec. 1 st. at end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 21 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. every row at front edge, while at the same time cont. to dec. every alt. row at back edge every row until 12 sts. rem. Work 5 rows straight. Inc. 1 st. at front edge in next 2 rows.

Next Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end of row (17 sts.).

Work 1 row straight. Dec. 1 st. at front edge every row until 10 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 4 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT BODY

Beg. at tail, cast on 24 sts. Cast on 4 sts. at end of first 4 rows, then cast on 4 sts. at beg. of foll. alt. row only (44 sts.).

7th Row: Knit.
8th Row: Purl.

9th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k. inc. once in last st.

10th Row: As 8th row.
11th Row: Cast off 28 sts., k. inc. once in last st.

12th Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

13th Row: K 2 tog., k. inc. once in last st.

14th Row: As 12th row.
15th Row: K, inc. 1 st. at each end of row (14 sts.). Break off wool.

* Cast on 26 sts. for foot.
1st Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

2nd Row: P. inc. once in last st.

3rd Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: P 2 tog., p. inc. once in last st.

5th Row: As 3rd row.
6th Row: As 4th row.

7th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

8th Row: P 2 tog., p. to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

9th Row: As 7th row.
10th Row: P 2 tog., p. to end of row.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k. to end of row.

12th Row: Cast off 10 sts., p. to end of row.

13th Row: K 2 tog., k. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

14th Row: Purl.
15th Row: K 2 tog., k. to end of row (9 sts.). *

16th Row: P. cast on 5 sts., p across sts. of tail.

17th Row: K. inc. 1 st. at each end of row (30 sts.).

Inc. 1 st. at end of every foll. 4th row, while at the same time inc. 1 st. at beg. of every foll. 6th row until there are 35 sts. on the needle. Work 9 rows straight.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 25 sts. rem. Work 1 row straight.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k. inc. once in last st.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. last 2 rows once. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row (23 sts.).

Break off wool.
Cast on 6 sts. for paw.

*** 1st Row: K 2 tog., k. inc. once in last st.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.
Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: Inc. once at each end of row (8 sts.). ***

6th Row: P 8, cast on 3 sts., p across sts. of body, dec. 1 st. at end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 21 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. every row at front edge, while at the same time cont. to dec. every alt. row at back edge every row until 12 sts. rem. Work 5 rows straight. Inc. 1 st. at front edge in next 2 rows.

Next Row: K, cast on 3 sts. (17 sts.).

Work 1 row straight. Dec. 1 st. at front edge every row until 10 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 4 sts. rem. Cast off.

UNDERBODY

Cast on 26 sts. and work as given for foot of left body from * to *.

16th Row: Purl.
17th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

18th Row: Purl.
19th Row: Inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

20th Row: P, break off wool.
Cast on 26 sts. and work as given for foot of right body from * to *.

16th and Alt. Rows: Purl.
17th Row: K, inc. once in last st.

19th Row: Inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

20th Row: Purl.
21st Row: K, inc. once in last st., work across sts. of other foot as follows:

Inc. once in first st., k to end of row (26 sts.).

Inc. 1 st. at each end of 2nd and foll. 4th row. Work 9 rows straight. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 20

sts. rem. Inc. 1 st. at each end of foll. alt. row twice (24 sts.). Work 3 rows straight. Break off wool.

Cast on 6 sts. and work paw as given for right body from ** to ** (8 sts.).

6th Row: Purl.
7th Row: K 8, cast on 3 sts., work across sts. of body (35 sts.). Break off wool, cast on 6

sts. for other paw and work from *** to *** as given for paw of left body.

Next Row: P 8, cast on 3 sts., p across sts. of body and other paw (46 sts.).

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 34 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows (8 sts.).

Inc. 1 st. at each end of 3rd row. Work 3 rows straight.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

INSIDE LEGS AND TAIL

Cast on 3 sts. Inc. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every foll. 12th row until there are 11 sts. on the needle, then inc. 1 st. at each end of every foll. 6th row until there are 17 sts. on the needle.

Work 15 rows straight.

Next Row: K 7, cast off 3 sts., k 7.

Work 29 rows straight on last 7 sts. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and foll. 16th row. Work 2 rows straight, p 3 tog. Fasten off. Join in wool at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

FOREHEAD PIECE

Cast on 2 sts. Inc. 1 st. at each end of first and foll. 4th rows twice (8 sts.).

Work 5 rows straight. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and foll. 4th row. Cast off.

EARS (Make 2)

Cast on 6 sts. Inc. 1 st. at each end of 1st and foll. alt. row (10 sts.).

Work 3 rows straight. Inc. 1 st. at each end of next row. Work 3 rows straight.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

EAR LININGS (Make 2)

Using No. 12 needles and light grey Patonyle, work as given for ears.

POUCH

Cast on 2 sts.
1st Row: Inc. once in each st.

2nd Row: Purl.
3rd Row: Inc. once at each end of row.

4th Row: Purl. Break off wool.

Cast on 2 sts. and work another piece in same manner.

5th Row: Inc. once in first st., k 5, cast on 3 sts., work across sts. left on needle, inc. once in last st. (17 sts.). Inc. 1 st. at each end of foll. 4th row.

Work 5 rows straight.

In Next Row: K 3, k 2 tog., turn.

Work on these sts., dec. 1 st. at inner edge every row until 2 sts. rem.

Fasten off. Join in wool at centre, cast off 9 sts., k 2 tog., k 3.

Dec. 1 st. at inner edge every row until 2 sts. rem. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces. Buttonhole along top edge of pouch and oversew side seams to underbody, leaving lower edge to be sewn in with leg seams. Sew underbody to right and left body. Sew in forehead piece. Sew up back seam. Sew inside leg and tail piece, leaving section in middle unsewn for stuffing. Turn to right side, stuff head, sew in eyes securely. Stuff remainder of kangaroo, pushing stuffing well down feet and tail. Sew up opening. Join ears and ear linings. Fold together and sew in position. Make a dart under each paw and stitch to hold paws in position. Using black wool, embroider nose and mouth.

JOEY IN POUCH

RIGHT BODY:

Using Patonyle 4-ply and No. 12 needles, cast on 10 sts.

1st Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl, inc. once in last st.

3rd Row: K, inc. once in last st.

4th and Alt. Rows: Purl.
5th Row: As 3rd row.

7th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row.

9th Row: As 7th row.
10th Row: Purl (16 sts.). break off wool. Cast on 2 sts. for paw. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of first and foll. alt. row. Work 1 row straight.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 4, k across sts. of body (20 sts.).

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.
3rd Row: K 2 tog., k to end of row.

KANGAROO has a tiny joey in her pouch. Directions for both on this page.



KOALA (above) and the possum (at right) are both knitted. See panel (right).



To obtain knitting directions for the toy koala and possum shown above, send a self-addressed envelope with a 5d. stamp on it to Knitted Toys, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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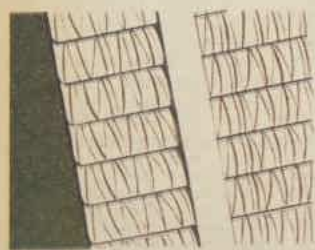
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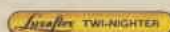
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Pretty white lamb

Materials: 4 balls Patons-Lustrelle Triple knitting wool (white); small quantities black and pink Patons Patonyle 4-ply; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; pair blue doll's eyes; 1 yd. blue satin ribbon; stuffing; short lengths colored wools for flowers.

Measurement: Height 9in.

Note: The lamb is made up with the purl fabric for right side.

LEFT BODY

**** Using black wool double,** beg. at front leg, cast on 11 sts.

1st Row: Purl.
2nd Row: Knit, rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. With white wool, k 2 rows, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times. Dec. 1 st. at end of next and following 4th row. Inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

Next Row: Inc. once at each end of row.

Next Row: K, break off wool (12 sts.).

Using black wool double, cast on 11 sts. for back leg and work 6 rows as given for front leg. With white wool, k 2 rows, then cont. in purl fabric, dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. 4th row (9 sts.).

Work 1 row straight. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. 4th rows twice (12 sts.).

Work 1 row straight. Inc. 1 st. at end of next

row. **Work 1 row straight** (13 sts.).

Next Row: Inc. once in first st., p 12, cast on 8 sts., work across sts. of front leg, inc. once in last st. (35 sts.). Inc. once at each end of every foll. 4th row twice (39 sts.). **

Dec. 1 st. at each end of every foll. 4th row twice, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row twice (31 sts.). **Work 1 row straight.**

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 6 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

5th Row: P 2 tog., p to end of row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of 2nd and foll. 4th row, then inc. 1 st. at end of row in 2nd and foll. alt. row (21 sts.). **Work 5 rows straight.**

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of needle every alt. row, while at same time dec. 1 st. at other end of needle every row until 11 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 5 sts. rem. **Cast off.**

RIGHT BODY

**** Using black wool double,** beg. at back leg, cast on 11 sts. and work 6 rows as given for front leg. With white wool, k 2 rows, then, cont. in purl fabric, dec. 1 st. at end of next and foll. 4th row (9 sts.).

Work 1 row straight. Inc. 1 st. at end of next

APPEALING white lamb wears on his head a garland of flowers made of scraps of wool.

Work 1 row straight. Inc. 1 st. at end of next and foll. 4th rows twice (12 sts.).

Work 1 row straight. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row.

Work 1 row straight (13 sts.). **Break off wool.**

Using black wool double, cast on 11 sts. for front leg and work the 6 rows as given for front leg. With white wool, knit 2 rows, then work 8 rows straight, beg. with p row.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. 4th row. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next row.

Next Row: Inc. once at each end of row.

Next Row: Knit (12 sts.).

Next Row: Inc. once in first st., p 11, cast on 8 sts., p across back leg, inc. once in last st. (35 sts.).

Inc. 1 st. at each end of every foll. 4th row twice (39 sts.). **
Dec. 1 st. at each end of every foll. 4th row twice, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row twice (31 sts.). **Work 2 rows straight.**

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 6 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: P 2 tog., p to end of row.

5th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and foll. 4th row, then inc. 1 st. at beg. of 2nd and foll. alt. rows twice (21 sts.). **Work 5 rows straight.**

Dec. 1 st. at end of needle every alt. row, while at same time dec. 1 st. at other end of needle every row until 11 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 5 sts. rem. **Cast off.**

LEFT UNDERBODY

Work as given for right body from ** to **.

Next Row: K 6, k 2 tog., turn. Cont. working on these sts., dec. 1 st. at inner edge every row until 2 sts. rem. **Fasten off.** Join in wool at centre, cast off 20 sts., k to end of row.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Inc. once in first st., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.
2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: P 2 tog., p to end of row. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until 8 sts. rem., ending with 2nd row.

Next Row: P 2 tog., p to end of row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row. **Cast off rem. sts.**

RIGHT UNDERBODY

Work as given for left body from ** to **.

Work 1 row straight.
Next Row: P 6, p 2 tog., turn.

Cont. working on these sts., dec. 1 st. at inner edge every row until 2 sts. rem.

Fasten off. Join in wool at centre, cast off 20 sts., p to end of row.

Work 1 row straight.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: P 2 tog., p, inc. once in last st.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: P to last 2 sts., p

2 tog. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until 8 sts. rem., ending with 2nd row.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., p to end of row. **Cast off.**

HEAD GUSSET

Cast on 12 sts. Dec. 1 st. at each end of 2nd and every foll. 4th row until 6 sts. rem. **Work 5 rows straight.** Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. 8th row until there are 12 sts. on needle. **Work 9 rows straight.** Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. 8th row until 6 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row until 2 sts. rem. **Fasten off.**

EARS (Make 2)

Cast on 10 sts.

1st Row: P, inc. 1 st. at each end of row.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times (18 sts.).
Dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every foll. 4th row until there are 12 sts. on needle, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 2 sts. rem. **Fasten off.**

Make 2 darts 1/4 in. wide and 1 in. apart down centre of ear.

EAR LININGS (Make 2)

Using pink wool double, work as given for ears, omitting darts.

SOLES (Make 4)

Using black wool double, cast on 4 sts. Beg. with p row, inc. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until there are 10 sts. on needle. **Work 3 rows straight.** Dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 4 sts. rem. **Cast off.**

TAIL

Cast on 14 sts. **Work 16 rows** in st-st., beg. with p row.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 2 sts. rem.

Fasten off. Fold tail in half and join with flat seam.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Using back-stitch seam and 3-ply white wool, sew centre seam of right and left underbody, leaving a section unsewn in centre for stuffing. Sew right and left underbody to right and left body. Sew in soles. Sew in head gusset, beg. by sewing cast-on edge of gusset to right and left underbody and finishing at nape of neck. Sew round other edges. Stuff head, fasten eyes in securely. Cut circles of cardboard, place in soles. Stuff body and legs. Sew up opening. Join ears and ear linings, sew in position. Using black wool, embroider nose and mouth. Sew tail in position. Tie ribbon round neck. Make circlet of small wool flowers by putting knot in centre of length of green wool 4 in. long, then threading needle with colored wool and forming loops for petals round knot. Attach to head between ears.

Knitted platypus on page 50

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—OCTOBER 14, 1961

SEVEN PERSONALITY



● Small lengths of material and other odds and ends are used to make these toys. Old nylon garments or stockings can be used for filling. Cut out shapes from diagrams overleaf and page 49.



PIERROT

Age group:
6 months to
2 years.

Materials: Scraps of cotton fabric in 2 contrasting colors; scraps of white fabric for face and hands; scrap of lace or ribbon to trim.

Stuffing: Must be washable and easily dried. Clean discarded nylon garments or stockings cut into small pieces are ideal.

TO MAKE

From white fabric cut 1 face and 4 hands (see diagrams page 49). From one color cut out 1 cap, 1 sole of foot, 1 upper foot, 1 body facing right, and 1 body facing left. Cut same pieces, except cap front, from other fabric as well as 1 back of head. Draw mouth, nose, and eyes on face and embroider or paint it.

Head: Assemble this first. Join face to cap along forehead. Join front of head to back of head.

Body: Seam body pieces at centres to make front and back. Join these 2 at side seams, leaving openings for head, hands, and feet. Gather sleeves and legs in gently to size of wrists and ankles. Make hands by sewing 2 hand pieces together for each hand. Turn each sleeve to the inside, firmly sew in hands. Push hands to outside.

Foot: Sew upper foot together where it is marked heel on diagram. Sew uppers to soles, starting at X on diagram and following arrow.

TO MAKE UP

Stuff head, body, and feet and join them all together. Toy should be soft and floppy, not stiff. The lines from armhole to shoulder can be sewn where marked to give movement to arms. Trim neck with frill of ribbon or lace.

Note: This pierrot was designed for the times. He is big enough to grasp easily, soft, has plain features, and will withstand much hard wear. Little boys especially are fond of him.



BUNNY

Age group:
6 months to
3½ years.

Materials: Old jumper or pair of clean plain socks; scant yd. flannelette; ribbon and lace to trim; 3 small buttons; cotton or wool to embroider face.

Stuffing: Clean discarded nylon stockings or fabric scraps cut into snippings or cotton waste.

TO MAKE

The body, legs, and arms are made of rectangles. Cut out from flannelette 2 legs 4½in. by 7in. Cut 2 arms 4½in. by 8½in. Cut one back of body 5in. by 5½in. Cut one front body 5½in. by 7in. (All these pieces are not shown on diagram.) Cut 1 collar and 1 pyjama bottom from flannelette. The nose, 4 feet, 4 ears, 2 heads, 4 paws, and a tail (made from scraps) are cut from jumper or socks.

Head is made by joining nose to point marked N on each head piece and continuing back in direction of arrow. Join head pieces beneath nose in front and back. Turn to right side, stuff. Embroider eyes in black and nose and mouth in pink or red. Sew 2 ear pieces together for each ear, leaving opening at bottom. Turn to right side, top-sew opening, attach ear to head about 1in. behind eyes.

Body is given corpulence by gathering the 7in. sides of front body in to 5in. Place front and back body pieces together, sew them on 3 sides, leaving one 7in. side open at top. Stuff body. Run gathering stitch right round open side and draw it in to size of neck. Sew head to body. Turn up small flat seam round collar, trim it with lace. Sew collar to neck, trim with ribbon.

Legs: Fold each leg lengthwise and sew side and bottom, leaving top open. Turn to right side, stuff each leg. Turn in raw edges and top-sew opening. Join each leg to body on one end. Sew 2 foot pieces together to make each foot, leaving opening for turning

to right side. Invert, stuff, and sew up opening on each foot. Sew foot to each leg at right-angles with heel protruding about ½in. behind leg.

Arms are folded so that 4½in. sides form side seam. Turn each arm to right side. Sew 2 paw pieces together to make each paw, leaving straight side open. Turn to right side, stuff each paw. Insert open end of paw into arm. Turn raw edges of arm under, sew paws to arms. Fill arms with stuffing, turn in raw edges at top, and sew. Join arms to body. Trim with lace.

Pyjama Bottom is hemmed round A-B-C-D. Buttonholes are made where marked. Raw edge AD is sewn to back of body along lower seam so pyjama bottom will cover raw edge when buttoned up. Sew 3 buttons in place at waist.

Tail is made from scraps of jumper or socks cut into pieces about 2½in. long and ½in. wide, sewn together in centre to make a little bundle of ends. Sew tail to back of body, pull it through buttonhole as marked.



MONKEY

Age group:
9 months to
8 years.

Materials: Scant 1-3rd yd. plain fabric for body and limbs; scraps of paler fabric for face, etc.; wool or cotton to embroider features (or use colored pencils); small piece bright fabric for hat, cardboard, wool, glue.

Stuffing: Cotton waste or scraps of soft fabric cut into snippings.

TO MAKE

Quarter-inch seams have been allowed. Velvet may need wider seams to prevent fraying. Cut out pieces from diagrams, embroider eyes and nose in black, mouth in red, upper lip and hairlines in color matching body. Colored pencils, if firmly applied, give a good effect.

Arms: Assemble arms, first sewing hands to arms at wrist. Fold arm in halves lengthwise where marked (wrong side out), sew edges together. Stuff and seam opening at armhole.

Legs: Assemble by sewing each upper foot to a front leg at A-B. Now sew front leg to back leg at side seams. Pin sole so

heel corresponds with back leg where marked. Sew on sole, embroidering 4 lines to mark toes. Stuff leg and foot, close seam at top of leg.

Body: Sew the 2 body pieces together, leaving neck open. Stuff firmly. Sew on arms and legs, using doubled cotton. Make tail by rolling fabric into long sausage shape with right side out. Sew down raw edges at bottom and long side, sew firmly to body at back where indicated. Tail is about 1½in. wide and 9in. long.

Head: First sew forehead to lower face along lines A-B. Join lower face to lower jaw round chin so point marked centre front neck hangs loose and the 2 points marked centre chin correspond. Fold back of head so points marked X meet. Sew the 2 seams marked with dotted lines. Open back of head out, pin to centre forehead at point marked X. Sew these 2 pieces together where they meet from A to B, including X. Join either side of lower jaw to back of head until they meet at points marked Y on pattern.

Now gather lower jaw with running-stitch and draw tight. Turn head to right side, stuff firmly. Sew head to body, then catch lower jaw to chest with one large stitch. Sew ears, invert, and put a little stuffing in each. Turn in raw edges on open side and top-sew before attaching them to sides of head parallel with eyes and nose.

Hat can be made from round cardboard container or thick cardboard cut to height of 1½in. and about 2½in. in diameter on top. Glue plain bright-colored material over hat, add tassel to match on top.



HUMPTY-DUMPTY

Age group:
One to 5 years.

Materials: One-third yd. white flannelette; 1-12th yd. fabric for trousers; scrap of bright fabric or ribbon for bow-tie; basque of old jumper or pair of discarded socks; plain fabric for shoes; 8 small buttons for trousers; embroidery cotton for face; cardboard.

Stuffing: Approximately 1lb. cotton waste.

TO MAKE

Note: If toy is likely to become very soiled in use, make inner body from old sheet or

TOYS

● In this line-up are seven rag toys, each with its own appeal. Individual extras add to their charm — the bunny's bedtime pyjamas, the clown's pocket full of toffees, the mouse's dual role.



shirt and cover it with outer flannelette body, which can then be removed for washing. Quarter-in. seams have been allowed.

Cut out all pieces from diagrams, page 49. **Body:** First trace and embroider face on one body piece. On each of 2 others, embroider an ear (in shape of capital letter C). Sew body pieces together in correct order, being careful top and bottom point on each piece corresponds with adjoining piece. Join last 2 pieces together to just over halfway. This opening is for stuffing and will be hidden by trousers. Turn to right side and stuff. The success of Humpty's shape depends on packing very tightly with stuffing. Draw opening together with strong stitches.

Arms: Assemble these next. Sew together 2 hand pieces for each hand. Nick outer edges of seam round fingers, invert, and stuff. Fold each arm where indicated, sew up side seam. Join hand to arm on right side, stuff each arm.

Legs: Fold where indicated and sew up side. Turn to right side, stuff. Sew socks along side. With seam to outside, slip them over stuffed legs. When turned down, cuffs will hide raw seam. Sew sock firmly to lower edge of leg. Turn up 1/4 in. on each trouser leg and hem. Fold where indicated, sew side seams. Pin each trouser leg in place on each leg.

Shoes: First sew upper foot where it is marked heel. Join this piece to sole, starting at toe (marked O) and working in direction of arrow. If there is excess, make tuck when returned to point O. If using soft material for shoes, cut shape of feet from cardboard (minus seam allowance), insert into inverted foot for stiffening. Stuff completed foot. Insert leg and sock into shoe. Join leg and foot together with cotton to match shoes.

Trousers: Gather where marked and draw in to measure 2 in. Pin arms and legs (with trouser legs in place) into position between the 2 trouser pieces so when sewn and turned to right side, arms and legs will protrude from side seams in their places. Thumbs face downwards. Turn waistline under, sew it flat. Dress Humpty in trousers which should fit close round his middle. Make bow, sew it beneath his mouth. Sew buttons at regular intervals round waist, catching trousers to body at same time.

Note: For a really sumptuous present, make a wall and sit Humpty-Dumpty on it. Use a shoe box, small hat box, or grocery carton with lid. Paint box and lid all over in red or grey and let dry. Paint on white lines to represent mortar. When thoroughly dry again, sit Humpty-Dumpty on box lid.



MOUSE

Age group:
6 months to
12 years.

Materials: Scant 1-3rd yard soft fabric (such as jersey, velvet, fur fabric, flannelette); 2 small plain buttons for eyes, small scrap black fabric for eyelashes. For waistcoat, small piece striped cotton fabric, 3 buttons, 8 in. black velvet for bow, small piece elastic. For dress, 2-3rd yard gingham; for apron, scrap of white fabric or cheap fine white handkerchief; red food coloring; small plastic or fabric flowers, lace or any other trimmings on hand, snap fasteners.

Stuffing: Cotton waste, clean discarded stockings, material snippings, or cotton-wool.

TO MAKE

Cut out 1 nose gusset, 4 ears; 2 heads, facing right and left, 2 bodies (each side is double shape of pattern), 2 arms facing right, 2 arms facing left, 2 feet (each foot is double shape of pattern), 1 tail made of long piece of material (not necessarily straight), about 15 in. long and about 1 1/4 in. wide.

Head: Assemble by sewing nose gusset to either side of head, starting at nose, marked N on diagram, and going back over top of head. Sew the 2 remaining seams together under chin and at back of head. Turn to right side, stuff firmly. Sew 2 ear pieces together for each ear, leaving straight side open; turn to right side. Insert little stuffing in each, turn in raw edges, and sew. Sew ears to top of head, taking tuck in centre of each to give it shape. Fold each body piece where marked with wrong side out; sew from A to B and from C to D. This gives rounded body shape front and back. Join the 2 body pieces together, leaving neck open sufficiently to insert stuffing. Turn to right side. Stuff body and sew on head.

Arms: Sew together, leaving shoulder open. Insert stuffing, close shoulder seam, attach arms to body with strong stitches.

Feet and tail: Fold each foot where marked, sew round side, leaving heel open. Turn to right side and stuff. Turn in raw edges and sew. Attach one foot to bottom of body along main seam so feet face front at an angle. To make feet sit firmly, catch them on to front of body. Roll up material

PERSONALITY PARADE of rag toys (above) comprises, from left, pierrot, bunny in pyjamas, monkey, Humpty-Dumpty, mouse dressed as Town Mouse in tie and waistcoat (picture below shows same toy as Country Mouse), clown with toffees in pocket, and doll with golden plaits.



COUNTRY MOUSE can be used as a nightdress cover for older children.

for tail in long sausage shape, then turn in raw edge at bottom and along side and sew. Attach tail to back of body.

TO FINISH

Cut out 2 eyelashes from scrap of black fabric, sew in position with black cotton. Sew on buttons for eyes. Embroider tiny pink nose at N, bringing same cotton out at cheeks and cutting off pieces about 1/4 in. long to make whiskers. Color ears and paws with diluted coloring; put aside to dry.

THE DRESS (For Country Mouse)

Cut gingham into two 10 in. lengths for skirt, and from remaining 4 in. cut 4 bodices, 2 facing right and 2 facing left. Sew 2 together for front, dart where marked. Join the 2 back bodices at shoulders and below

armhole, using tiny flat seams. Finish off armholes, neckline, and back gusset; sew fastener to neckline. Sew side seams of skirt, gather in waist and join to bodice. Turn up narrow hem. Cut 1/4 in. hole in centre of back skirt about 3 in. from waistline and over-sew it. Dress mouse, pull tail through hole. Make apron, attach round waist. Attach small flowers to paw.

THE VEST (For Town Mouse)

Join at shoulder and below armhole. Finish off round armholes and edges with tiny flat seam. Put on waistcoat, join the 2 front edges together at the buttons. Make tie of velvet, attach to elastic, place round neck. Attach flowers to paw.

Continued overleaf

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for you



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**HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS**

TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS (continued)



(Both shown in color on previous page)

CLOWN

Age group: 1 to 5 years

Materials: Half yard striped fabric, 1yd. bias binding, 1yd. strong white fabric, scrap red fabric or ribbon for nose, 1 skein thick wool, black and red embroidery cotton, red pencil.

Stuffing: Clean, discarded nylon stockings or garments or cotton waste or cotton wool.

TO MAKE

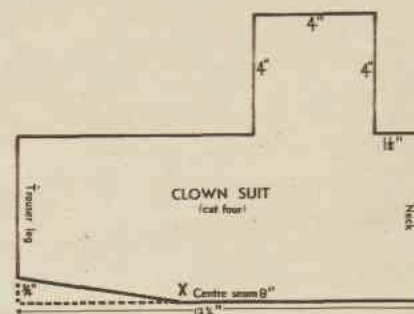
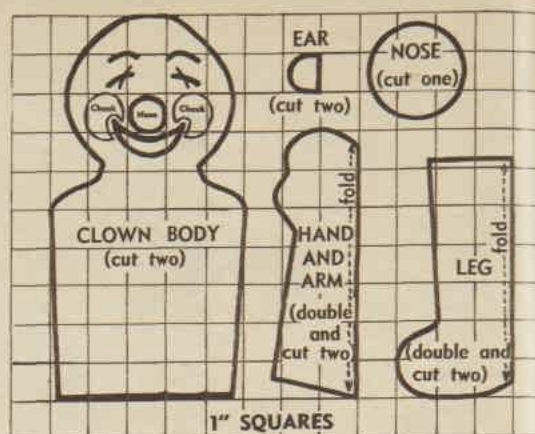
Cut out 2 bodies, 2 arm and hand pieces (each double), 2 legs (each double), 1 nose in red, 2 ears.

Arms, Legs, Body: Leaving shoulder end open, sew round each arm and hand. Sew round each leg, leaving top open. Sew right round body and head, leaving bottom open. Turn all pieces to right side, stuff them firmly. Sew up open seams. Attach arms and legs to body.

Face and Head: Copy face on to clown with pencil, embroider or mark on features with ink or colored pencils. Color cheeks with red pencil very lightly. Roll wool round book or folded newspaper about 5in. wide. Place hank of wool horizontally across back of head

so it lies flat. Sew it to middle back of head with vertical seam. Bring loops up round face, catch them on to side seam. Sew on ears. To make nose, put a little cotton wool into centre of red circle. Run gathering stitch round edge of circle, draw it tight. Pin nose on to face, then sew it on with red cotton, pulling sides in tight to face. It is 1/2 in. across when finished.

Suit: Fold fabric into 4 and cut out 4 suits, 2 facing right and 2 facing left. Quarter-inch seams have been allowed. Join front pieces at centre seam as far as X. Sew 2 1/2 in. pocket on one side and bright patch on other knee. Join the 2 back pieces at centre seam. Sew front and back together, leaving neck, sleeves, and trouser legs open. Bind sleeves and legs with bias binding. Sew bias binding or rick-rack braid over raw seams on reverse side of collar. Bind collar. Dress clown and draw sleeves, legs, and collar in to size with running stitch. Fill pocket with wrapped toffees, if desired.



RAG DOLL

Age group:
1 to 9 years

Materials: One-twelfth yard (3in.) striped material for legs; 1-3rd yard white calico for body, nose, arms, and bloomers; 1-3rd yard plain material for dress; scrap of black or plain material for shoes; half skein thick wool for hair; ribbon for hair; trimming for bloomers and dress; elastic for bloomers; red, black, and blue cottons to embroider face; 2 buttons for eyes; snap fasteners.

Stuffing: Cotton waste or soft material scraps cut into snippings or odd clean stockings.

TO MAKE

Quarter-inch seams have been allowed. Each leg should be cut out separately, taking care to match stripes and to cut 2 facing right and 2 facing left. Bloomers also have 2 pieces facing right and 2 facing left.

Face: When all pieces are cut out, copy or trace face on to fabric and embroider features. Sew on buttons for eyes. Leave nose until body has been assembled.

Body: Assemble by sewing the 2 pieces together, leaving lower edge (where legs are joined) open enough to insert filling. Nick outer edge of seam at neck and waist, turn body to right side.

Arms, Legs: Fold arms where marked, sew from little finger to shoulder, leaving armhole open. Nick edge of seam on either side of thumb, turn to right side. Carefully pin

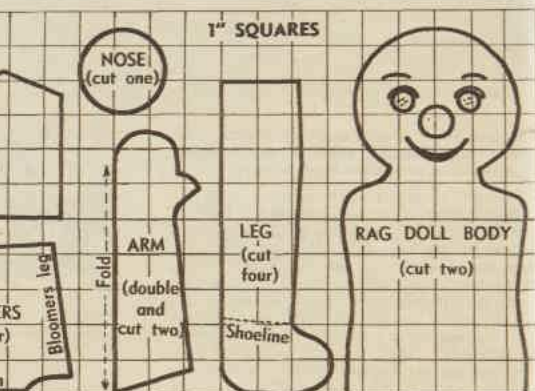
or tack legs together so stripes match; sew, leaving top of legs open.

Pack doll firmly with filling. Turn in raw edges of arms, legs, and body, top-sew them before joining together.

Nose: Run gathering-stitch round edge of nose, put piece of stuffing the size of walnut into centre, and draw thread tight, enclosing stuffing. Pin nose to face, sew it on firmly, pulling sides down securely so when finished it is about 1/2 in. high and just over 1/2 in. wide.

Bloomers: Sew a right and left piece together at centre seam for each front and back. Join front and back at side seams and between legs. Turn waist down 1/2 in., insert elastic. Trim legs with broderie anglaise or lace.

Shoes: Cut out in same shape as feet, ending at dotted line on leg. Sew each shoe from ankle round to 1/2 in. be-



hind big toe. Turn tops down, slip them on feet, and tie them at front, using needle threaded with thick cotton or wool.

Dress: Cut out 2 bodices. Make skirt of 2 full circles of fabric 12in. in diameter. Use dinner plate as guide to cut them out. Cut centre (3 1/2 in. across) out of each circle, leaving surrounding skirt 4 1/2 in. long. Cut each circle from outside to centre once. Dress is entirely open down one side with snap fasteners at left shoulder and button at waist on left side. Sew bodices together on right shoulder and under right arm. Join skirts on one side. Gather skirt in to size of waist. Join skirt to bodice. Turn edges down with flat seam right round neck, left shoulder, armhole, and skirt. Sew round right armhole. Turn up 1/2 in. hem and sew it flat with 2 rows of stitching. Sew on trim-

ming, 2 snap fasteners at shoulder, and button and loop at waist.

Hair: Divide wool into 3 sections, each section being 20 double thicknesses of wool, 12in. long. A simple way to do this is to wind wool 20 times round a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly, across width for each section. Do not cut wool on ends. First sew one section across top of head, leaving 1/2 in. protruding over forehead. These loops form fringe. The other sections are for sides of face. Catch loops down one at a time just in front of side seam to form frame for face. Now cut free ends of hair. To avoid bald look at back of head, cross each of side sections only to opposite side of head before plaiting. Plait hair, tie it tightly with wool, add bows. Catch plaits each side of head with white cotton.

More diagrams, page 49

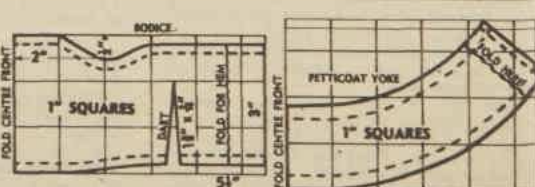
DOLL'S PETTICOAT

(Shown in color on page 39)

Materials: Quarter yard lawn, 3yds. embroidery edging, 1/2yd. beading, 1/2yd. ribbon, snap fasteners.

Cut out from diagrams at right. Skirt (not shown) is straight piece 24in. by 5 1/2 in. (1in. hem allowed). Stitch darts in bodice, attach yoke for skirt to waistline of bodice.

Cut 4 frills of embroidery edging each 27in. Attach at even intervals down skirt. Join top frill on to top edge of skirt before attaching both to lower edge of yoke. Face bodice top on right side with beading. Attach shoulder-straps. Turn in both sides of back opening of petticoat. Attach fasteners.



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HOOVER

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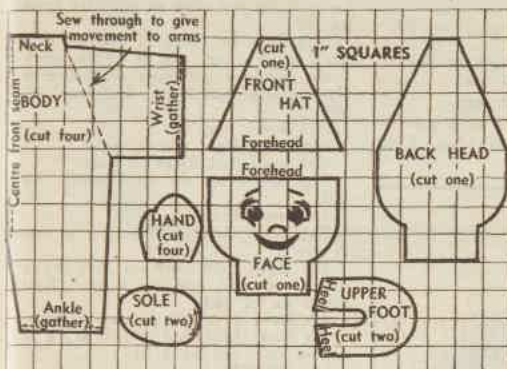
Page 48

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 11, 1961

Diagrams for Five Rag Toys

Below are the diagrams showing how to cut out the shapes for five of the toys shown in color on pages 44, 45.

PIERROT

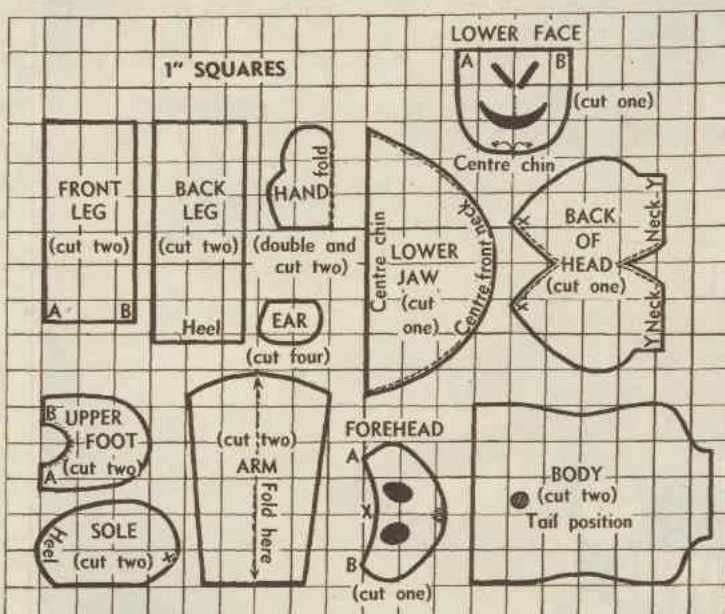


PIERROT. Diagrams above show how to cut out shapes from scraps of fabric. Use one plain fabric and one patterned, or contrasting bright colors.

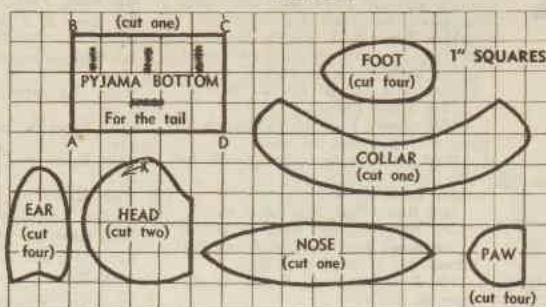
MONKEY. Cut out from diagrams at right. Hat can be made from old canister cut down and covered with bright cotton material.



MONKEY

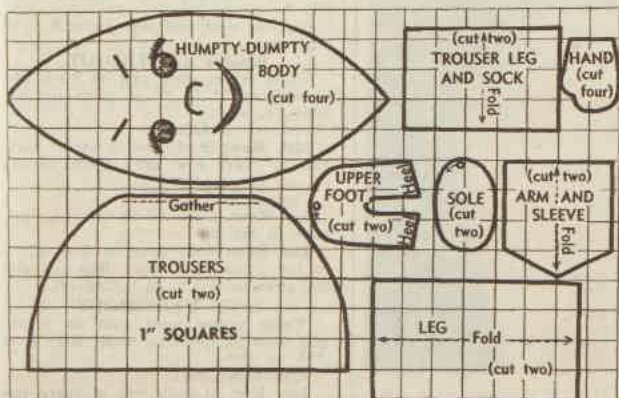


BUNNY



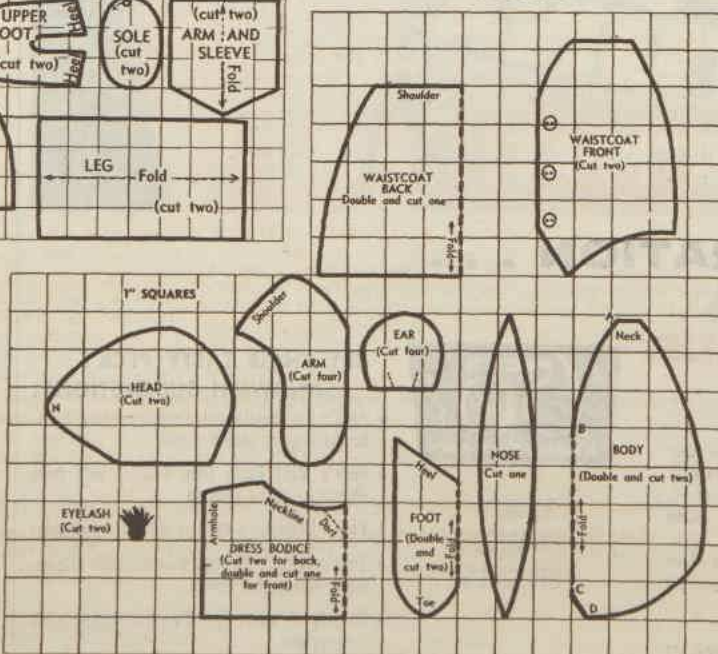
BUNNY. Diagrams above do not include body, arms, and legs, which are merely rectangles cut out from flannelette pieces.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY



On all these diagrams, each square represents 1 inch measurement.

MOUSE



HUMPTY-DUMPTY is given above. His egg-shaped body needs packing well with filling.

MOUSE in both versions is given at right, except skirt. It is cut straight.



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TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS (concluded)

PLATYPUS

Materials: 2 balls dark grey, 1 ball yellow, 1 ball black Paton's Totem knitting wool, 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles, pair small doll's eyes, stuffing.

Measurements: From bill to tip of tail 15½ in.

Tension: 6 sts. to lin. on No. 9 needles.

RIGHT BODY

*** Beg. at back leg, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: K 2 tog., k, inc. once in last st.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times. Break off wool. On same needle cast

on 9 sts. for front leg, and work as given for back leg.

11th Row: K 2 tog., k, inc. once in last st., cast on 24 sts., work across back leg as follows—k 2 tog., k, inc. once in last st. (42 sts.).***

12th Row: Purl.

13th Row: Cast on 6 sts., k to end of row, break off wool.

Cast on 6 sts. on other needle for tail.

1st Row: K 6.

2nd Row: Purl, cast on 6 sts.

3rd Row: K, inc. once in last st.

4th Row: Purl, cast on 6 sts. Purl across sts. of body (67 sts.).

5th Row: Cast on 6 sts., k, inc. once in last st.

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: K 2 tog. at each end of row.

8th Row: Cast off 4 sts., p to end of row.

Rep. 7th and 8th rows twice. (56 sts.).

13th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

14th Row: P 2 tog., p to end of row.

15th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

16th Row: As 14th row.

Rep. 15th and 16th rows once.

19th Row: Cast off 3 sts., k 12, k 2 tog., turn.

20th Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Cast off.
Rejoin wool to centre and work on rem. sts., dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 23 sts. rem. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

LEFT BODY

*** Beg. at front leg, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times, break off wool. On same needle cast on 9 sts. for back leg and work as given for front leg.

11th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog., cast on 24 sts., work across front leg as follows—inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. (42 sts.).***

12th Row: Purl.

13th Row: Knit, cast on 6 sts.

14th Row: Purl. Break off wool. Cast on 6 sts. on same needle for tail.

1st Row: K 6.

2nd Row: Cast on 6 sts., p to end of row.

3rd Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row, cast on 6 sts. Knit across sts. of body.

4th Row: P to end of row (67 sts.).

5th Row: Inc. once in first st., k to end of row, cast on 6 sts.

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: K 2 tog. at each end of row.

8th Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

9th Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. 8th and 9th rows twice.

14th Row: Purl (54 sts.).

15th Row: K 2 tog., k, inc. once in last st.

16th Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

17th Row: As 15th row.

18th Row: Cast off 3 sts., p 12, p 2 tog., turn.

19th Row: Cast off 3 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Cast off.

Rejoin wool to centre and work on rem. sts., dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

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A LITTLE PECK'S GOES SUCH A LONG WAY!

Page 50



TRY THESE TASTY PECK'S SANDWICH SUGGESTIONS!

- Peck's Anchovette with chopped celery, hard-boiled egg, or grated carrot.
- Peck's Meat Paste (any flavour) with mild cheese or sliced gherkin.
- Peck's Paste (any variety) with chopped nuts.
- Peck's Fish Paste (any flavour) with mayonnaise and grated carrot.
- Peck's Prawns or Peck's Tuna with mayonnaise.



Don't put your dog on TV

A short story complete on this page

By PAT LIVINGSTONE

"Meet my family, they are in all the commercials."

YES, this is my place. Average-looking house, you say? I suppose you would say it was average—from the outside, that is. It's got a roof, walls, bit of a verandah, lawn needing a go over with the mower, windows, one cracked, and the place could do with another coat of paint. It does look like just another average home, but I can assure you that once you step inside that front door the place becomes a mere shell of respectability, simply there to cover a seething, chaotic state of pandemonium!

You might say that it all began with Fleabag. That's our dog. You see, the kids (I've got four — Jill's sixteen, Lynne's twelve, although to hear her talk you'd think she was older than I am, Tony, great little businessman although he's only nine, and the little fellow, Butch, is a progressive four), well, the kids came home one day carrying this puppy. It just crouched there in Tony's arm, all skin and bone, no more than three weeks old and looking thoroughly miserable. You know how they do, gazing up at you helplessly as though you and you alone can save it from the terrors of this cruel world.

Naturally, we kept it, and I called it Fleabag after a pup I'd had when I was a boy. My pup, however, had been sired by the best biter in the district. This Fleabag, by the time it was a few months old, appeared to have an ancestry far superior to mine! He turned into one of the best-looking collies I've seen outside the Royal Easter Show.

The chain of events started when young Tony had the dog with him down at the park. Tony was watching one of those photographer fellows taking pictures of a model. He was trying to make her look the typical "outdoors type" complete with a sporty outfit she had on and a couple of dogs bounding around.

Evidently the dogs weren't too co-operative, and the photographer was getting annoyed when Fleabag took over. As I said, he's a good-looking dog and intelligent, too, but he loves the limelight. Up he goes to the girl and starts showing off properly. The photographer grabs his opportunity to take his photos.

Then Tony started talking to the photographer and the fellow says he likes the dog so much he wants to use him again for some TV commercials. Now, like his old man, Tony has a good business head on his shoulders and he asked how much he'd get for letting Fleabag be photographed for TV. The fellow told him, and the first my wife and I hear of it is when Tony comes tearing in saying how he's going to make a fortune and how Fleabag is going to be another Lassie!

We didn't think anything would come of it, but one day my wife gets a phone call to bring the dog to the film studio next morning. So she bathes the dog and takes him

along. While they were there the dog wandered off, so my wife starts to whistle him, and back he comes.

But as it happened someone else heard her whistling—a chap from another studio, where they happened to need a whistling background. Who should they grab but my wife! (She whistles clear and sweet.) So they put her down on their books to use for future whistling background, and also (since she's not a bad looker, even though she has had four children) they told her they'd like to use her as a "housewife type" in some of their commercials.

Next time they needed the dog my wife was already engaged to scrub floors and look worn-out because she used "Brand X" detergent, so Jill took the day off from her work and escorted Fleabag to the studio.

Believe it or not, a model who was to do a commercial that day didn't turn up. They substituted Jill. (Have you seen the ad? The one where the girl gets soaked in a storm on her way to work, puts in a hectic day at the office, then goes rock-'n'-rolling that night, but her hair still looks great, because she set it with "Dandy.") Jill caught a shocking cold, but a model agency saw the film and they've signed her on as a full-time model!

Lynne was the next one, and you can see her any Thursday night between eight and nine steadily sucking a variety of "Frutee Lee," then looking up at the camera and saying "Yummy!"

Then there was the bandage ad—I'm sure you've seen that one—savage dog (Fleabag) attacks small boys (Tony and Butch), but Mother (my wife) does a Florence Nightingale job with the bandages. They really cleaned up in fees for that one!

So, when you step inside the front door Jill sails past looking almost unrecognisable under all the war-paint she calls "the latest make-up," Lynne's wandering around with a book on her head trying to remember to speak with clarity of diction and cultured tones all at the same time, and Butch has Fleabag sitting up in my favorite chair and is busily grooming him.

Tony is generally replenishing his stocks of the family autographs to sell or swap with his schoolmates, and my wife can always be located by the sound of the background music she whistles noon and night while practising looking worn-out for more "Brand X" commercials!

As I said, it's not a normal, average home any more—it's pandemonium—especially when the TV is turned on and you get trampled in the rush to see whose ad will be on.

But as they say, that's Life, I guess. I'd better not keep you any longer, I've got to be getting along myself. My wife sent the model agency a photo of me while I was shaving, and now they want me to do a commercial for "He-Man Beards." Mustn't be late!

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STATELY MANSION FROM DEMOLITIONS



DINING - ROOM (above) has mahogany table and green- and - white striped covered chairs. Governor Franklin's dinner service and a Sevres vase stand beneath a gilt mirror.

SERVERY (right) divides all-white kitchen from dining-room. The glimpse of the far wall in dining-room shows Florentine swords hung above Mr. Sannazzaro's family crest.



● "Beaulieu"—a gracious house that brings the South of France to a Victorian seaside resort — has been built almost entirely from old materials.

Iron lacework, cedar staircase, bricks, bluestone, tiles, hardwood flooring, iron gates, green shutters, and doorways all came from old Melbourne houses and buildings when they were being demolished.

The house, at Mt. Eliza, is the seaside home of Mr. M. L. Sannazzaro, who named it after a town which he knew well in his youth in his native South of France.

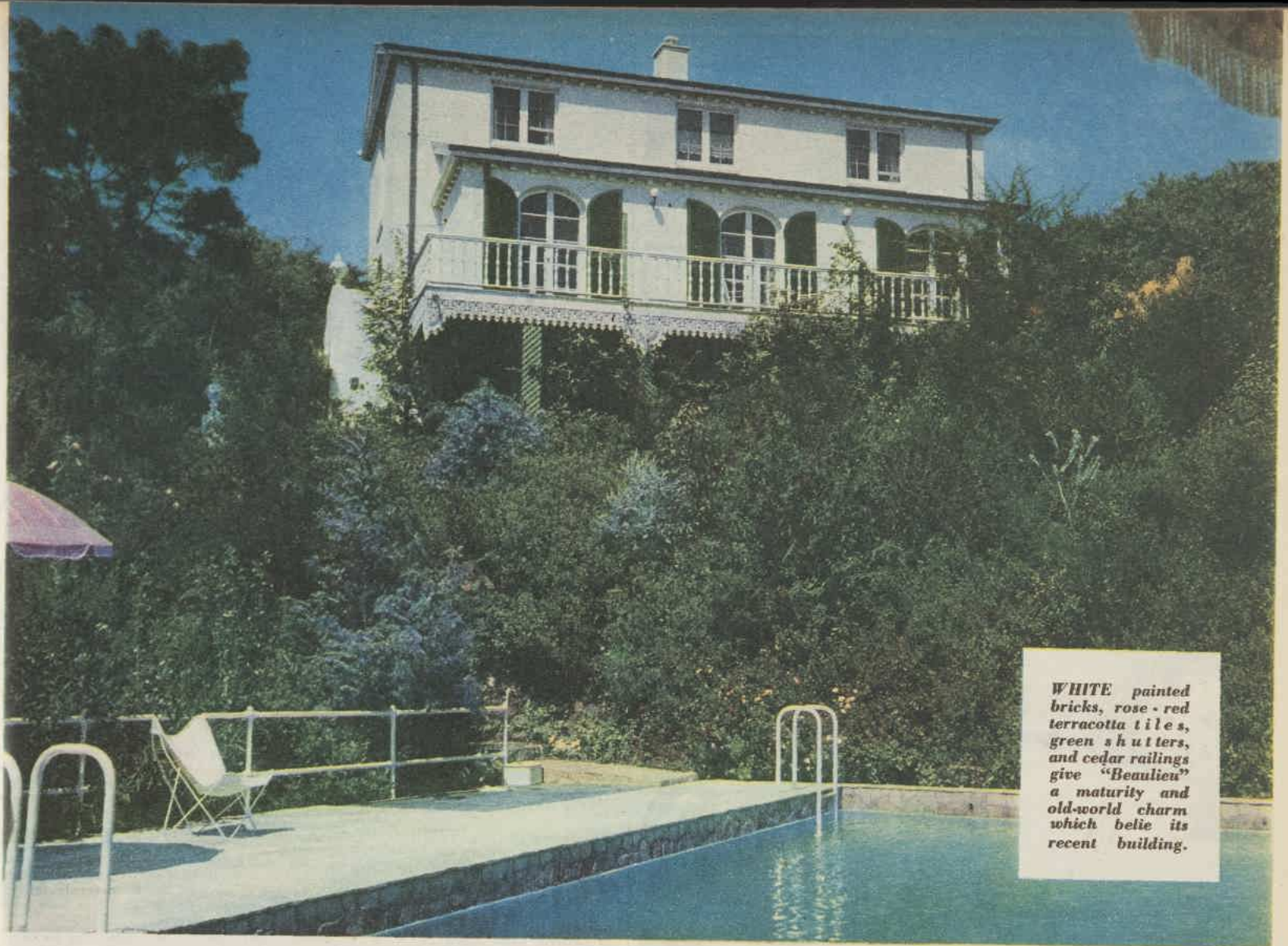
Description of the house and color pictures of the swimming-pool, overleaf.



FRENCH windows are framed by olive-green drapes. Flemish tapestry and gondola lamps decorate walls of lounge (right). Picture in foreground was bought at the Flea Market in Paris.

RUBY-RED touches in chairs and cushions harmonise with lovely old Aubusson carpet in other end of lounge (far right). Teak mantelpiece frames fireplace which warms the house.





WHITE painted bricks, rose-red terracotta tiles, green shutters, and cedar railings give "Beaulieu" a maturity and old-world charm which belie its recent building.



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Stately mansion

(cont.)

'Beaulieu' by the sea

FRONT DOOR is framed in tea-tree and climbing roses. Pillars, balcony, and bluestone paving came from an old Toorak mansion.

A MOSAIC of Melbourne memories has gone brick by brick, tile by tile, and beam by beam into the charming seaside home built by Frenchman M. Max Louis Sanazzaro at Mt. Eliza, Victoria.

Determined to get away from contemporary architecture and wanting a house which would remind him of the gracious living of the South of France, where he was born, M. Max decided to use old materials which had been a part of happy homes of the past.

So for about a year before he built "Beaulieu," named after a town in the South of France he knew well as a youth, M. Max hunted old Melbourne mansions which were being pulled down and bargained on the spot with wreckers for the iron, the bluestone, the pillars, the timber, the iron lacework, and the tiles that he wanted.

And if he couldn't find just what he wanted on a site, he would go to one of the wreckers' yards around Melbourne.

Thanks to his determination and keen eye for what would be useful, he left his co-operative Frankston builder little to buy in the way of new material.

Mellow bricks for "Beaulieu," which has two storeys and a part basement on one side, because of its hillside location, came from St. John's Mission Hall in Latrobe Street.

Rose-red terra-cotta French tiles to top the bricks were once part of a mansion in South Yarra, and the foundation of bluestone came from a demolished home in Toorak.

Iron lacework from a Victorian-era home in Clifton Hill, pulled down to make way for the railway overpass, fitted to an inch the proportions of the "Beaulieu" sun balcony.

For the same balcony M. Max found exactly the right quantity of cedar railing in a wrecker's yard. He thinks this

railing was originally part of a music hall or picture theatre.

The hardwood flooring used throughout came from the Ellerslie Estate in Toorak. There is a tang of the sea in these timbers, for the old house was owned by a retired sea captain who used wood from old ships in the building of his home.

And the flooring has a feeling of kinship with the wide oak mantelpiece in the lounge, for that, too, came from Ellerslie, and is as sound and solid as the day it was first cut into its generous shape.

The old South Yarra mansion which yielded the tiles also produced the graceful cedar staircase for "Beaulieu," and, like the lacework and the

By
FREDA IRVING

railing outside, fitted its new home well-nigh perfectly.

Tall pillars flanking the front door, bluestone for the crazy pavement leading to it and the porch entrance came from a house pulled down opposite the gates of St. Catherine's School in Toorak.

From other old Melbourne homes which have fallen to the wreckers' hammers came the cast-iron gates at the entrance to the driveway, timber frieze for the face of the house, tall green shutters for the lounge-room french windows, and two-inch-thick doorways.

All have found a fresh niche in life in "Beaulieu" and have given it a maturity which belies its recent building.

There's a more public memory about the Greek statues which stand among the tall tea-tree and shrubs hard against the front door. These were taken from the Fitzroy and Treasury Gardens some years ago and had lain neglected in a Melbourne City Council dump until M. Max rescued them.

The mellowness of the house itself is reflected in the furnishings. The majority of these are antiques, the rest reproductions, and quite a few of them graced Melbourne homes before going to "Beaulieu."

One of the loveliest of these is the big Aubusson carpet in the lounge, with subdued warm red roses bordering it, which came from Lady Headley's home. It is in perfect harmony with the old Flemish tapestry, the Renoncourt olive-green plush pelmet and side drapes, worked in petit-point, which frame the french windows.

Also in this room are an old, beautifully cut, baccarat crystal chandelier, gilt-surround wall mirrors, and on each side of the fireplace old bellpulls which came from Lady Lyle's home.

The centre-of-the house fireplace is an unusual feature in an Australian home but a common one in European countries. At "Beaulieu" it serves two purposes.

It keeps the whole of the house warm, with side vents which carry the heat upstairs.

One side of the fireplace contains the sewerage pipes, so there are no unsightly pipes to be seen on the outside of the house.

In sharp contrast with the old-world atmosphere of the lounge and the dining-room, the kitchen and the two bedrooms and two bathrooms upstairs are strictly modern.

So, too, is the Pool House which stands at one end of the sea-water 20 feet x 40 feet swimming-pool.

It is reached from the house by curving stone steps between native trees and shrubs. But, like the house, the Pool House is roofed with soft rose-red terra-cotta tiles, which came from an old South Yarra home.

Made in Marseilles, they were used as ballast in ships coming to Australia before World War I and all are stamped with the Napoleonic three bees.

The Pool House is equipped with electric stove, refrigerator, sink and store cupboards, bar, divans, chairs, reading matter, radio, and telephone extension, so that M. Max and his guests can spend the whole of a hot summer's day and evening there without once going up to the house—provided they remember to take all the day's food supplies down with them!





● Surrounded by untouched, native bush, the beautiful swimming-pool (above) in the garden of Mr. M. L. Sannazzaro's home at Mt. Eliza, Victoria, measures 20 feet by 40 feet, and holds 55,000 gallons of water. To enable fresh seawater to be pumped continuously through the pool, pipes have been laid 600 feet from Canadian Bay. The charming summer-house (right) is fitted with bar, kitchen with sink, electric stove, refrigerator, cupboards, divans, and one wall is decorated with large reproductions of Nassau postcards. Old electric light poles were used as uprights and Baltic pine for the roof.



Pictures by staff photographer Jonathan Evetts.

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AT HOME with

Margaret Sydney

● I've just been lent a Russian cookery book which I've been using as bedtime reading, with the usual disastrous effects on my appetite and weight.

IT'S not the exotic foreign dishes that I add the pounds, but the awful hunger induced by reading cookery books, which can only be satisfied by midnight snacks.

I wonder the medical profession hasn't thought of this as a cure for hospital patients suffering from lack of appetite.

If the dietitian were to wheel round a trolley of cookery books each morning, doling them out to those who had pushed their breakfast round without eating it, she'd have them fairly clamoring for food by lunchtime.

Anyone who has given his full attention to a set of instructions for preparing Biry Skobelevsky or Dragomirovsky Vorschmak would settle for anything—even hospital-type steamed fish in white sauce.

I have a patient on my hands at present—Mike—in bed with acute tonsillitis complicated by the fact that in spite of the very severe soreness of his throat he's still ravenously hungry.

Recipes

from Russia

THE Russian cookery book recommends this Apple Keessel for invalids—I think I'll try it, it should slip down easily.

You cook two to three pounds of apples and three-quarters of a teaspoon of cinnamon in enough water to make five cups of juice. Then you put the cooked apples and juice through a sieve.

Add half a cup of sugar and the rind and juice of half a lemon to four cups of the apple mixture and bring it to the boil.

Cool the remaining cup of apple mixture and mix it thoroughly with half a cup of cornflour.

Add it to the rest, bring it all to the boil again, stirring constantly as it thickens. Serve it cool.

One from this book I've tried already and it's very good.

It's a Zakousska of brains, and a Zakousska, the book explains, is an hors-d'oeuvre—usually 16 or more are served at the beginning of a formal lunch or dinner.

For this one you need 4 sheep's brains, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper, 2 eggs.

Skin the brains, wash them, and chop them very finely. Put them in a saucepan with the lemon juice, butter, salt and pepper, and stir them briskly over a high flame. Add the well-beaten eggs and stir them in quickly, being careful not to scramble them.

My tonsillitis patient laps this Zakousska up without inquiring how it's made. This is fortunate because brains, according to Mike, are erky and not to be classed as food fit for human consumption.

There's another Zakousska that sounds just the thing for a Sunday night supper when the larder is bare.

You boil eggs for five or six minutes and remove the shells, leaving the eggs whole. Sprinkle them with salt, roll them in flour, and then in an egg-and-breadcrumbs mixture.

Have deep fat boiling in a pan and hold one egg at a time in a spoon so that it is covered by the boiling fat for about one minute. Drain.

These should be good with vegetables or rice, or even with a salad.

Remember the "bud old days"?

HOW impossible it really is for different generations to understand each other, and how difficult, too, to think that anything that happened before you were born was "real" in the sense that the things that happen in your lifetime are "real."

I started thinking about this a few days ago when I heard a brilliant young lecturer talking about the 1929-34 Depression as something too remote to have much effect on people's thinking.

"The majority of voters were either not born or they were in primary school during the Depression," he said.

I think there's a fault here both in the mathematics and the reasoning.

The Depression might be "remote" to people born in the 'thirties because it was well and truly over by the time they began to notice what was going on around them, but there are still plenty of doddering old boks in their early forties who remember the unemployment that put one worker in every four on the dole, when thousands lost their houses or their farms because they couldn't meet their mortgage payments, and when kids leaving school just drifted about doing nothing because there was nothing for them to do.

Among our slightly older friends there are several who went into dull jobs (and have stayed there ever since) because there just wasn't any money for professional training, and there are others whose marriages were delayed for years.

Two can live as cheaply as one, sure enough, especially if they both keep their jobs; but things were a bit different when NEITHER of them could get a job at all.

The Depression taught a lesson

I SOMETIMES think that that rather romantic creature the "typical" Australian, with his fabled love of adventure and his willingness to "rough it" and to "give it a go," disappeared from the face of the earth during the Depression.

Something must have changed us—something made us want "security" above almost everything else.

Most of us want to fill our houses as full as possible with washing-machines and television sets and insurance policies and then pull the roof down as snugly as we can on top of ourselves.

Something must have changed us. Mightn't it have been that Depression which changed our attitude from a cheerful "something's bound to turn up" to an anxious "yes, but what about tomorrow?"

She's strictly

20th century

TALKING of people not really believing in things that happened before they were born, we have a neighbor who is a great reader and a great trial to our local librarian.

She flatly refuses to take a book if the story is about any period before 1901.

"That's the year I was born," she explained to me, "and I'm not really terribly interested in anything that went on before."

"Blow up!" she said to the geyser

And it did! Mind you, they're not always so obliging, but you'll have no difficulty in seeing one in wonderful New Zealand, your inexpensive overseas holiday. You can see glaciers and big, big mountains, hot and cold lakes, glow-worms and fjords, too. Up-to-the minute services transport you comfortably, modern hotels welcome you warmly. Come on over in golden Autumn. See your travel agent now, or the N.Z. Govt. Tourist Bureau, Sydney or Melbourne.

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Save your child from A RUNAWAY MARRIAGE

By HUGO BOURDEAU, psychologist

● In the next 12 months many young people will marry against their parents' wishes. It need never happen in your family if you heed this advice.

NEARLY every parent fears his child will elope or plunge hastily into an unwise marriage. And too often it happens.

The distressed parents and the unhappy newlyweds sit opposite me every day, many of them in tears, asking for advice.

Unluckily, it's a little late for advice at that stage.

I should make it clear that I am not talking about couples who "ran off" to save money, escape publicity, or end a long engagement. These are not "runaway" but "secret" marriages.

The type of elopement I mean is the headlong, defiant marriage with someone the parents cannot accept.

"Rebels"

Such marriages are an act of rebellion against parental authority, often motivated by a desire to escape the home.

Frequently they have tragic consequences—annulment or divorce proceedings. More often they cause embarrassment and uneasiness and a poor start on marriage.

Despite all this, elopements continue to occur.

Why do young people elope? Romantic love and free choice in marriage are accepted values for young people.

A child denied free choice of a mate will rebel in one form or another. Elopement is relatively easy and the ensuing marriage ceremony is legally binding.

The young couple's friends will even applaud the elopement as an illustration of the theory that "love conquers all."

Furthermore, the young people are often right. There was no good reason why they shouldn't have married in the first place.

I recall Mrs. A., who asked me to talk her daughter out of marriage. I asked what was wrong with the young man.

She admitted he had many fine qualities and she liked him.

He was unacceptable to her as a son-in-law simply because he had a foreign-sounding name.

I tried to persuade Mrs. A. to withdraw her objections, but she was adamant.

Her daughter eloped, moved

a thousand miles away, and built a successful marriage, leaving Mrs. A. an embittered and lonely woman.

Parents are wrong, I believe, whenever they try to use their child's marriage to further their own ends.

Parents who hope to achieve status, for example, by pushing their child into a "suitable" match are asking for the rebellion that leads to elopement.

If parents are sometimes wrong in their objections to the marriage, they are often, however, right.

The children are too young, their education is incomplete, their backgrounds are too dissimilar, they haven't known each other long enough.

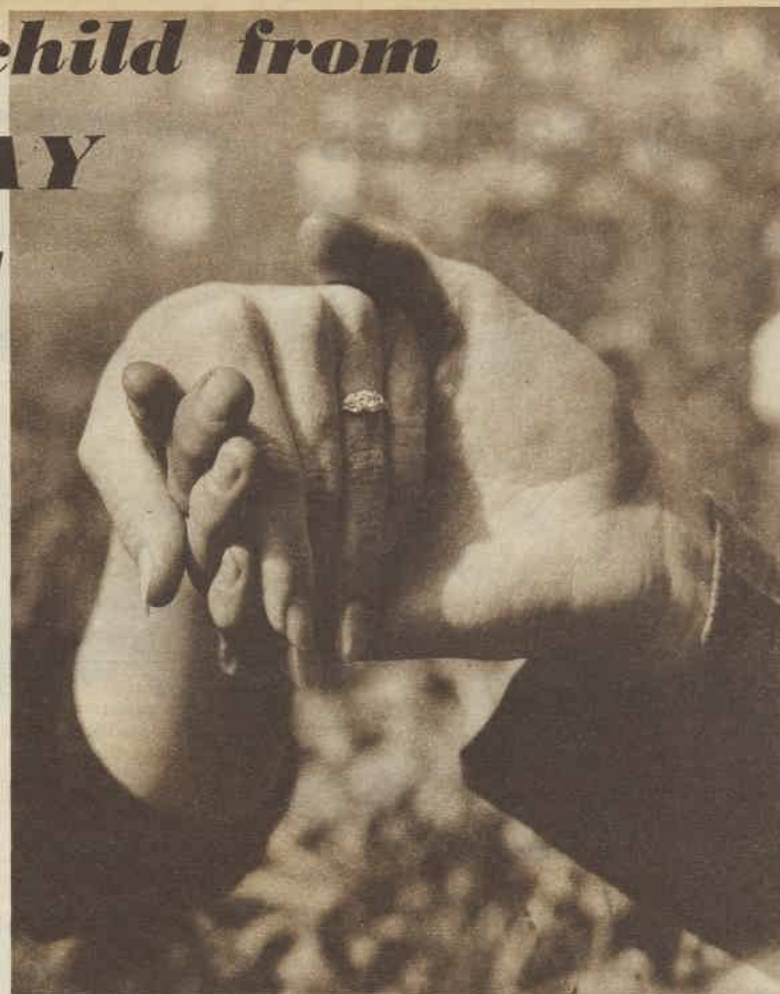
There may be problems of religion, health, or finance which make the marriage impractical.

But what consolation is there in being right if the result of the objection is a phone call and the words "I've eloped. You can't stop me now?"

Not only must parents be right in objecting, they must express their opposition in a way that prevents rather than provokes rebellion.

Learn to guide your child rather than dominate him.

If a marriage is genuinely unwise, help your child to use



ROMANCES that lead to a truly happy marriage benefit not only the partners concerned but help to create a stable community.

where young people are desperately unhappy, especially through restrictions they consider unjust, pregnancy can be another method of escape, as well as a means of punishing the parents.

Occasionally someone elopes who has no desire to rebel or escape the home.

He (or she) becomes so emotionally involved with someone who does want to rebel or escape that he or she can be persuaded to run off.

"I didn't really want to elope," such a young person

moment is to withdraw opposition and work for a delay in the ceremony.

Delay

This is admittedly risky tactics for parents dead-set against the marriage.

But it offers hope that time will induce the youngsters to take a more rational view.

But the real answer to the elopement problem is not to let it arise. If when your children are young you start to give them the type of upbringing that avoids driving

But what about parents whose child has eloped or made an unwise marriage? What can they do to keep from driving the newlyweds farther away?

Here are my suggestions:

1. Try to accept your defeat gracefully. Continued opposition will only widen the estrangement.

2. Try to let the newlyweds' happiness be your guide. No matter how bad the marriage may seem to you, give it a chance to work. You may be surprised.

3. Try to assist the couple

Don't be a "match-maker"

his own good sense. Give reasonable arguments, but allow him to make the final decision.

An ultimatum is an invitation to rebellion.

Sometimes "escape" is a more apt word than rebellion.

I've seen elopements in homes where parents laid down too strict rules about dating or other behaviour.

And, conversely, I've seen elopements in homes marked by quarrelling, drunkenness, or other behaviour, and in homes lacking discipline and clearly defined parent-child relationships.

The child is embarrassed. Elopement is a way out of this predicament.

I am often asked about pregnancy as a cause for elopement. Surely this is just youthful folly and no fault of the parents?

Perhaps. But in homes

explains afterwards, "but George wanted to do it."

"I couldn't see anything wrong. After all, I love him."

In cases like that the parents' only defence is the good sense of their child.

Can an elopement be stopped? Rarely. When the situation has reached the elopement stage, the youngsters won't listen to reason. The marriage may be stopped tonight, but it will occur tomorrow night or the next.

The most realistic way to stop an elopement at the last

moment is to withdraw opposition and work for a delay in the ceremony.

Parents, I believe, should try to do four things:

1. Provide a happy home. Be certain there is open and free communication between you and your child. Beware the time he cannot come to you with any serious problem.

2. Grant independence. Don't set up unrealistic rules or box your child in with plans he can't fulfil. Let him conform to the standard of his (not necessarily your) group.

3. Allow free choice of a mate. Guide your child tactfully, but have confidence in him. Remember, he wants you to like his intended.

4. Never matchmake. Don't try to use your child's marriage for social-climbing, status-building, or achieving what you failed to obtain in your own marriage.

only when they want your help. And do it with a view to helping their marriage, not to proving you were right.

4. Try to help the newlyweds to strike out on their own, if only in a room or small flat. Living with parents has perhaps ruined more marriages than anything else.

Outside help

Hasty marriage is a problem affecting parents, children, and children's children. Don't hesitate to seek professional help from an accredited marriage—guidance officer, from a clergyman, or doctor, or from a friend with knowledge and a dispassionate view.

With outside assistance, parents can minimise "escape" and "rebellion" situations. And young people can achieve solid marriages.



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Sardine Rice Salad

2 (3½ oz.) cans Norway sardines, drained; 2 cups cold cooked rice; 1 cup thinly sliced celery; 3 green onions, thinly sliced; ¼ cup chopped green pepper; 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; ½ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing; salt; pepper; salad greens. Combine the rice, celery, onions, green pepper, pimiento and lemon juice. Add the mayonnaise or salad dressing and toss until well blended. Season to taste. Serve on crisp greens, decorate with sardines. 4 to 6 servings.



Sardine-Stuffed Eggs

1 (3½ oz.) can Norway Sardines, drained; 6 hard-boiled eggs; 6 ripe olives, chopped; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; salt; pepper; paprika; mayonnaise or salad dressing; watercress or lettuce. Mash the sardines with a fork. Cut the eggs in half lengthwise, remove the yolks and mash. Add the sardines. Mix with the olives, lemon juice, seasonings, and mayonnaise or salad dressing to moisten. Refill the egg whites, and serve them on crisp watercress or in small lettuce cups. 6 servings.



De legger oss tett i Norge!
In Norway they pack us in!



Sardine and Tomato Salad

1 (3½ oz.) can Norway sardines, drained; 2 tomatoes, peeled; ½ cup diced celery; watercress; ½ unpeeled cucumber, sliced; French dressing. Cut the tomatoes in half crosswise, place each half in a crisp lettuce cup. On each tomato-half place three whole sardines, some diced celery and a crisp sprig of watercress. Garnish with cucumber slices and serve the salad with French dressing. 4 servings.

Why do Norway Sardines taste so much better?

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Norway sardines are packed close and whole in every tin, surrounded by the best quality pure

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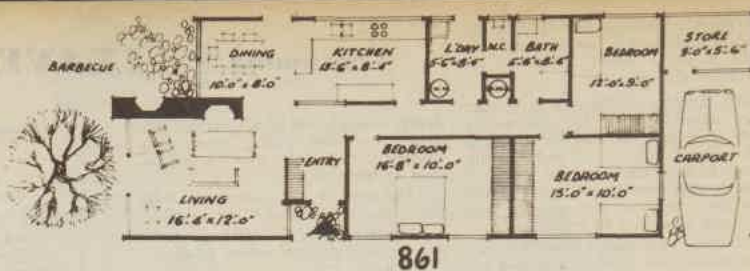
Every tin of Norway sardines carries the name NORWAY clearly marked. Tin sizes range from the small 1 oz. can which holds a single serve to the large 3½ oz. tin for delicious family meals.



Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Cannery Association. It is on many tins of Norway Sardines.

INSIST... INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES

Home Plans Service



ORIGINAL Floor Plan No. 861
shows open-plan of this attractive
design. Practical kitchen opens to
dining-room 10ft. by 8ft.

RANCH-STYLE house belonging to
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Swindley over-
looks Pittwater in N.S.W.

● The attractive ranch-style house
pictured on this page belongs to
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Swindley, of
Hilltop Road, Clareville, N.S.W.

Plan 861—the original design and the house built by the Swindleys—has three large bedrooms. Two of these rooms have built-in wardrobes extending along the length of one wall.

"Wonderful with two school-age children," said Mrs. Swindley.

Corridor kitchen

Kitchen, laundry, toilet, and bathroom have all been designed along the back wall, to keep the plumbing cost down. The kitchen is a very practical room in the popular "corridor" shape.

The kitchen opens into a dining-room 10ft. by 8ft. (this room is larger in the Swindleys' home, as they had the back wall extended 1ft.).

Mr. and Mrs. Swindley decided not to have the carport and storeroom as shown on the original floor plans. Mr. Swindley is going to build a combination carport and covered barbecue in front of the rumpus-room.

It was adapted from one of our Home Plans Service designs—No. 861.

"My wife and I had been sketching our own plans for some time," said Mr. Swindley. "We knew more or less what we wanted. Then we saw a plan in the Weekly which was almost exactly what we had drawn."

"We went along to the Home Planning Centre at Anthony Horderns, and they produced the plan for the house we now have."

The Swindley home is built on a high rocky site overlooking Pittwater.

when we have just a few people in."

The Swindleys made only a few changes in Plan 861. They extended the wall of the dining-room by 1ft. and they decided not to have the fireplace and barbecue (see original floor plan).

"The nicest thing about our house is its freedom," said Mrs. Swindley.

"There's a lot of open space and we don't feel shut in. We have a large sliding door opening from the living-room to the patio, and this adds to the feeling of space."

Steel pipes

To make the house fit the slope of the land, the architects at the Centre rested the large front patio on steel pipes.

"It gave us enough room underneath for a rumpus-room for the children," said Mrs. Swindley. "We've found it's a good idea to have some extra space for entertaining, and our rumpus-room is ideal—it's small enough to have a cosy, friendly atmosphere."

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with tender, juicy

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... from Norway

CB6C

out the thought that it would be six months before she would have the right to make herself attractive for the sake of a man.

She thought of Danny's first letter from Hamburg: "I am discovering once again how meaningless all things are without you . . ." and the uncharacteristic part at the end: "I have perfect trust in you, and I know you love me, too, but often I wish that you were not so beautiful . . ."

"Danny," she said, closing her eyes and seeing him again as she had last seen him on the platform.

Despite her early start, the party was well under way by the time she arrived. "At last, my little Cynthia. You look ravishing, as always."

Dr. Michaels led her into the middle of an earnestly chattering group and made rapid introductions all round. Her eyes took them in

swiftly—mostly old and married. But there was one young man with straight blond hair who moved at once to her side.

"And what is your connection with the medical profession?" he asked.

"My father was Dr. Michaels' partner for several years before he died."

"And you?"

"I write radio scripts."

"Splendid! You are just the person I want to talk to. You see, a friend of mine has done a series of semi-medical articles—"

"Darling, we're not on to that again . . . ?"

A tall girl with a smooth black bob

appeared at his elbow, laughing possessively into his eyes.

"Meet my wife—" he began.

Cynthia was appalled at the intensity of her disappointment. After a few minutes she moved away, holding her drink in one hand and nibbling nuts absently from the other, as if searching for some particular face.

A grey-haired woman who had known her mother delayed her for ten minutes. Old Dr. Grey waved to her from the other end of the room. Oh, no, not that; she would never escape.

Turning quickly in the other direction, she felt a splash on her shoulder and found herself face to face with an immaculate navy-blue tie.

"Here you are in my arms at last," said a slow voice from above it. Immediately it was as if her unreasoning search had found its end. She gave a gasping sigh.

"Oh—"

"I'm sorry if I have damped your ardor."

"No, it was my fault—"

"From whom were you fleeing?"

"Oh—an old friend—"

"If that is your habitual treatment of old friends," he said, "I am very glad to be such a new one."

His eyes were clear grey, impudent but full of laughter. She felt suddenly alive and bubbling with high spirits, as if she had just crawled out of a long tunnel into the sun. Throwing back her head, she laughed up into his face.

"Come, come," he said, smiling, flattered. "It wasn't as funny as all that."

"No. I just felt cheerful," she explained, suddenly breathless.

"I am honored." He bowed slightly, watching her face with speculative interest. "Because from the moment you arrived you have looked exceptionally sad."

"Oh—I—"

"You were beautiful, then, but now you are dazzling."

She finished her drink in one reckless mouthful, so that her head spun delightedly. Gratitude warmed her and she smiled at him.

His words were manna from heaven. It seemed a century since anyone had looked at her like this; this exquisite feeling of aliveness.

Danny should not have left me alone, she thought suddenly, angrily.

The young man's eyes focused on her face, and he was amazed and intrigued by the fire in her eyes. He was used to quick results, but this was different again and surely worth exploring.

He obeyed the 'man-about-town's' unerring impulse.

"Have dinner with me after the party?" he asked. "Please say yes."

Cynthia paused, tilting her empty glass and looking at him through its distorting base.

Excitement beat strongly at her temples and sparkled in her eyes.

"Yes," she said.

HE gave her elbow a tiny pat and moved away. Cynthia went to perch on the edge of Dr. Michaels' chair.

"My dear, here you are. And when did Danny go back?"

"Last Monday. It seems a hundred years . . ."

But it is over now. There will be laughter, gaiety, admiration. It will not mean very much; it will not in any way affect my love for him . . .

"It is terrible to be young and alone," Dr. Michaels was patting her hand.

What did he know of loneliness, with his busy practice and his adoring family? Had he ever felt that consuming, terrifying sense of waste?

Five months in every six I simply exist. For one month I live. Danny, you will never begin to know what you do to me.

"When we are young we expect such immediate results," went on the old man. "Long-range plans are no plans at all."

"Please don't preach at me," said Cynthia.

"Of course not. You don't need it. It won't be long now before you will be together for good, and then you will be so proud . . ."

Proud? What a strange word! Proud of what? Of having hungrily accepted any and every offer of companionship, frivolity, and flattery?

She turned and looked at the young man. He was deep in conversation with a redhead. What would tonight mean to him? Just one date more or less; one pleasant interlude; one more superficial conquest.

She forced herself to think of Danny, at sea in that orderly man's world; alone on the bridge; alone in foreign ports. Alone? Why was she so sure? Because his letters were transparent with loyalty and love.

Suddenly it seemed to her that she had something more—far more than she had ever deserved or could ever contain—something she had jeopardised time and again, but which, by a miracle, was still hers.

"Excuse me, please."

She left Dr. Michaels and went across to the young man. She touched his shoulder.

"Hullo," he said. "Don't be impatient, Sunshine."

The casual endearment made it easier. She said: "Forgive me, but I've just remembered a letter I must write tonight."

His mouth went down sardonically in one corner and his eyebrows went up. He looked like a sulky child.

"Something better in view?" he asked coldly.

"Much, much better," she told him, and she pressed her right hand down upon her left so that Danny's sapphire felt hard and cool against her palm.

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . LEAVE ME AND LOSE ME

from page 29

Crumbs — it's a good idea!

CORN-CRISPED COOKING

Here's a delicious new way to cook CUTLETS, CHOPS, FISH, CHICKEN, SAUSAGES, and POTATOES! Corn-crisped cooking is crisp, golden — with that special home-cooked flavour . . . and easy as 1—2—3!

Try it and see.

Easy as 1-2-3

No shortening!
No frying!
No turning!

BAKING TIMES & TEMPERATURES

Fish	20 mins. at 375°F
Chicken pieces	1 hr. at 350°F
Cutlets	45 mins. at 350°F
Chops	45 mins. at 350°F
Parboiled potatoes	1 hr. at 400°F
Skinless sausages	40 mins. at 350°F



DIP pieces in Nestlé's Ideal® Evaporated Milk (thin milk just won't do).



ROLL in seasoned Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs or crushed Kellogg's® Corn Flakes.



BAKE on Tiger Brand® Aluminium Foil to golden crispness — see baking chart above.

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INSECTS are food for the Western Australian Pitcher Plant (*Cephalotus follicularis*), found in flowing water at swamp edges, creek banks.

AUSTRALIAN NATURE

● These unusual plants have strange, but different, habits which enable them to get their food. Two trap living prey.

THE Western Australian Pitcher Plant above is a carnivorous species which traps and digests insects.

The leaf-stalk is modified to form a pitcher-like formation with a lid. Sharp teeth prevent the trapped insects from escaping from the pitcher.

An acid solution secreted from internal glands then digests the insects, all except their harder parts.

The parasitic Native Cherry, at right, derives part of its food from sucker-like attachments on the roots of adjacent trees and shrubs.

It is a graceful shrub or tree, up to 25ft. high, with dark green foliage.

The Purple Bladderwort, below, bears underground bladder-like traps, in which small crustaceans are caught and digested.

The animals touch the sensitive hairs at the mouth of the trap, then a lid is drawn inwards, snaring the prey. The lid swings back to close the trap and prevent escape.

Pitcher Plant was photographed by Mr. V. Serventy, Perth; Native Cherry by Mr. N. Chaffer, Sydney; Purple Bladderwort by Mrs. B. Strange, of Ballarat, Victoria



A PARASITE, Native Cherry (*Exocarpus cupressiformis*) is not related to the Cherries but is one of the Sandalwood family. All States except W.A.

FOUND on damp banks and in swamps, Purple Bladderwort (*Utricularia dichotoma*) traps and digests small crustaceans. It is an anchored aquatic.

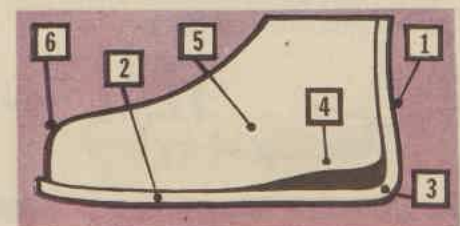


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Kitchen hints

Rolling-pin time-savers

● The familiar rolling-pin, an essential item of kitchen equipment, has uses beyond the obvious one of rolling pastry, scones, and biscuits. Try these time-saving hints.



USE rolling-pin to line straight-sided flan-ring, sandwich-tin. Roll pastry thinly, ease into tin without stretching. Roll across top to cut away surplus.



FLATTEN small balls of firm biscuit mixture by pressing lightly and evenly on one row at a time before baking. Space biscuits well apart on tray.



LINE tart-plate and avoid breaking short pastry by rolling lightly round rolling-pin. Lift to one side of plate, unroll, lower pastry in carefully.



BEAT steak with rolling-pin when kitchen mallet is not available. This improves flavor, makes steak tender. Beat both sides of steak two or three times.



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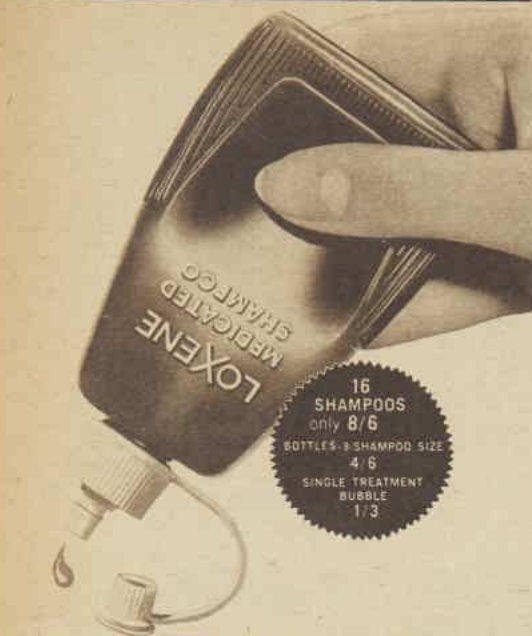
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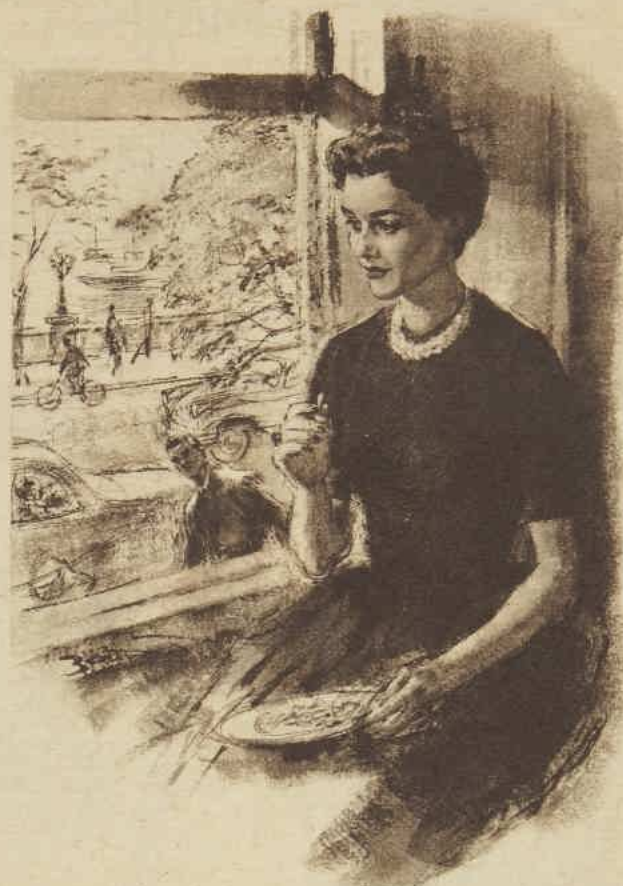
She saw the race as an
empty symbol . . .
part four of our serial

By ERICH MARIA
REMARQUE

WHILE visiting his old co-driver HOLLMANN at the Bella Vista Sanatorium, racing driver CLERFAYT, who has become obsessed with the dangers of his profession, meets two other patients, a Russian, BORIS VOLKOV, and a young girl, LILLIAN DUNKERQUE. A week later when Clerfayt leaves, Lillian goes with him, ignoring Volkov's pleas to stay. She knows her health will never improve and cannot bear the imprisonment of the mountains any longer, and with Clerfayt she feels that they are bound together by their mutual contempt of death.

They travel to Paris and Lillian visits her UNCLE GASTON, who, wanting to see her married, introduces her to the VICOMTE de PEYSTRE. Clerfayt has to go to Rome to renew his contract. By chance he meets his former companion, the sophisticated LYDIA MORRELL, and almost forgets Lillian. But, returning to Paris, he realises he loves her and asks her to marry him. She makes no definite answer but travels with him to Sicily where he is to race. When he crashes she asks him to give it up, but his reply is, "Do I ask you to go back to the sanatorium?" and for the first time since leaving there, she thinks of Volkov.

Clerfayt returns to Paris expecting Lillian to meet him there, but she travels to Venice without letting him know. She becomes very ill, but when she is better she meets the Vicomte. He realises she is still disinterested in his attentions because she feels she must return to Paris and to Clerfayt. NOW READ ON:



Without hope, Clerfayt looked up, but was overjoyed to see Lillian sitting at her window.

CLERFAYT had looked for her in Paris; then he had assumed that she had returned to the sanatorium. He telephoned and discovered his error. He had gone back to hunting for her in Paris and found her nowhere. At last he had concluded that she had wanted to leave him. Even Uncle Gaston had crossly informed him that he did not know where his niece was and did not care. Clerfayt had tried to forget her and to go on living as he had done before, but it was like trying to dance in glue.

A week after his return he ran into Lydia Morelli. "Has your swallow left you?" she asked.

"Left!" Clerfayt replied, smiling. "What a silly word."

"One of the oldest in the world." Lydia studied him.

"Are we playing a domestic scene from the 1890s?"

"So you're really in love?"

"And you're jealous."

"I am jealous, but you are unhappy. That's a difference."

"Really?"

"Yes. I know whom I'm jealous of, you don't. May I have a drink?"

Clerfayt went to dinner with her. During the evening his feelings about Lillian condensed into the old chagrin of the man who has been left before he himself was able to leave. Lydia had pricked his sensitive point with a sharp needle.

"You ought to get married," she said later.

"To whom?"

"I don't know. But it's time that you did."

"You?"

She smiled. "I wouldn't want to do that to you. Anyhow, you haven't nearly enough money for me. Marry someone with money. There are plenty of women with money. How long do you count on going on racing? That's a job for young men."

Clerfayt nodded. "I know that, Lydia."

"Don't look so glum. We're all growing older. The thing is to provide for the future before it's too late."

"Is that really so essential?"

"Don't be a fool. What else?"

I know someone who does not want to provide for the future, he thought. "Have you considered whom I ought to marry, Lydia? You're so solicitous all of a sudden."

She looked keenly at him. "We might discuss the matter. You've changed."

Clerfayt shook his head and stood up. "So long, Lydia."

He not only missed Lillian, he missed something in himself. Without noticing, he had absorbed something of her way of life. A life without a tomorrow, he thought. But you couldn't live that way; there was a tomorrow, at least for him, and in spite of his occupation; there had to be one.

She has isolated me, he thought with anger. She has made me twenty years younger, but also more foolish. In the past I would have looked up Lydia Morelli. Now I would feel like a high-school boy if I did and I'd have a hangover as though I'd been drinking bad wine.

I ought to marry Lillian, he thought. Lydia is right, though not the way she thinks. Suddenly he felt liberated and was amazed at feeling so. He had never before thought he would ever marry. Now it seemed to him perfectly natural. He could no longer imagine his life without Lillian.

That was neither tragic nor romantic nor sentimental; it was simply that life without her seemed nothing but a monotonous succession of years, like rooms all alike in which the lights had gone out.

He gave up looking for her. It was pointless; if she returned she would either come to him or she would not. He had no idea that she was already back in the Hotel Bisson. But she stayed there alone for several days more. She did not want Clerfayt to see her until she felt well enough to appear healthy. She kept to her room and slept a great deal. While Clerfayt watched over her trunks in the Hotel Ritz she lived out of the two suitcases she had taken to Sicily.

The first person she looked up was Uncle Gaston. He was surprised, but after a few minutes exhibited something

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resembling a prudent degree of pleasure. "Where are you staying now?" he asked. "I'm back at the Bisson. It's not expensive, Uncle Gaston."

"You think money multiplies overnight. If you go on the way you've been going, you'll have nothing left before long. Do you know how long your funds will last if you go on spending at the rate you've been doing?"

"No, I don't want to know, either." "I must hurry up and die, she thought with a touch of irony."

"You've always lived beyond your means. In the old days people used to live on the interest of their principal. I could fix up one room in my apartment for you. That would save your hotel bills."

Lillian looked around. He would spin his little intrigues and try to marry her off, she thought. And keep watch on her. He was afraid that she might cost him some of his own money. Not for a moment did it occur to her to tell him the truth.

"Young Boileau has often asked after you."

"Who is he?" "The son of the watch company Boileaus. A very fine family. The mother"

"Oh, he's the one with the harelip?" "Harelip! What coarse expressions you use. A little blemish that often occurs in old families. Besides, it's been operated on. You hardly notice it. Men aren't fashion models, after all."

LILLIAN regarded the self-righteous little man. "How old are you, Uncle Gaston?"

"Are you harping on that again? You know perfectly well."

"And how old do you think you will live to be?"

"That's a totally tactless question. You do not ask that of elderly people. It's in God's hands."

"Many things are in God's hands. He will have a lot of questions to answer some day, don't you think? I have a few to ask Him, too."

"What?" Gaston's eyes flew wide.

"What's that you're saying?"

"Nothing." Lillian had to check a brief surge of anger. Here this indestructible moulting old rooster stood before her, victorious, champion on a racecourse one foot long; old as he was, he would certainly live at least several years longer than she; he knew everything, had an opinion on everything, and was on intimate terms with his God.

"Uncle Gaston," she said with an effort, "if you could live your life over again, would you live it differently?"

"Of course!"

"How?" Lillian asked, a faint hope rising.

"I certainly wouldn't get caught again in the devaluation of the franc. Back in 1914 I would have bought American stocks—and then in 1938, at the latest"

"All right, Uncle Gaston," Lillian interrupted. "I understand." Her anger had evaporated.

"You understand nothing. Otherwise you wouldn't be so reckless with the little money you have left. Of course, your father—"

"I know, Uncle Gaston. A spendthrift. But there is an even bigger spendthrift than he was."

"Who?"

"Life. It spends you and me and everybody else."

"Stuff and nonsense. That's parlor Bohemism. Time you cleared your head of that stuff. Life is too serious for that."

"It certainly is. Bills have to be paid. Give me money. And don't act as if it's your own. It belongs to me."

"Money! Money! That's all you know about life."

"No, Uncle Gaston, that's all you know."

"Be thankful if it's so. Otherwise you'd have been without a cent long ago."

Reluctantly Gaston wrote out a cheque.

"And what about later?" he asked bitterly, waving the slip of paper in the air to dry the ink. "What are you going to do later?"

Lillian gazed at him in fascination. I think he's actually saving on blotting paper, she thought. "There is no later," she said.

"That's what they all say. And then, when they have nothing left, they come begging, and out of our little savings we have to—"

Her anger returned, clear and violent. Lillian snatched the cheque from her uncle's hand. "Stop your wailing! And go and buy yourself American stock, you patriot!"

She walked along the wet streets. It had been raining while she was at her uncle's, but now the sun was shining again, and reflecting from the asphalt and the puddles at the kerb. Even in

Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

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puddles the sky is reflected, she thought, and found herself laughing. In that case, perhaps God was reflected even in Uncle Gaston. But where in him? God was harder to find in her uncle than the blue and glitter of the sky in the filthy water that flowed into the sewer openings. God was hard to find in most people she knew. They sat in their offices, behind their desks, as though they were all going to be double Methuselahs; that was their dreary secret.

They lived as if death did not exist. But they did it like shopkeepers, not like heroes. They had repressed the tragic knowledge of the end and played ostrich and cultivated the petty-bourgeois illusion of Eternal Life. They went on trying

to cheat each other on the brink of the grave and to pile up the things that soonest made them slaves of themselves: money and power.

She took a hundred-franc note, studied it, and tossed it into the Seine. It was a childish symbolic gesture of protest, but she did not care. In any case, she did not throw away Uncle Gaston's cheque. She walked on and reached the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

Traffic roared around her; people ran, jostled, hurried; the sun flashed upon hundreds of automobile roofs; motors roared; everywhere were destinations which had to be reached as

quickly as possible, and each of these petty destinations concealed the last one so thoroughly that it seemed as if it did not exist.

In the sanatorium it had been different, she thought; there, the final destination always glowered like a black sun in the sky. You lived under it, and in spite of it, but you did not repress it; that gave you deeper understanding and deeper courage.

She reached her hotel. Her present room was again on the first floor, so that she would have only the one flight of stairs to climb. The shellfish seller was standing at the door of the restaurant. "Wonderful shrimps today," he said. "Oysters are almost past. They won't be good

again until September. Will you still be here then?"

"Certainly," she replied.

"Would you care for some shrimps for lunch? The grey ones taste better. The pink ones only look nice. Grey ones?"

"Grey ones. I'll let the basket down. And ask Lucien, the head-waiter, for a half bottle of vin rose, very cold."

She slowly climbed the stairs. Then she let down her basket and drew it up again. The wine was uncorked, and so cold that the bottle was misted over. She sat down on the window seat, feet drawn up, leaning against the frame, the wine at her side. The waiter had packed a glass and napkin into the basket. She drank and began shelling the shrimps.

To page 66

Look what you can win in — HEINZ SPAGHETTI 'DREAM KITCHEN' COMPETITION



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1. The correct solution will be as selected by the Cooking Editor of "The Australian Women's Weekly".
2. The Heinz "Dream Kitchen" will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. Neatness will also be considered for consolation prizes. Neatness will be judged by The Advertising Manager, H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Art Director, U.S.P. Benson Pty. Ltd., Advertising Manager, Australian Women's Weekly.
3. The Major Prizewinner will receive all the appliances and fittings detailed in this advertisement together with cash payment for structural alterations (£200), Cupboards and Benches (£75).
4. Consolation Prizes. One Sunbeam "Mixmaster" and one Sunbeam "Frypan" will be awarded in each Australian state. £10

Grocery Orders will be redeemable only at the store nominated on the Entry Form. 5. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6. There is no limit to the number of entries from one person subject to such persons being residents of Australia. Each entry must be accompanied by 2 labels from any 8 oz. or 16 oz. can of Heinz Spaghetti (must required where this contravenes State laws). 7. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. or their Advertising Agents are excluded from entry. 8. Contest closes with entries posted no later than October 31st, 1961. 9. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. List of major prizewinners will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly", November 28.

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YR719

Continuing . . .

HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 65

Life was good like this, she thought, and did not want to pursue the thought any further. Dimly, she felt a consciousness of some compensation, but she did not want to know anything about it now. Not at this moment. Now. That her mother had died of cancer, after drastic operations, had something to do with it. There were always things worse than what you yourself had.

She blinked into the sun. She felt its light upon her. That was how Clerfayt saw her when, altogether without hope, he came by the Bisson on patrol one more time.

He ran up the stairs and wrenched open the door. "Lillian! Where have you been?" he cried.

She had seen him crossing the street. "In Venice, Clerfayt."

"But why?" "I told you in Sicily that some day I wanted to go to Venice. I thought about it again in Rome."

He closed the door behind him. "Why didn't you telegraph me? I would have come. How long were you there?"

"Are you interrogating me?" "Not yet. I've looked everywhere for you. Who was with you?"

"You say this is not an interrogation?"

"I've missed you! I thought all sorts of things. Can't you understand that?"

"Yes," Lillian said. "Would you like some of these shrimps? They taste of seaweed and the ocean."

Clerfayt took the paper plate and the shrimps and threw them out the window.

Lillian watched them flying. "You hit a green car. If you'd waited a second longer they would have landed on the head of a fat lady in an open car. Please give me that basket with the string. I'm still hungry."

For a second, Clerfayt looked as if he were going to throw the basket after the shrimps. Then he handed it to her. "Tell him to send up another bottle of wine," he said. "And come away from the window so that I can take you into my arms."

Lillian slid down from the window seat. "Have you brought Giuseppe with you?"

"No. He's standing on the Place Vendôme sneering at a dozen plush cars parked around him."

"Get him and let's drive into the Bois."

"Sure, we can drive to the Bois," Clerfayt said, kissing her. "But we'll go out together and get Giuseppe together; otherwise you'll be gone when I come back. I'm taking no more risks."

"Did you miss me?"

"Now and then, when I wasn't hating you or stewing for fear that you were the vic-

tim of murder. Who were you with in Venice?"

"I was alone."

He looked at her. "I suppose it's possible. With you, one never knows. Why didn't you let me know?"

"We don't do that, do we? Don't you go to Rome some-

times and not turn up again for weeks?"

Clerfayt laughed.

Lillian leaned out the window to draw up her basket of shrimps. Clerfayt waited patiently. There was a knock at the door. He answered, took the wine from the waiter and drank a glass while listening to Lillian call out the window that she wanted a larger portion of shrimps. Then he looked around the room. He saw her shoes standing about, a slip lying on a chair and her dresses hanging inside the wardrobe, whose door was ajar. She was back again, he thought, and a profound, unfamiliar, and stirring peace filled him.

LILLIAN turned around, basket in hand. "How good they smell! Will we go to the ocean again some time?"

"Yes. To Monte Carlo. There's a race there in the summer."

"Can't we go before?"

"As soon as you like. To-day? Tomorrow?"

She smiled. "You know me. No, not today or tomorrow." She took the glass he held out to her. "I didn't intend to stay so long in Venice," she said. "Only a few days."

"Why did you stay on then?"

"I didn't feel well."

"What was the matter?"

She hesitated. "I had a cold." She saw that he did not believe her. That pleased her. His incredulity made the hemorrhage seem more improbable to her, too; perhaps it had, after all, really been less important than she thought. Suddenly she felt like a fat woman who had lost twenty pounds without noticing it.

She leaned against him. Clerfayt held her tightly. "And when are you going away again?" he asked.

"I don't go away, Clerfayt. It's just that sometimes I'm not present."

A barge on the river tooted. On the deck, a young woman was hanging colored wash on lines. At the door to the galley, a girl was playing with a dog. The captain stood at the wheel in shirtsleeves, whistling.

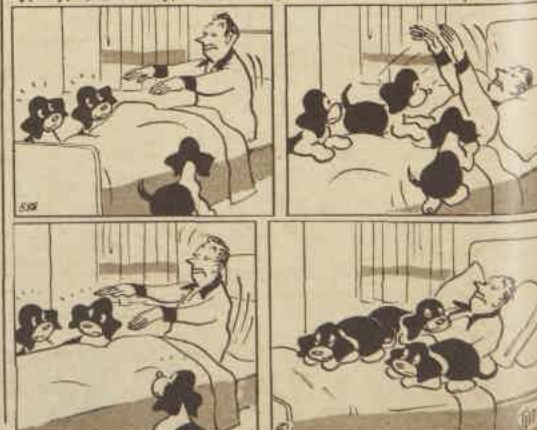
"See that?" Lillian asked. "I always feel envious when I see

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

that kind of thing. Domestic peace. What God meant us for."

"If you had it, you'd steal away from the boat the next place it anchored."

"That doesn't prevent me from being envious. Shall we go to get Giuseppe now?"

Carefully, Clerfayt lifted her in his arms. "I don't want to get Giuseppe or drive to the Bois now. We can do that later."

"In other words, you want to lock me up," Lillian said, laughing.

Clerfayt did not laugh. "I don't want to lock you up. I want to marry you."

"Why?"

Lillian held the bottle of wine toward the light. The window shimmered through the wine as if blood had been poured over the panes. Clerfayt took the bottle from her hand. "To make sure you don't again vanish without a trace some day."

"I left my trunks in the Ritz. Do you think that marriage is a better guarantee of return?"

"Not return. Staying. Let's approach this from a different angle. You don't have much money. You don't want to take any from me—"

"You haven't any yourself, Clerfayt."

"I have my percentage share of two races. Besides that, there's what I had left and what I'm going to make. We have plenty for this year."

"Good, then let's wait until next year."

"Why wait?"

"So that you'll see it's nonsense. How would you pay for my wardrobe next year? You said yourself that your contract runs out at the end of this year."

"They've offered me an agency for our cars."

Lillian lifted her leg and studied its lines. They're getting

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becoming a respectable automobile dealer and marrying?"

"You act as if both were a national disaster."

Why do men always want to change their lives? Lillian thought. Why do they want to change the very thing about them that has made an impression on a woman? Doesn't it

to the hotel, send my trunks over."

"I'll bring them with me."

He left. She remained at the window, looking into the fading dusk. It seemed to her that Clerfayt had abandoned her in a strange fashion today and had shifted over to the big, bustling majority, to the side that was unattainable to her. He was no longer one of the lost; he suddenly had a future.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



too thin, she thought. "You mean to say you want to sell cars?" she asked. "I can't imagine that."

"Neither can I, but I've done lots of things that I couldn't imagine myself doing. For example, wanting to marry you."

"Why do you always want to do everything at once? Like

ever occur to them that by doing that they'll probably lose the woman?"

"I've often thought about whether people like us ought to marry," she said. "None of the reasons convinced me. The best was still one a tubercular chess player mentioned: that it's good to have someone with you at the moment of death agony. But I don't know whether at that time you're not so hopelessly alone, anyhow, even if hordes of people who care about you are standing around your bed, that you may not even be aware of it."

"Lillian," Clerfayt said quietly. "Why are you always dodging me?"

"Don't you understand why? What has happened, Clerfayt? We've met by chance — why won't you let it remain that way?"

"I want to hold on to you. As long as I can. That's simple, isn't it?"

"No. It isn't the way to hold on to anyone."

"All right. Then let's put it differently. I don't want to go on living as I have been doing."

"You want to settle down?"

"You infallibly find the most horrible word for things. Let me put it this way. I love you and want to live with you. Laugh at that, for all I care."

"I never laugh at that." She looked up. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Oh, Clerfayt, what silliness all this is!"

"Isn't it?" He stood up and took her hands. "We were so sure it could never happen to us."

"Let it be as it is. Let it be. Don't destroy it."

"What is there to destroy?"

Everything, she thought. "I am sick, after all, Clerfayt," she said at last, hesitatingly.

"That's one more reason not to be alone."

She did not answer. Boris, she thought. Boris would understand me. Clerfayt is now talking like him, but he is not Boris.

"Shall we get Giuseppe now?" she asked.

"I can get him. Will you wait here?"

"Yes."

"When do you want to go to the Riviera? Soon?"

"Soon."

Clerfayt stood still behind her. "I own a wretched little place on the Riviera."

In the mirror she saw his face and his hands on her shoulders. "You really are developing unexpected qualities."

"We could fix it up and make it nicer," Clerfayt said. "Can't you sell it?"

"Take a look at it first."

"All right," she said, suddenly impatient. "When you get

To her surprise, she became aware that she was crying, gently and noiselessly, but she was not unhappy. It was only that she wished she could have held on to everything a little longer.

Clerfayt came with the trunks. "How did you manage so long without your things?"

"I ordered new ones. That's always possible to do with clothes."

It was not true; she had only decided at this moment to pay another visit to Balenciaga tomorrow. There was a double reason to do so, she thought; she had to celebrate having escaped with her life in Venice, and she had to be extravagant as a protest against Clerfayt's offer to marry her and live in Toulouse.

"Can't I give you a few dresses?" Clerfayt asked. "I'm fairly rich at the moment."

"For my wedding trousseau?"

"On the contrary. Because you went to Venice."

"Good, give me one. Where are we going tonight? Is it possible to sit in the Bois yet?"

"If we take coats. Otherwise it's still too cool. But we can drive through. The woods are bright green and enchanted with springtime and blue exhaust fumes. The side roads are practically solid with parked cars every night. Love is hanging its banners out of the windows everywhere."

SHE turned and asked, "Which kind of dress shall it be?"

"One of those I held in captivity."

"Yes, I know it very well."

"You've never seen it."

"Not on you; but I know it all the same. It hung in my room for a few nights."

Lillian turned around, a mirror in her hand. "Really?"

"I admit it," Clerfayt said. "I hung your clothes out like a witch doctor in order to lure you back. I've learned that from you. It was black magic, and a comfort. A woman may leave a man, but she'll never leave her clothes."

Lillian inspected her eyes in the mirror. "So my shadows were with you."

"Not your shadows — your shed and left-behind snake-skins."

"I would have thought it would be another woman."

"I tried that. But you've spoiled me for everyone else. Compared to you, they seem like bad colored prints as against a genuine Degas."

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"Got that good-to-be-alive feeling again . . ."

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Lillian laughed. "Like one of those ungainly little ballet girls he was always painting?"

"No. Like a dancer in movement that simply carries you away. Her face is only suggested, so that everyone can project into it his own dream."

Lillian laid her pencils aside. "There always has to be something left out for that, doesn't there? If everything is painted down to the last details, there isn't any room left for the imagination. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," Clerfayt said. "We are caught only in our own dreams, never in those of others."

"Caught or lost?"

"Both. Just as sometimes, before waking, we dream that we are falling and falling into an endless black

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space. Do you ever have that dream?"

"I've had it," Lillian said. "I used to have it almost every afternoon, back in the sanatorium. I used to feel like a stone falling into a bottomless pit."

"It's odd," she murmured, "but as long as we don't forget that we're falling and falling, nothing is lost. Life seems to love paradoxes—when we think we're perfectly safe, we're always ridiculous and on the verge of a tumbler; but when we know we're lost, life showers gifts on us. Then we don't have to do a thing—it runs after us like a poodle."

Clerfayt sat down on the floor at her side. "How do you know all that?"

"I'm just talking. And all the things I say are only half-truths—like everything else."

"Love, too?"

"What has love to do with the truth?"

"Nothing. It's the opposite of it."

"No," Lillian said, getting up. "The opposite of love is death—and love is the bitter enchantment that makes us forget death for a short time. That is why everyone who knows anything about death also knows something about love. That, too, is a half-truth. Who actually knows anything about death?"

"Nobody—except that it is the

opposite of life, not of love, and that, too, is dubious."

Lillian laughed. Clerfayt was back in his old vein. "Do you know what I would like?" she asked. "To live ten lives all at once."

Clerfayt laughed. "You change fast enough for me as you are. Where shall we eat?"

They went downstairs. He doesn't understand what I mean, Lillian thought. He thinks when I say that, that it's capriciousness; he doesn't realise that I'd only like to coax the hereafter to let me have a few days that I'll never live to see. On the other hand, I'll never be a cranky old woman of eighty. I'll remain young in my lover's memory, and so have an advantage over all the women

after me who'll last longer and grow older than I.

"What are you laughing at?" Clerfayt asked on the stairs.

"At myself," Lillian said. "But don't ask me why. You'll find out at the proper time."

He brought her back to the hotel two hours later. "Enough for today," he said smiling. "You need sleep."

"She looked at him in astonishment. 'Sleep?'"

He held her fast. "Do you understand me, Lillian. I don't want you to strain yourself and perhaps have a relapse."

"You weren't so anxious at the sanatorium."

"In those days I thought I'd be driving away and never seeing you again."

"And now?"

"Now I am sacrificing a few hours this evening because I want to keep you as long as I can."

"How practical!" Lillian said spitefully. "Good night, Clerfayt."

Clerfayt knew he had behaved like an idiot, but he could not help it. He had meant exactly what he said. And Lillian had looked very tired; in the restaurant, her face had suddenly looked so worn. As if it were a crime to be solicitous, he thought. What would she do now? Pack? It occurred to him that she must know he was still there since she had not heard Giuseppe roaring away. Quickly, he crossed the street and sprang into the car. He started it, stepped unnecessarily hard on the gas, and shot off toward the Place de la Concorde.

Lillian carefully placed a bottle of wine on the floor beside the bed. She heard Giuseppe drive away. Then she found a raincoat in her trunk and put it on. It scarcely went with the dinner dress, but she did not feel like changing; the coat covered her dress fairly well. She did not want to go to bed. She had had enough of that in the sanatorium.

SHE went down the stairs. The night porter sprang to attention. "Cab, Madame?"

"No, thanks, no cab."

She went out on the street, and got as far as the Boulevard Saint-Michel with scarcely an encounter, and then sat down at a sidewalk cafe table.

A pale man with a beard at an adjoining table began to draw her. A rug pedlar tried to sell her a grass-green prayer rug, but was chased away by the waiter. Finally, a young man approached and introduced himself as garret poet. She invited the poet to have a glass of wine. He wondered if he might take a sandwich instead. She ordered a roast beef sandwich for him.

The poet's name was Gerard. After eating his sandwich, he read her two poems and recited two others from memory. They were elegies on death, dying, transitoriness, and the meaninglessness of life. Lillian grew cheerful. The poet was thin, but a hearty eater. She asked him whether he could take care of another roast beef sandwich. He most certainly could, he declared, and he thought that she understood poetry; didn't she feel with him that life was dreary? Why did one want to bother with it? He ate two more sandwiches and came forth with even more pessimistic verse. He began discussing the problem of suicide. Tomorrow, of course, not today, not after such a big meal. Lillian felt gayer and gayer; the poet was skinny, but he looked healthy enough to live another fifty years.

Clerfayt sat around the Ritz bar for a while. Then he decided to telephone Lillian. The porter answered, "Madame

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HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

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is not in the hotel," he said, when Clerfayt had identified himself.

"Where is she?"
"She went out half an hour ago."

Clerfayt calculated. In so short a time, she could not have packed. Nevertheless, he took the precaution of asking: "Did she take suitcases with her?"

"No, sir. She was wearing a raincoat."

"Good. Thank you."

He ran to the car. I should have stayed with her, he thought. What is the matter with me? How clumsy you get as soon as you're really in love! How the veneer of superiority drops away. How alone you are, and how all the skills of experience evaporate! You go about in a fog making nothing but mistakes.

He had the night porter describe what direction she had taken. "Not toward the Seine, sir," the man said reassuringly. "Perhaps she just wanted to walk a little and will be back soon."

Clerfayt drove slowly along the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Lillian heard Giuseppe, and a moment later saw him. "What about death?" she asked Gerard, who was doing justice to a plate of cheese. "Suppose death is even drearier than life?"

"Who can say," Gerard retorted, chewing despondently, "whether life is not a punishment we must endure for a crime we committed in another world?"

She saw Clerfayt searching the crowd on the street so intently that he did not notice her a few yards out of range.

"If you could have your wish, what would be the supreme demand you would make on life?" she asked Gerard.

"The unfulfillable," the poet replied promptly.

She looked gratefully at him. "Then you don't have to wish for anything more," she said. "You have your wish already."

"And also for a listener like you!" Gerard declared with gloomy gallantry, shooing away the artist who had completed Lillian's portrait and was skulking around the table with the sketch. "Forever. You understand me!"

"I'll take that picture," Clerfayt said to the crestfallen artist.

He had come up behind them on foot and was looking Gerard over with little cordiality. "Beat it," Gerard told him. "Don't you see we're talking? We've had enough disturbances. Garçon, two more Pernods. And send this gentleman away."

"Three Pernods," Clerfayt replied, sitting down. The artist stood beside him, eloquently mute. "It's lovely here," Clerfayt said to Lillian. "Why haven't we come here more often?"

"And who are you, unbidden stranger?" Gerard asked,

assuming that Clerfayt was some kind of pimp who was trying one of the usual tricks to make Lillian's acquaintance.

"Director of the insane asylum of Saint-Germain-des-Près, my boy. This lady is one of our patients. She has a pass for this evening. Has anything happened? Have I come too late? Waiter, take this knife away. The fork, too."

As a poet, Gerard liked to believe in the astonishing. "Really?" he whispered. "I've always wanted to—"

"You don't have to whisper," Clerfayt interrupted. "She knows she is a lunatic and loves being one. It gives her complete irresponsibility. Immunity from any law. She could commit murder and nothing would happen to her."

Lillian laughed. "It's just the other way around," she said to Gerard. "This is my former husband. He seems to have run away from the asylum. It's characteristic that he should call me mad."

The poet was no fool. Moreover, he was a Frenchman. He saw the situation and rose with a winning smile. "Some go too late and some go too early," he declared. "Go at the right time—thus spake Zarathustra. Tomorrow, Madame, a poem will be waiting for you here in the charge of the waiter."

"It's nice that you came," Lillian said to Clerfayt. "If I had gone to bed I would have missed all this. The green light and the sweet rebellion of the blood. The mud and the swallows above it."

"Sometimes you're too quick for me, Lillian," Clerfayt replied. "Forgive me. You do in hours what other women need years for—like the plant that grows up in minutes under the hands of a yogi, and blossoms—"

And dies, Lillian thought. "I have to, Clerfayt," she said. "I have so much to make up for. That's why I'm so superficial, too. There's time enough to be wise later on."

He took her hand and kissed it. "I'm an idiot. And getting worse every day. But I don't mind, I like it. If only you are with me. I love you very much."

"Come," Lillian said. "There is still that wine in my room."

"And when can I have them?" Lillian asked.

The saleswoman at Balenciaga smiled. "As soon as possible."

"In a week?"
"In two weeks. They are difficult dresses. We cannot make them any faster. We'll start today." The saleswoman entered the measurements in her book. "You've become somewhat thinner, Mademoiselle."

"Yes, I have become thinner. No matter what I do, I don't gain."

"How fortunate!"

"Yes," Lillian said, "for a lot of women it would really be fortunate."

She went out on to the Avenue George-V. The afternoon greeted her with gold and wind and automobiles. For a moment she stood still, thinking over the dresses she had ordered. She really had intended to do no more buying; she'd thought she had enough dresses to last out her life. But Clerfayt had insisted again that she let him buy one for her, and then she had decided to buy another to make up for

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Venice — the hemorrhage there had probably cost her days and weeks of life — and instead of allowing this to plunge her into melancholy, self-recrimination, and regrets, it had made it simpler to tell herself that now she would need even less money for her keep and could therefore afford one more dress.

She had chosen it with particular care. She had had in mind something dramatic, but what she finally ordered proved to be simpler than any of her others. On the other hand, the one Clerfayt was paying for was dramatic; it was a protest against Toulouse and what she imagined Toulouse to be.

She bought her clothes and derived as much comfort from that as another might from philosophy — just as she mixed up her love for Clerfayt with her love for life, and tossed them both into the air and caught

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them again, and knew that sooner or later both would smash.

She met the Vicomte de Peystre when she turned into the Champs-Élysées near Fouquet's. He started. "How happy you look," he said. "Are you in love?"

"Yes. With a dress."

"How sensible," de Peystre said. "That is love without anxiety and without difficulties."

"In other words, not love."

"A portion of the only love that has any meaning: love of self."

Lillian laughed. "You call that a love without anxiety and difficulties? Are you made of cast-iron or sponge-rubber?"

"Neither. I am a belated scion of the eighteenth century and share

the fate of all scions, to be misunderstood. Would you care to have something with me here on the terrace? A cocktail?"

"Coffee."

They took a table in the late-afternoon sunlight. "Sometimes it's almost the same thing," de Peystre said, "to sit in the sun or to talk about love or life — or about nothing. Are you still staying at the little hotel by the Seine?"

"I think I am. Sometimes I am no longer quite sure. When the windows are open in the morning, it often seems to me that I am sleeping in the midst of the noise on the

Place de l'Opera. And at night it's sometimes as if I were drifting down the Seine — on a still boat or in the water, on my back, with my eyes wide open, without myself and entirely within myself."

"You have strange thoughts."

"On the contrary, I have almost none. Dreams sometimes, but not many of those, either."

"Don't you need any?"

"No," Lillian said. "I really don't need any."

"Then we are alike. I don't need any, either."

The waiter brought a sherry for de Peystre and a pot of coffee for Lillian. De Peystre frowned at the coffee. "That really should come after one

has eaten," he declared. "Wouldn't you rather have an aperitif?"

"No. How late is it?"

"Almost five o'clock," de Peystre replied, astonished. "Do you drink by the clock?"

"Only today," Lillian beckoned to the headwaiter. "Have you heard anything yet, Monsieur Lambert?"

"Of course. From Radio Rome. They've been reporting for hours. All of Italy is either glued to the radio or in the streets," the headwaiter said excitedly. "The heavy cars ought to be starting out in the next few minutes. Monsieur Clerfayt is driving with Monsieur Torriani. They're not relieving each other, but driving together. Torriani is going along as mechanic. It's a sports-car race. Would you care to hear it on the radio? I brought my portable here today."

"That would be nice!"

"Is Clerfayt in Rome?" de Peystre asked.

"No, in Brescia."

"I know nothing about races. What kind is this one?"

"The Brescia thousand-mile race." The headwaiter came to the table with his radio. He was a racing fan and had been garnering every scrap of news about the race for hours. "They are being started at intervals of a few minutes," he explained. "The fastest cars last. It's a race against the stop-watch. I'll turn on the Milan station. Five o'clock — time for the news broadcast."

He turned the knobs. The radio began to squawk. Then the Milan station came in, the announcer rapidly disposing of political events as if he could not wait to reach the sports news. "We now bring you a report from Brescia," he went on in an altered, passionate voice. "A number of the contestants have already been started on their way. The market place is so choked with people that they can scarcely move."

THE set squawked and spat. Then, piercing through the babel of voices, came the howl of a motor, which immediately grew fainter. "There's one roaring away," Monsieur Lambert whispered excitedly.

"How many cars are there in the race?" de Peystre asked.

"Almost five hundred," the headwaiter answered.

"And how long is the course?"

"A thousand miles, sir. At a good average they'll take fifteen or sixteen hours. Or maybe less. But it's raining in Italy. They're having a heavy storm in Brescia."

The broadcast came to an end. The headwaiter carried his radio set back into the restaurant. Lillian leaned back.

"It's raining in Brescia," she said. "Just where is Brescia, anyway?"

"Between Milan and Verona," de Peystre replied. "Would you care to have dinner with me tonight?"

The flags slapped wetly against the flagpoles. The storm raged as though a second cavalcade with invisible automobiles were roaring through the clouds. The artificial and the natural thunder alternated; the ascending roar of a car was answered by the lightning and thunder from above. "Five minutes to go," Torriani said.

Clerfayt crouched behind the wheel. He was not very tense. He knew that he had no chance to win, but in a race there were always surprises, and in a long race freaks of fortune.

He thought of Lillian and the Targa Florio. That time he had forgotten her, then hated her, because the remembrance of her had come to him suddenly during the race and had distracted him. Then the race had been more important than she. Now it was different. He was no longer sure of her, and for that reason thought of her all the time. The devil knows whether she is still in Paris, he thought. He had talked with her over the telephone only that morning; but in this racket the morning seemed infinitely far away. "Did you telegraph Lillian?" he asked.

"Yes," Torriani replied. "Two minutes to go."

I think about Lillian too much. I ought to let Torriani drive, but now it's too late. "Twenty seconds," Torriani said.

The starter waved and the car roared away. Shouts flew after it.

Lillian returned to the hotel and she saw the two telegrams on the table. Clerfayt, she thought, with a heartbeat of panic. Cautiously, then, she picked up the first and opened it. It was from

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Clerfayt: "We're starting in fifteen minutes. Deluge. Don't fly away, flamingo."

She laid it aside. After a while, she opened the second. She was even more afraid than before that it might be from the management of the race, reporting an accident, but it was also from Clerfayt.

She opened her wardrobe to choose a dress for the evening. There was a knock at the door. It was the porter. "Here is the radio, Mademoiselle. You can reach Rome and Milan easily with it. And here is another telegram."

It was not from Clerfayt, but contained wishes of good luck for him. She looked at the signature once more in the deep dusk. Hollmann.

It was the first word she had had from the sanatorium. She had never written, had no impulse to. She had wanted to leave it completely behind her forever. She had been so certain she would never return that the parting had been like death.

For a long while, she sat still. Then she turned the knobs of the radio; it was time for the news broadcasts. Rome rushed in with a surge of noise, with names, known and unknown.

"Florence," the voice on the radio announced triumphantly, and began listing times, names, and brands of cars, average speeds and maximum speeds. And then, bursting with pride: "If the leading cars keep up this pace, they'll be back in Brescia again in a new record time."

She started. In Brescia, she thought. Back in the little provincial town of garages, cafes, and shops, back where they had started. They play with death, they roar through the night, they endure the terrible weariness of early morning, with stiff, masklike faces encrusted with filth; they race on, on, as though all the glory of the world were at stake—and all this only to return again to the little provincial town from which they had come! From Brescia to Brescia!

LILLIAN switched off the radio and went to the window. From Brescia to Brescia! Was there any more vivid symbol of meaninglessness?

She looked out at the endless chain of cars gliding along the quay. Was not every one of them driving from Brescia to Brescia? From Toulouse to Toulouse? From self-complacency to self-complacency? And from self-deception to self-deception? Me, too? she thought. Yes, probably me, too. In spite of everything. But where is my Brescia? She looked at Hollmann's telegram. Where it came from there was no Brescia. Neither a Brescia nor a Toulouse. At that place there was only the quiet, inexorable struggle for breath on the eternal border. There was no self-complacency and no self-deception there.

Like a dim shadow, there entered through the window a premonition that she had made a terrible mistake, a mistake that had been unavoidable and that was now irrevocable.

She began dressing for the evening. The telegram still lay on the table. In the light of the lamps, it seemed to be brighter than any other object in the room; then she picked up the telephone and gave the number of the sanatorium.

"The pit!" Torriani screamed.

The brakes caught; the car shook itself and stood still. "Gas, water, tyres, get going!" Clerfayt shouted into the echoing resonance of the motor.

"What's our position?" Torriani asked.

"Fine! Eighteenth! And nineteen minutes behind. Don't worry—the first team in Rome never wins the race. Everybody knows that."

The car raced away, scattering people to both sides, and the ribbon of the road to which they were glued soon began its endless windings. What would Lillian be doing now? Clerfayt thought. He didn't know why he had expected a telegram at the pit. But telegrams could be delayed; perhaps it would be at the next pit.

The connection came very quickly. Lillian was not sure whether she recognised the voice.

There was a moment's silence. Then Hollmann said incredulously: "Lillian! Where are you?"

"In Paris. Your telegram for Clerfayt came to me. It was forwarded

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by his hotel. I opened it by mistake."

"You're not in Brescia?"

"No," she said, feeling a slight stab of pain.

"Didn't Clerfayt want you to come?"

"No, he didn't want me to."

"I'm hanging over the radio," Hollmann said. "He's driving magnificently. But it's a race with uncertainty — you understand me, Lillian?"

"Yes, Hollmann. A race with uncertainty. How are you?"

"Fine. The speeds are fantastic. Averages of seventy-five miles an hour and more."

"Yes, Hollmann. You're feeling well?"

"Very well. Much better, Lillian. What station are you listening to?"

"I have Rome. I'm glad to hear you're better."

"How about you, Lillian?"

"Very well. And—"

"It's probably the right thing that you aren't in Brescia — it's raining like mad there. Though I wouldn't have been able to stand it; I would have been right out there at the start. How are you feeling, Lillian?"

She knew what he meant.

"Fine," she said. "How is everything up there?"

"Same as ever. Little has changed in these few months."

Few months, she thought. Had it not been years? "And how is—?" She hesitated, but suddenly she knew that she had only telephoned to ask this question. "How is Boris?"

"Boris Volkov? We don't see much of him. He no longer comes to the sanatorium. I think he's all right."

"Have you seen him at all?"

"Yes, of course. Though it's two or three weeks ago. He was walking his dog, the police dog; you know it, of course. We didn't talk. How is it down below? As you imagined?"

"Pretty much," Lillian said. "I suppose it always depends on what you make of it. Is there still snow on the mountain?"

Hollmann laughed. "Not any more."

There are all those crocuses and things. Lillian—?" He paused. "I'm going to be out of here in a few weeks."

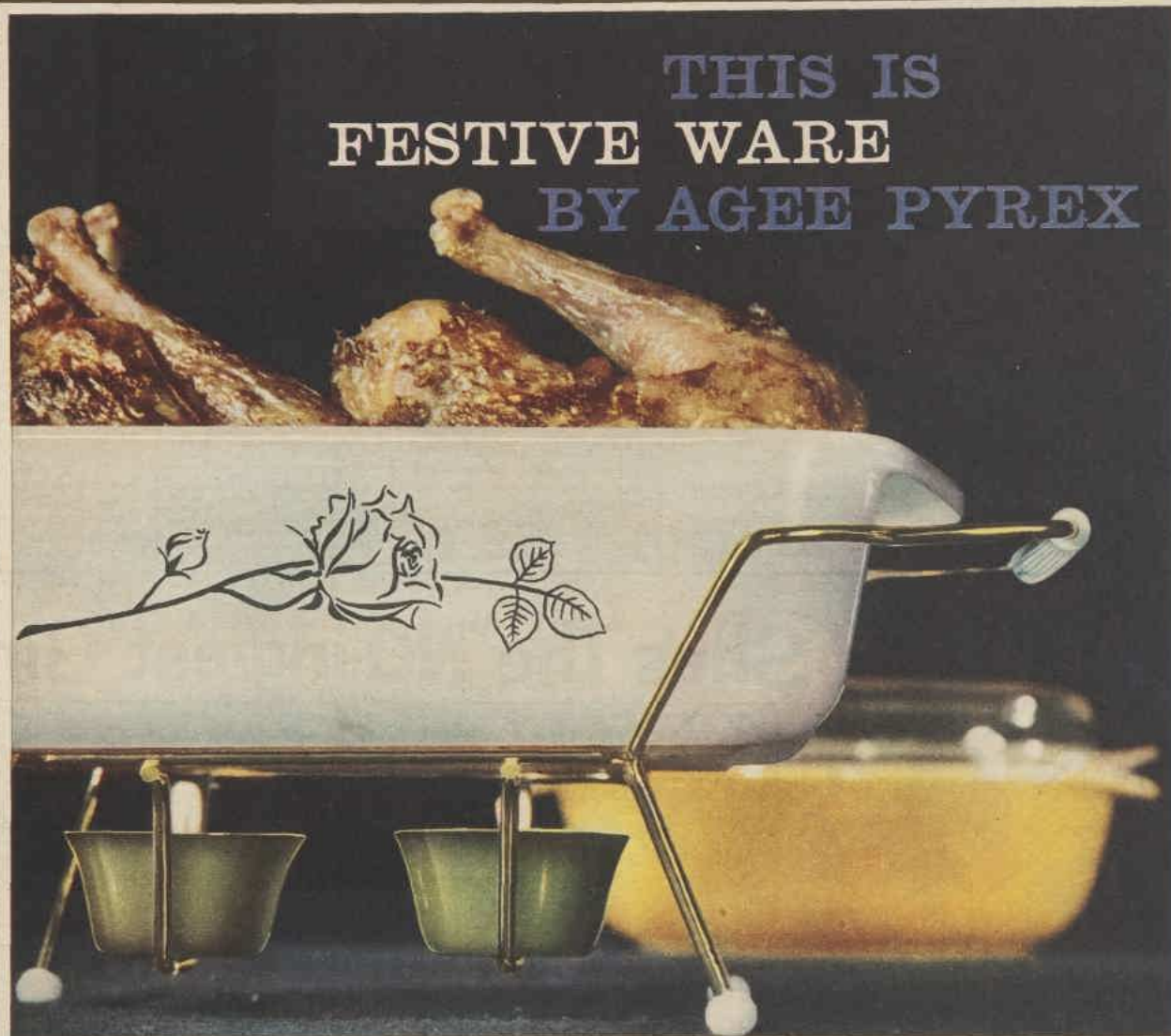
Lillian did not believe it. She had been told the same thing years ago. "That's wonderful," she said. "Then we'll see each other here. Shall I tell Clerfayt?"

"Better not, yet; I'm superstitious about those things. There—the latest news is coming in. You'll have to listen, too! So long, Lillian."

"So long, Hollmann."

She had wanted to add something about Boris, but she did not do so. For a while she looked at the black receiver; then she carefully placed it on the hook and gave way to her thoughts without taking account of them, until she became aware that she was crying. Like the rain in

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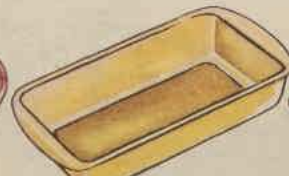
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"ALEX" — Casual, easy-to-wear, three-piece maternity outfit. Top: in printed cotton, in red with black and white, pale blue with blue and white, royal blue with black and white, olive with grey and white. Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust £11/10/6; 36 and 38in. bust £11/5/6. Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust £1/2/9; 36 and 38in. bust £1/4/9. Postage on both styles 3/6 extra. Shorts: in printed cotton, in same shades as top, or in drip-dry poplin in black, mid-blue, and silver-grey. Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust £1/3/9; 36 and 38in. bust £1/5/6. Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust 14/9; 36 and 38in. bust 16/6. Postage on both styles 2/3 extra. Slacks: in printed cotton, in colors of top, or drip-dry poplin in black, mid-blue, and silver-grey. Ready to Wear: 32 and 34in. bust £1/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust £1/19/11. Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust £1/8/9; 36 and 38in. bust £1/9/11. Postage on both styles 3/6 extra. NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Brescia, she thought, and got up. How foolish I am! One has to pay for everything. Did I think I had already done so?

That night Lillian dined with the Vicomte de Peystre and later she had him drop her off at her hotel. The night porter, in a state of high excitement, came forward to meet her. "Monsieur Clerfayt is in twelfth place! He's overtaken six competitors. The announcer says he is a marvelous night driver."

"He is, I know."

"A glass of champagne to celebrate?"

"One should never celebrate too soon. Racing drivers are superstitious."

Lillian sat in the small, dark lobby for a while. "If he goes on like this, he'll be in Brescia again early tomorrow morning," the night porter said.

"That, too," Lillian replied, and stood up. "I'm going to have a last cup of coffee on the Boulevard Saint-Michel."

She was already treated there as a regular patron. The waiter watched over her. Gerard waited for her, and a group of students had formed a kind of guard of honor for her.

Gerard had the excellent trait of always being hungry. That gave her time to think while he gobbled. She loved looking out on the street where life drifted by with hot and comfortless eyes. It was difficult to believe that every single person possessed an immortal soul, when you saw this endless stream.

Gerard stopped eating at last. He had finished with an excellent Pont l'Eveque cheese.

"How the crude animal process of ingesting nourishment in the form of roasted pieces of animal flesh and half-fermented milk products stimulates the poetic qualities of the soul!" he declared. "It is eternally astonishing and consoling!"

Lillian laughed. "From Brescia to Brescia," she said.

"I do not understand this clear and simple sentence; but it seems to be relatively unassailable." Gerard drank down his coffee. "It is even profound. From Brescia to Brescia! I shall use that as the title for my next volume of poems."

GERARD nodded. He sniffed his cognac. "It is a phrase that grows better by the minute. It leads to a plethora of platitudes which are all as deep as mine shafts."

"I know another one," Lillian said. "Everything is the same."

"Gerard set down his glass. "With or without imagination?"

"With all imagination."

He nodded, relieved. "For a moment, I was afraid that you were depressed and about to trot out some deadly laundry-room maxim."

"On the contrary — an extremely heart-warming insight."

"The details are the same as the whole; this wine bottle is just as enchanting as a Raphael; the pimply girl student at that table has something in

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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her of Medea and Aspasia. Life without perspective; everything is equally important and unimportant; everything is foreground, everything God. Is that what you mean?" Gerard asked.

Lillian smiled. "Approximately. How fast you are!"

"Too fast," Gerard made a bitter grimace. "Too fast to experience it." He took a large swallow of cognac. "If you have really felt that," he went on lecturing, "there remain only three things for you—"

"As many as that!"

"To enter a Buddhist monastery, go crazy, or die — most suitably by suicide. Self-extinction is, as you know, one of the three ways in which we are superior to animals."

Lillian did not ask what the other two were. "There is a fourth possibility," she said. "But there is nothing particularly superior about it. Our trouble is that we think we have a claim upon life. We have none. When we know that, a good deal of bitter honey suddenly becomes sweet."

"He who expects nothing is never disappointed," Gerard declared. "The ultimate in minor truths."

"For tonight," Lillian replied, laughing. "The loveliest truths die overnight. How many corpses have to be swept up every morning. And what strange things one sometimes talks about after sundown. I must go now."

"You always say that, but you always come back."

She looked at him in gratitude. "I do, don't I? It's odd that only poets know that."

The porter came forward as

she entered her hotel beaming. "He's in tenth place now."

In tenth place, Lillian thought. He is still driving and driving, from Brescia to Brescia.

She went up to her room. The radio's chrome and glass glistened in the darkness. Slowly she undressed. She considered whether she ought to hang her allies, the dresses, around her overnight; but she did not do so. The time for those aids was past, she thought. However, she left the lamp on and took sleeping tablets.

She awoke as though she were being hurled out of something. Through the curtains, the sun's rays stabbed at the wan electric bulb. The telephone shrilled.

It was Clerfayt. "We've just arrived in Brescia!"

"Brescia?" She shook off the remnants of a dream already flying into oblivion. "You've come through!"

"In sixth place," Clerfayt laughed.

"Sixth. That's wonderful."

"It doesn't mean a thing. I'm coming back tomorrow. I'll get some sleep now. Torriani is already fast asleep in the chair next to me."

"Yes, sleep. It's good you called."

"Will you go to the Riviera with me?"

"Yes, darling."

"Wait for me."

"Yes, darling."

"Don't go away before I come."

Where would I go? she thought. To Brescia? "I'll wait for you," she said.

To be concluded

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She's The "NO-ing-est" Girl I Know!



COME TO THINK OF IT, THOUGH, I'VE BEEN GETTING A LOT OF 'NO'S' FROM A LOT OF GIRLS LATELY! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

I DO, AND WITHOUT FLOGGING MY BRAIN EITHER! WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT BAD BREATH — WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT JOE?

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showing perfect white teeth. She was called "String Bean" and "Legs," and although she would smile at such appellations they must have hurt her.

In contrast, everything about me was medium—my height, my coloring, probably even my personality, although I was inclined to be a little bossy where Julie was concerned. She would have fits of being dreamy and I would have to prod her.

After we'd been at Pine Haven for about two weeks that particular summer, Mrs. Beeswax welcomed a new lodger. His name was Roland Livingston, and he was seventeen and, to my instantly beaming eyes, romantic beyond words. His mother, a journalist, had sent him to Pine Haven while she fulfilled a European assignment.

Julie and I hadn't been there to witness his arrival and didn't know there was a new guest until dinner-time. Mrs. Beeswax's house accommodated only eight or ten guests, and everyone sat at one large table for meals. All the other guests were middle-aged, old summer friends, who would laugh inordinately at our childish humor.

THAT particular evening we reached the dining-room after the others were seated and went into our usual silly routine. We had started that particular bit of nonsense after Mrs. Beeswax had told us about some comic-strip characters of her day, two over-polite Frenchmen who were forever saying to each other, "After you, my dear Gaston," and, "No, after you, my dear Alphonse." I made a gracious gesture toward Julie's chair and said to her, "After you, my dear Alphonse," and she said, "Oh, but no. After you, my dear Gaston." We got the usual laughter, but both of us were startled at the sound of a vigorous new voice. We looked down the table and had our first sight of Roland, who was laughing, a dark lock of hair fallen across his forehead.

It was a rather strange summer after that. The arrival of Roland seemed to change things between Julie and me, although I don't think I was particularly conscious of it at the time, because I was so obsessed by Roland.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free."

(Authorised version)

● "Christ set us free, to be free men. Stand firm, then, and refuse to be tied to the yoke of slavery again."

(New English Bible)

—Galatians 5:1.

Before he came, Julie and I would race off immediately after breakfast on some project or other, but now I would linger until I found out what Roland had planned for the day. I must have made a terrible pest of myself, following him about, forcing my company on him. Sometimes I would encourage Julie to come with us, but she seemed more vague than ever that summer. If I didn't urge her to come, she would make no effort to join us, and I would sometimes see her from a distance, wandering gawily about, all arms and legs, with her body slumped.

It all came to a head a couple of weeks after Roland's arrival, when he fell asleep on the beach and got a terrible sunburn. The next day he was in agony, his flesh a violent red. I was in and out of his room all day. I hovered over him, placing cool cloths on his head, bringing him iced drinks, and I felt proud and happy that I had this opportunity to show him all these wonderful qualities of mine.

I was applying a cold compress to his forehead when he suddenly turned away from my hand, groaning, and said, crossly, "Where's Julie? Why isn't she here? I want to see Julie."

I don't remember, but I probably dropped the compress. He never seemed to pay the least attention to Julie, and she certainly had paid none to him. But all he wanted now was Julie.

I went out of the room without a word, stiff with anger and hurt pride. I found Julie lying on the beach, staring rapidly into the pink heart of a beautiful white shell.

Before I could say anything she looked up with a dreamy smile and said, "Wasn't it wonderful of God to give us

Continuing . . . JULIE AND I

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a love of beauty? Wouldn't it be terrible if we didn't have it?"

"Roland has been asking for you," I said. "He wants to see you."

"He does? I wonder what for." She was genuinely surprised. She got up and went toward the house, still peering at the shell.

I stayed on the beach for a while, feeling something almost like hatred for Julie, and I wondered how my very own sister could have done this terrible, disloyal thing to me.

I kept away from Roland during the rest of his convalescence, and Julie and I never discussed him. Sometimes, though, I would go out of my way to pass his open door, and I would see Julie sprawled awk-

wardly in a chair, reading to Roland perhaps, but often simply staring out a window in one of her trances. Every time I passed, Roland was watching Julie with a silly expression on his face.

Within three days he was up and about again. And now things were very different. Now it was Julie who was always with him, and I was the one who didn't join them because I was still resentful and they so obviously didn't want me. But I always knew where they were; I kept an eye on them from a distance. One day I saw them standing under the big tree beside the barn. They were kissing.

I couldn't believe it at first. After that I kept to myself. And then, suddenly, his mother came and took him away. At first I still hated Julie; but after a week or so I no longer did. We resumed our old relationship and Roland became just a pleasantly melancholy memory.

Julie and I returned to Pine Haven the next summer, but I guess we'd outgrown it, because it never seemed quite the same again. After that we spent our vacations in a kind of hodge-podge way, sometimes visiting classmates, sometimes having them visit us.

Julie was beginning to fill out, and although she was still inclined to slouch I kept at her constantly to straighten her up, so even her posture gradually improved.

Then, when I was eighteen and Julie twenty, Dad died suddenly of a heart attack, and after we'd disposed

of the big old house, Julie and I left college and went to New York. We found a decent rooming house, and after we'd settled in we immediately set out job-hunting.

I had gone to art school and, after three weeks, landed a position as Girl Friday in an art agency. Julie, who had drifted through two years of college, had no idea what kind of position to apply for. Her looks had improved so much that I told her she should be a receptionist. She was hired at the first place she applied.

We had been in New York a few months before I began to notice nearly every man we passed turned to stare at Julie. I suppose the change had been so gradual that I hadn't noticed what was happening, but when I really looked at her—looked as an outsider would—it was an almost shocking thing to realise how truly

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A Beach-going terry outfit. Jacket, white. Sizes 18-26, 19/11. Trunks sizes 1, 3, 5, 7, 9/11.



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D Dainty smocked matinee jacket, edged with lace, trimmed with satin bows. Pink, white, blue. Size to 12 months, 12/11.

E Training pants have soft treble gusset, for added absorbency, smooth legbands that won't chafe. Pink, white, blue. Size to 12 months, 9/11.

BOND'S



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Page 73

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Continuing . . .

JULIE AND I

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beautiful she had become. There was nothing gawky about Julie now. She was a tall, slim girl who carried herself well and wore clothes marvellously, whose red hair was no longer ragged, but softly framed a strikingly beautiful face.

I said, "Why, Julie, you're beautiful! No wonder people stare at you."

She said, surprised, "Are you mad?" And I realised she had no idea how beautiful she was.

"You're wasting your time at that receptionist job," I said. "You should be a fashion photographer's model."

She laughed. "Now I know you're mad."

But I was right, and the first model agency she went to (after considerable prodding on my part) signed her on and started getting assignments for her almost immediately. Before many weeks had passed her photographs began to grace the pages of the fashion magazines.

We moved out of the rooming house and into an apartment. It was a small, chic East Side apartment and quite expensive, but we could afford it now that Julie was doing so well. Even I had had a raise and was allowed to do some lettering, for which I received extra pay.

Life couldn't have been more delightful. We were quite popular, and there were always too many things to crowd into the hours of a day. When the telephone rang, one of us would say, "After you, my dear Alphonse," and the other would reply, "But no, After you, my dear Gaston," because usually the one who answered the phone got the date, unless the caller was really gone on one or the other of us.

Men seemed to like us equally well, which was strange, for I was no beauty. I think some men were a little frightened by Julie's looks and inclined to find her somewhat disconcerting, because she still had that irritating habit of going into a trance.

With the knowledge of clothes she had acquired, Julie had become really fabulous. It was very gratifying to go anywhere with her, because of the attention she attracted. But she seemed curiously uninvolved emotionally with any of the men she knew.

Occasionally she'd say about some man, "Oh, he's a darling. I adore him." But later, when I'd question her about him, she'd say, "Oh, Jim? I'm not seeing him any more. He's not what I want."

It seems strange, now, that I never asked her just what kind

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*****AS I READ***** THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Oct. 9

<p>ARIES MAR. 21—APR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, grey, red. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to meet with obstacles to your plans. This causes delays, but in the end you will be glad you did not carry out your intentions. Hasty impulses might be expensive or bring worry in your affairs.</p>
<p>TAURUS APR. 21—MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, grey, red. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p>	<p>★ If the gate doesn't swing open readily, give it a push. Speed things by using initiative. If looking for a job, new interests, new places of residence, it's up to you. Nothing will come through sheer luck.</p>
<p>GEMINI MAY 21—JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, yellow, black. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.</p>	<p>★ A spate of social occasions will make your week sparkle with pleasure and the evidence of your popularity. Most of these affairs involve no effort on your part. Many of you find a new important factor in your life.</p>
<p>CANCER JUNE 22—JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, black, blue. ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.</p>	<p>★ If quite young, a parent may give you permission to carry on a cherished plan. If a little older, practical help from a relative may be an important factor in your love or business affairs.</p>
<p>LEO JULY 23—AUG. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, orange, brown. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.</p>	<p>★ If you belong to any group, co-operation will be essential if anything is to be accomplished. If anything is to be accomplished, you may use tact to smooth over awkward situations. For some, this applies to your relations with your dearest ones.</p>
<p>VIRGO AUG. 23—SEPT. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, silver, green. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.</p>	<p>★ Aimless spending can deprive you of something you really want. With Christmas and summer holidays ahead it should be easy to save for them. Work it out but leave a small margin for unexpected demands.</p>
<p>LIBRA SEPT. 23—OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.</p>	<p>★ You may prevent an accident or give aid in an emergency. Poise and quick thinking will settle many a situation happily; you win admiration for your efforts. In a business matter, a snap decision may be the right one.</p>
<p>SCORPIO OCT. 24—NOV. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, white, black. ★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to have a chance to rest, catch up on your beauty sleep, set your wardrobe or your home in order. If in the early stages of a love affair, daydreams can be pleasant.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23—DEC. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, violet, orange. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Action of all kinds is the key to renewed vitality. Now you should put your plans into effect. You may not complete all projects, but your achievement will be astonishing. You'll thrive on a hectic programme.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN DEC. 23—JAN. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, red, white. ★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.</p>	<p>★ A little advertising won't do you any harm if you hope to satisfy an ambition. Don't be afraid to speak up, but remember you may have to deliver the goods. A touch of drama helps if you come before the public.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS JAN. 20—FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. ★ Gambling colors, tricolors. ★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.</p>	<p>★ There may be an exhibition in prospect in which you have a chance to shine. Some of you in search of a new interest now discover a precise occupation which absorbs your attention completely.</p>
<p>PISCES FEB. 20—MAR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, silver. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ A bargain in an out-of-the-way place arouses your interest, or you cleverly find use for a white elephant. Some benefit by a legacy which enables you to gratify a wish. Your beloved might give you a present.</p>

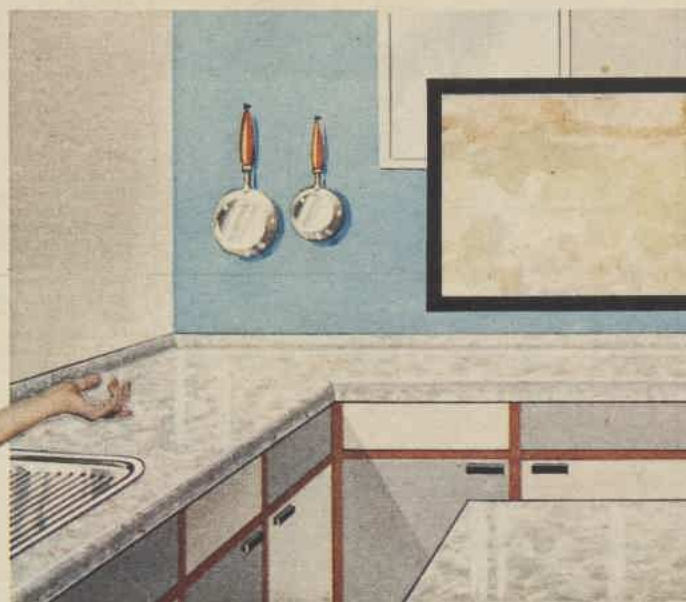
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2

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Brush Salt and Pepper Grinders—David Jones, Sydney

of man she did want. But I was going through pretty much the same sort of thing. It wasn't until I met Mike Justin that I felt "This is the one."

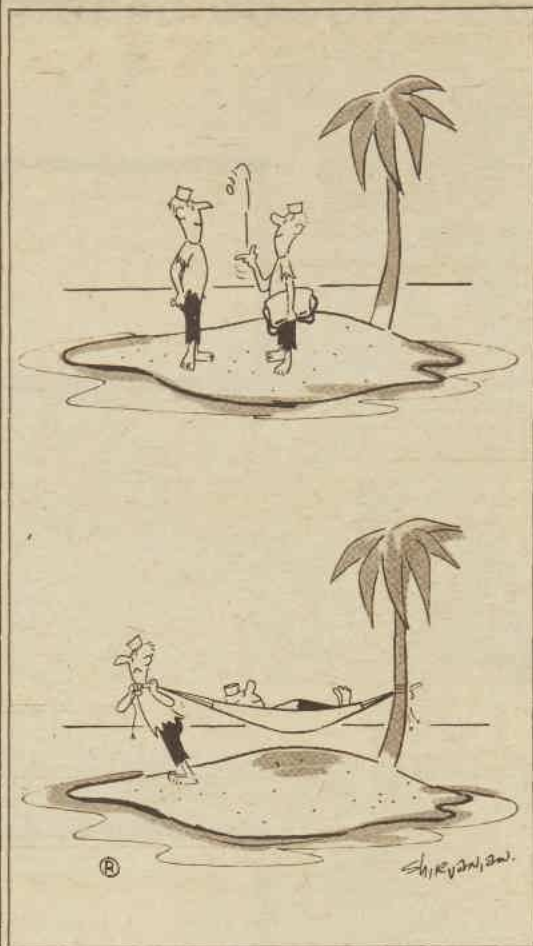
He came into our studio, fresh out of a fine-arts course, with some wildly beautiful and exciting drawings. Ben Martino, my boss, was quite impressed and gave him an assignment.

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hair had a habit of falling across his forehead.

The third time he was in the studio he said abruptly to me, "Come out for a coffee, can you?"

Over three cups of black coffee he told me all about him-



Mike did an excellent job, and from then on Ben gave Mike as much work as he could handle.

Mike Justin was the most exciting man I'd ever known. He was twenty-five, and he had a lean, towering frame, piercing black eyes, and tousled black hair. When he talked, which he did intensely and with animated gestures, a lock of black

self and his boyhood in a small Ohio town. He was determined to be a serious painter, but in the meantime he had to make a living, which was why he had decided to try commercial work. He said worriedly, "I hope I'm not making a mistake. Sometimes an artist gets bogged down in commercial work, never goes back to the other."

"You won't get bogged down," I said stoutly. "And it can't possibly hurt you, because your work is so fresh and original that it's bound to attract a great deal of attention."

When we parted on the sidewalk, he gave a wry smile that I found terribly endearing and said, "Thanks for listening. You're nice. I like you."

After that it became a habit for us to have coffee after his studio visits. I would sit enthralled while he talked about art and life and the problems a serious artist has to face.

We would part on the sidewalk, he to hurry off to some unknown destination, I to stand there, watching his lanky retreating figure, wondering if he would ever ask me for a real date.

I worked like mad, ferreting out assignments for him that I thought he might find artistically rewarding. I even talked Ben Martino into raising his price. That took a little doing. "Sure, he's a brilliant boy," Ben said, "and he's no doubt worth more than he's getting now. I could probably make the clients pay more money, but I don't want to."

I said, "Well, for heaven's sake, why not? The more he makes, the more you make."

He looked at me in a frowning-smiling way. He was an awfully nice man, and I liked him very much. Although he was only thirty, I think I'd somehow transferred my feeling for my father to him.

I had been working for him for a year and had never seen him outside business until one day Julie stopped by to pick me up. When I introduced them, Ben did the goggle-eyed bit most men went through at first sight of Julie.

He said, "Well, if you two lovelies think you can leave me now, you're straight out of your minds. I'm taking you to the Four Seasons and showing you off and feeding you high off the hog."

We had a fine time, and after that he'd take us out once a week or so, and it was always a fun evening. I tried subtly to build up a romance between Ben and Julie, because Ben was the kind of man I thought Julie needed. But although Julie seemed to like him very much, she didn't pay any more attention to him that she did to the other men in her life.

Anyway, that day I was needing Ben to get Mike's price

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

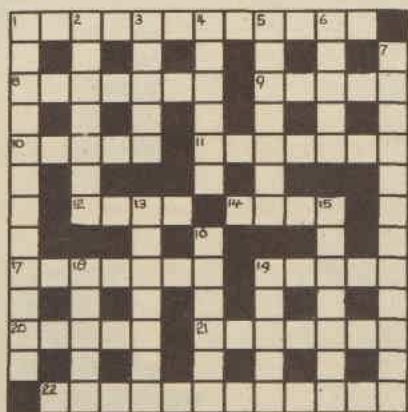
Mandrake is on the brink of a new adventure. He and Narda are visiting a scientist who is an old friend. The scientist tells them a star he had been observing for many years suddenly vanished. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Science of church matters presented on a loose G.I. cycle (12).
- To red we soared (7).
- Transfer a mitre (5).
- Everything to turn to distribute in portions (5).
- Bombay duck (7).
- Cram into a scholarship acknowledgement (4).
- Unit of mass (4).
- Elephant drivers (7).
- No bid for this Sydney seaside suburb (5).
- Nine must play it (5).
- Side tag (Anagr., 7).
- This must be the weight of a crown (7, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Alienation with queer people inside (12).
- Flower easily found in a dairy farm (7).
- Greet a white heron (5).
- Where you are when you owe money (2, 4).
- Maker of bits and spurs (7).
- Letter of the Greek alphabet (5).
- A resolute human being, but once women claiming equality with men (6-6).
- A bunch (7).
- American Indian spirit with supernatural power (7).
- Arrest a teacher for a landed property (6).
- Native of India whose head forms the rear (5).
- Small airship representing a type of dihard or resolute (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 11, 1961

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 4344, G.P.O., Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7334.—Cool summer housefrock in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7289.—Beach set of tunic and shorts. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7290.—Pinafore frock and blouse in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Frock takes 4½yds. 36in. material. Blouse requires 2½yds. 36in. material, plus 1yd. 2in. guipure lace edging. Price 4/6.

F7291.—Jumper suit with slim skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F7292.—Suit with gored skirt, loose top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5500.—Child's playsuit in sizes one to four years. Requires 1yd. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast trim. Price 3/6.



F7291

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 548—BEACH SET
Smart top and shorts outfit, available cut out ready to make in striped cotton. Colors are red, turquoise, pink, and pale blue, all with a white stripe. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/3. Postage 2/- extra.

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Pretty duchesse set is available cut out clearly traced to embroider on cream, white, pink, and green Irish linen. Price is 8/9, plus 2/- postage.

No. 550—CHILD'S FROCK
Pretty frock for the junior miss. Material is a "nautical" design printed cotton in navy, red, coffee, and green, all with a white stripe. Sizes two to four years, 22/6; six and eight years, 27/6. Postage 2/- extra.



548

549

550

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

raised. He said, "Sure, the more he makes, the more I make. But let's not spoil him. Let's not make it so soft for him that he'd never want to get out of this sort of thing. Did I ever tell you I'm a frustrated artist?"

"You know very well that you never tell me anything about yourself," I said.

"Well, I, too, wanted to be a serious painter. Unfortunately, I realised that I couldn't make the grade. This seemed the next best thing. So now I'm a businessman, but my heart's still in the Highlands, and it goes out to the real thing when I see it. Mike Justin has it. And he'll be great someday if he doesn't get sidetracked."

I must have glowed, because he said: "You like him a lot, don't you?"

I said, "Yes, I guess so."

He looked at me, frowning, and then he shrugged. "Well, all right."

Continuing . . . JULIE AND I

from page 76

You win. I'll get him more money."

I had my first real date with Mike a few days after Julie left on an assignment in Mexico. She had departed with four other models and two photographers and trunks of resort clothes. It was a dream assignment and even Julie had come out of her cloudland long enough to get excited about it.

Perhaps it was Julie's absence that gave me the courage to invite Mike to dinner. Julie had never met Mike, and I had never discussed him with her. But when he arrived, sniffing

appreciatively at the fragrance of baking chicken, I knew why I'd waited until now. I was glad Julie was away. I hoped that before he met her he would be sufficiently in love with me not to have his beauty-loving head turned by the sight of Julie.

Before he left that night he kissed me. It wasn't much of a kiss, but it was enough to dream of.

All through the rest of that beautiful June I saw him nearly every evening. He would come to the apartment, bringing food I'd cook while he hovered at my elbow. Then we'd go for walks or simply sit in the apartment, talking hour after hour.

Once, stretching contentedly after dinner, with his latest drawings spread out on the floor for my inspection, he said, "This is nice. I never gave it any thought before, but I guess a man should be married."

My heart leaped. Ask me! Ask me! I cried silently; but he didn't pursue the subject, although his parting kiss was particularly tender.

Julie was due back the end of the month, and we were to take our vacations together the first two weeks of July. As the time approached I became more and more reluctant to leave Mike. Then just before Julie was to return she wired that she couldn't tear herself away from Mexico for a while.

I cancelled her plane and hotel reservations and packed in a state of deep depression. Ben said he'd keep an eye on Julie if she arrived before

I returned, and I left for Canada. Never in my life had I been less interested in going off on a holiday.

Canada was beautiful, and I guess it would have been fun if I hadn't been so lonely for Mike. I knew he hated letter writing, but I was disappointed he didn't communicate in any way at all.

The beginning of my second week I received a postcard from Ben, saying, "Julie is back. She swept into the studio yesterday looking more gorgeous than ever. Mike was here, and we went out for cocktails. We missed you."

I tried to read something into that last sentence. Had Mike said he missed me, or was Ben speaking for only himself and Julie? And what had Julie thought of Mike? More important, I wondered apprehensively, what had Mike thought of Julie?

I had never left a vacation paradise more willingly. My plane got to New York around noon, and as soon as I reached the apartment I called Julie at the agency.

She said, "Sweetie, I can't wait to see you. I have so much to tell you! I'll be home around four, and please be there!"

I assured her I would, and then I called Mike. I'd hoped for some great show of delight, but his greeting was merely a pleasant, "Well, hello. When did you get back?"

I said, "Just a little while ago, and I can't tell you how blissful it is. How are things, and how about coming for dinner tonight?"

He said quickly, "Will Julie be there?" I felt a stab of fear. I said, "I don't know, why?"

HE hesitated for a moment. Then he said, "Look, why don't we have lunch tomorrow instead? I've got to talk with you."

I said flatly, "What about?"

"About Julie, damn it," he exploded. "I'm going out of my mind. I didn't expect it to happen. I certainly didn't want it to happen. You've got to understand. You and I didn't have any—well, I mean, there wasn't anything really serious between us, was there?"

I said, "No," while all the blood ran out of my veins.

He said, "I've heard it happens this way, but I never believed it. The minute I saw her it was like lightning striking."

I thought, I must hang up. But my hand seemed as dead as the rest of me.

He said, "Well, how about lunch tomorrow? I must talk with you."

"I'll let you know," I said, and hung up. And then I went completely to pieces. When I stopped crying, I bathed my face and made myself unpack. Where everything was neatly put away I sat down and thought about Julie, with anger and hatred and jealousy.

How happy she had sounded on the telephone! "I have so much to tell you!" And how happy I'd been to hear her voice. Only I hadn't known, then, what the terrible thing was she had to tell me.

To page 86

Our transfer

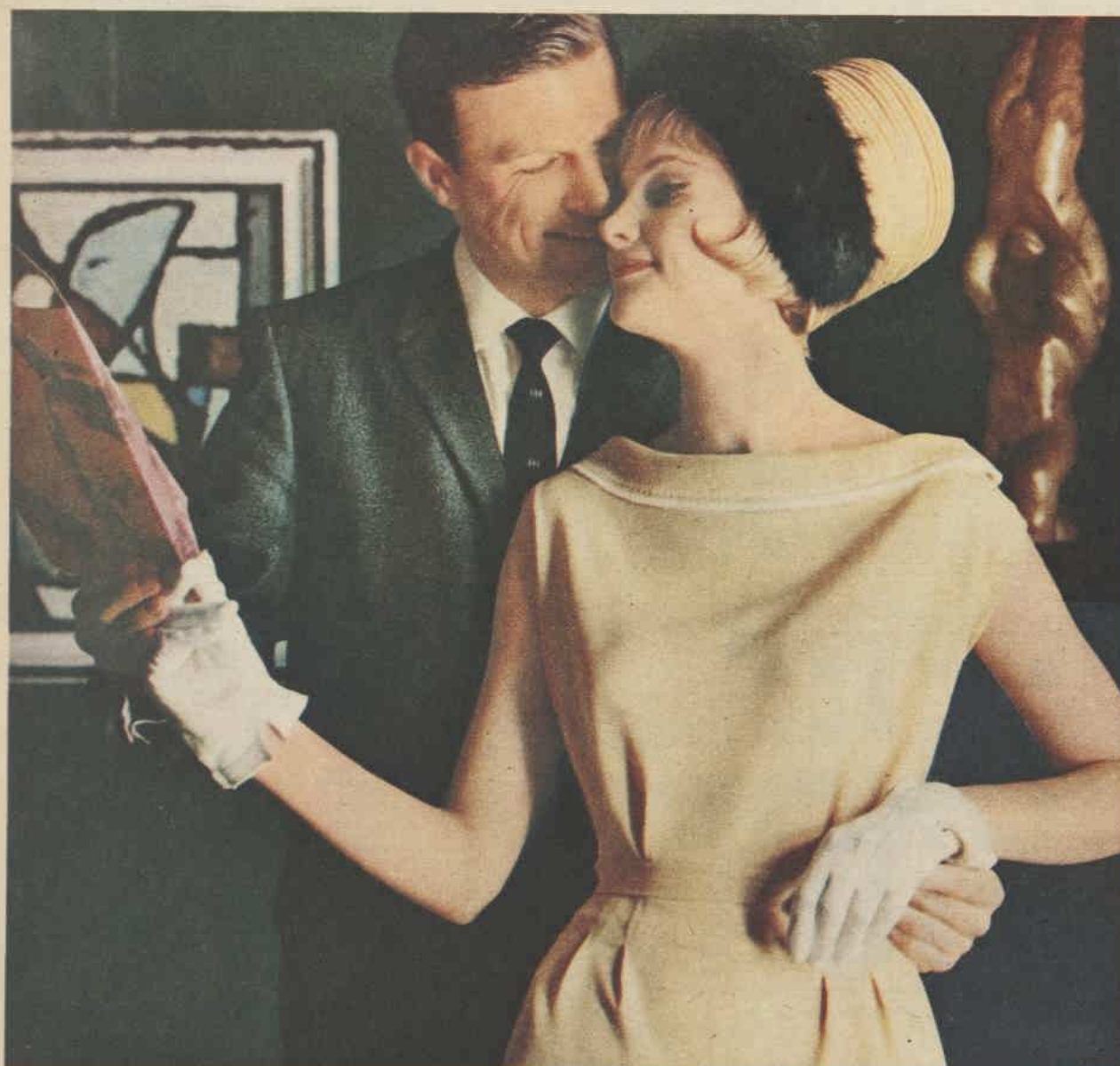


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HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.
See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

LESSON 31: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

FRUIT PRESERVING: Part 1

—Methods and outfits

BY preserving fruit at home the housewife can make use of seasonal crops and build up a reserve stock to be served when the fruit is out of season.

Preserving fruit by bottling it is a simple task if suitable equipment is available and the fruit is selected, prepared, and processed carefully.

METHODS

Any one of the following methods of preserving can be used successfully:

- With a commercial bottling outfit used according to manufacturer's directions.
- In a home-improvised water-bath such as copper or large boiler.
- In oven (gas or electric), where a steady heat can be maintained.
- In a pressure cooker-canner, used according to manufacturer's directions.
- By hot-pack method (reducing fruit to a pulp by cooking in usual way and then bottling and processing the hot pulp).

SUITABLE JARS

Sound, smooth-rimmed, unchipped glass jars fitted with rubber rings for perfect sealing, glass or lacquered metal lids (lacquer prevents corrosion by fruit acids) and metal clip, screw bands or metal spring cap to hold lid firmly in position while processing.

Wide-necked jars make packing of fruit much easier.
Wash in hot soapy water, rinse, turn upside down to drain; soak rubber bands in cold water; check lids for correct fit.

Note: New rubbers must be used each time.

SYRUP USED

The syrup used for bottling fruit has an important effect on color and flavor of the finished product. The syrup is prepared before the fruit and allowed to cool, or it can be used hot for bottling in oven.

Bring sugar and water slowly to the boil, simmer 5 minutes. Strain through muslin into large jug for easy pouring into jars. Allow approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup to each pint jar.

TYPES OF SYRUP

Light Syrup: Allow 1 cup sugar to 3 cups water.

Medium Syrup: Allow 1 cup sugar to 2 cups water.

Heavy Syrup: Allow 1 cup sugar to 1 cup water.

Note: Most fruits are bottled in medium syrup, but light syrup is best for apples; heavy syrup is best for figs.

PREPARING FRUIT

Choose barely ripe, firm, dry fruit free from bruises.

Prepare according to type:

Apricots, nectarines, plums: Wash, leave unpeeled.

Apples, quinces: Peel, core, cut into quarters, drop into salted water (1 teaspoon salt to 1 pint water) to preserve color. Rinse well before packing into jars.

Pears: Peel, halve, core, drop into salted water, rinse before packing.

Papaw, pineapple: Peel, core, slice or dice. Peaches: Immerse 2 minutes in boiling water, then in cold water, and slip skins off.

Berries: Wash, cook 3 to 4 minutes with equal weight of sugar but no water; syrup thus formed should be sufficient for bottling.

Cherries: Wash and remove stems.

Rhubarb: Wash, trim, cut into pieces.

Tomatoes: Immerse in boiling water a few seconds, remove and peel off skins.

Figs: Wash well, pack into jars either whole or halved.

Use a sharp, stainless-steel knife for any necessary peeling.

Large stone fruits are best halved and stoned before bottling because otherwise they take up excessive room and thus waste space.

PACKING JARS

Washed jars should be drained but not dried before use. Fruit is more easily packed without bruising if jar is wet.

1. Place rubber bands in position, flat and even.

2. Grade fruit according to size and ripeness.

3. Pack tightly into jars without bruising. Press gently into position with fruit packer or sterilised handle of wooden spoon, filling into jars to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of top.

4. Pour syrup over slowly to allow air to escape. Keep on adding syrup until jars are filled to overflowing.

5. Tap base of jar on knife-blade or shake sharply to release air bubbles, then fill up to top again with syrup.

6. Place lids and clips in position. If screw type is used, screw tightly, then unscrew a half-turn to allow steam and air to escape.

PROCESSING

WITH COMMERCIAL OUTFIT

Using commercial outfit or steriliser with thermometer attached:

1. Place filled jars in position on rack in steriliser.

2. Fill steriliser with water up to neck of smallest jar; this will be sufficient coverage for larger bottles.

3. Bring water slowly to temperature required, taking at least 1 hour.

4. Keep temperature steady for required time; see timetable below:

WITH HOME-MADE OUTFIT

Using a home-improvised water bath — a copper or large boiler fitted with a false bottom such as cake-cooler, wire rack, or wooden slats to allow steam to escape and prevent excessive bubbling (if false bottom cannot be fitted into copper or boiler, make pad of several thicknesses of cloth or newspaper and use it instead):

1. Place jars into copper or boiler with pad of cloth or newspaper between jars to prevent touching, rattling, or cracking.

2. Add water up to neck of smallest jar, cover boiler, bring slowly to simmering point (or 180 deg. F. if a thermometer is available), taking approximately 1½ hours, and maintain this temperature 15 to 30 minutes (35 minutes for quinces).

COOLING, CHECKING

1. Lift jars out on to folded cloth or rack away from draughts.

2. Tighten screwbands or press down gently on to clip.

3. Leave 24 hours.

4. Invert screw-top bottles and watch for leakage of syrup or air bubbles.

If seal is not correct, bottles must be processed again or contents used immediately.

COOKING TIMETABLE

FRUIT	With thermometer	Without thermometer
Apricots	160-165 deg. F.	15 to 20 mins.
Nectarines	15 minutes	
Plums		
Apples	175 deg. F.	10 minutes
	10 minutes	
Quinces	200 deg. F.	35 minutes
	1 hour	
Papaw	160 deg. F.	15-20 mins.
	15 minutes	
Pineapple	190 deg. F.	30 minutes
	1 hour	
Pears	200 deg. F.	20-25 mins.
	1 hour	
Peaches	180 deg. F.	25-30 mins.
	1 hour	
Berries	160 deg. F.	10 minutes
	15 minutes	
Cherries	170 deg. F.	15 to 20 mins.
	1 hour	
Figs	180 deg. F.	20 to 30 mins.
	1 hour	
Rhubarb	170 deg. F.	10 to 15 mins.
	30 minutes	
Tomatoes	190 deg. F.	20 to 25 mins.
	20 to 30 mins.	

NEXT WEEK: Fruit Preserving, Part 2



until
it rains
cats and dogs

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French couture millinery from the world-famous houses of Jean Barthelet and Madame Paulette. Photographed in Paris by Patrice Molinard.

MUSHROOMS GIVE FINE FLAVOR

● Mushrooms, once looked on as a special treat, are becoming a part of everyday fare and their mild but distinctive flavor is used to enhance both family and gourmet meals.

SPECIAL thanks are due to the people who have pioneered the mushroom-growing industry in Australia, because their efforts during the past few years have enabled growers to meet the ever-increasing demand for first-quality mushrooms at a price within the average budget. Cultivated mushrooms of excellent quality, from button size to three- and four-inch cups, are being produced throughout the year.

Tinned mushrooms in various sizes are readily available. The addition of even the smallest amount to many simple dishes gives a rich and distinctive flavor.

Tiny button mushrooms called champignons are also available in tins. These can be used in many dishes and are excellent as a garnish for special occasions.

Dried mushrooms can be bought in larger stores or those specialising in oriental foods. Dried mushrooms need washing, then soaking in hot water for 20 minutes before using. Their flavor is slightly different from the fresh or tinned varieties, so they give a unique taste to Chinese and Japanese foods.

For utmost flavor and food value use fresh mushrooms as soon as possible or if necessary store in refrigerator until ready for use. Clean cultivated mushrooms need only rinsing or wiping just before using, but field mushrooms need washing, sometimes peeling, and base of stem removed before cooking.

To help prevent cultivated mushrooms darkening on cooking, rinse with a little lemon juice in the water and add a few drops during cooking.

Mushroom stems should never be discarded. Use them with the tops or save and use to add flavor to stocks, sauces, or similar dishes.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all these recipes, which are planned to serve 4 to 6.

FILLETS OF SOLE MARGUERY

Six small fillets of sole, salt, pepper, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, 1 bayleaf, 1 sliced onion, few peppercorns, 3oz. butter, 3oz. flour, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream, 1 dozen small mushrooms, extra 2oz. butter, 1 bottle oysters (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small prawns (shelled), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Season fillets with salt and pepper, arrange in greased casserole. Pour over the water and white wine, add bayleaf, sliced onion, peppercorns. Cover, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until tender. Remove from oven, drain off liquid and reserve, keep fish hot while preparing sauce. Melt butter in saucepan, stir

in flour, and cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, stir over heat until thickened. Simmer 3 minutes. Fold in cream, season to taste with salt and pepper. Stand aside, keep hot. Prepare mushrooms, with small sharp knife flute each one carefully. Sauté lightly in heated butter; drain. Assemble dish: arrange sole on heated ovenproof platter, spoon over prepared sauce. Arrange fluted mushrooms, prawns, and oysters round edge of dish. Place in slow oven to reheat. Serve hot sprinkled with parsley.

MEAT LOAF AUSTRALIS

Half pound medium-sized mushrooms, 3oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage meat, 1 large finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, pinch mixed herbs, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 1 tomato, peas, corn, and mashed potatoes.

Prepare mushrooms and cut 4 or 5 into slices, chop remainder. Sauté separately in heated butter; drain. Arrange sliced mushrooms over base and sides of greased loaf-tin, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Combine in basin the steak, sausage meat, chopped sautéed mushrooms, onion, tomato sauce, herbs, extra breadcrumbs, and egg; season with salt and pepper, mix well together. Carefully press into mushroom-lined tin, place in moderately slow oven. Bake 1 to

1½ hours. Remove from oven when cooked, drain off any fatty liquid. Turn out on to heated platter, top with tomato slices. Arrange swirls of mashed potato and piles of peas and corn round dish. Serve piping-hot.

SUNSHINE CASSEROLE

Two cups cooked rice, 2½ cups finely grated carrots, 1½ cups grated tasty cheese, 2 eggs (well beaten), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon butter (melted), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sautéed lightly).

Combine all ingredients in basin, toss well together. Place into greased 1½-quart casserole dish, cover, and bake in slow oven 45 minutes.

FAVORITE MUSHROOM SAUCE

Quarter pound mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 4oz. butter, 2oz. flour, 2 cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk.

Prepare mushrooms and chop roughly, using stems as well. Heat half the butter in small frying-pan, add mushrooms and lemon juice; sauté a few minutes; drain. In separate saucepan melt remaining butter, stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk, cook

over heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, remove from heat, fold in beaten egg-yolk and cream or evaporated milk. Reheat but do not boil. Serve hot with vegetables such as carrots, broccoli, and cauliflower.

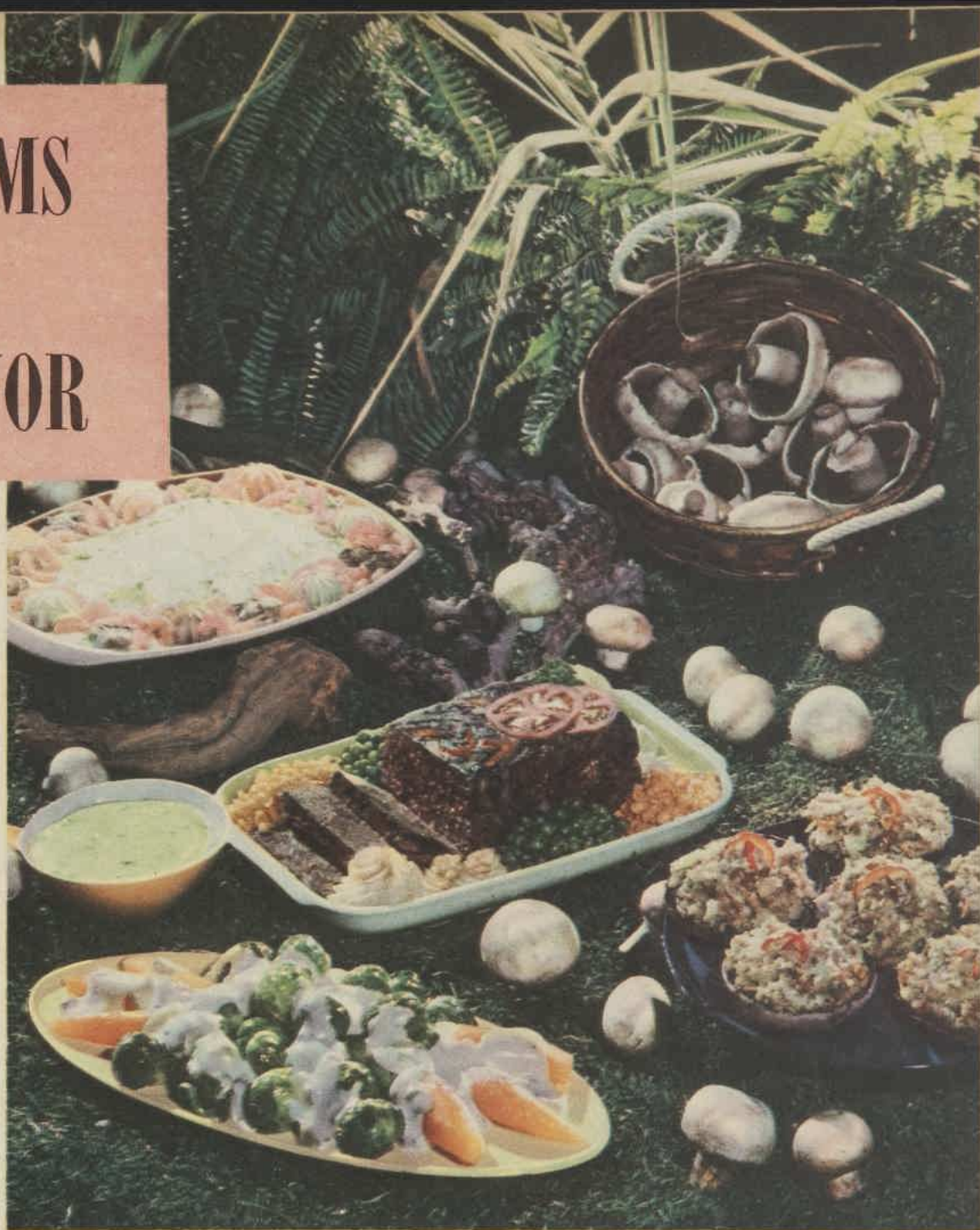
PICTON STUFFED MUSHROOM CAPS

Six large mushrooms, 3oz. butter, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped ham, 1 small finely chopped onion, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, extra red pepper for garnish.

Prepare mushrooms, remove stems (reserve for later). Arrange mushroom caps in greased baking-dish, dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven, top each evenly with prepared stuffing (see below). Return to oven, bake further 15 minutes or until stuffing is piping-hot and mushrooms tender. Serve hot garnished with red pepper strips.

Stuffing: Place breadcrumbs in bowl, add chopped parsley, ham, onion, chopped eggs, red pepper. Season with salt and pepper, bind together with mayonnaise. Use as directed.

Continued on page 83



SELECTION OF DISHES which are enhanced with the flavor of mushrooms is shown above. They are Fillets of Sole Marguery, Meat Loaf Australis, Favorite Mushroom Sauce, and Picton Stuffed Mushroom Caps. Recipes below.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



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Continuing . . .

Mushrooms give fine flavor

DELICIOUS Potage Charalaise is given a gourmet flavor with the addition of mushrooms. See recipe.



POTAGE CHARALAISE

One clove garlic, 4 tablespoons olive oil or butter, 2 onions (sliced thickly), 1lb. mushrooms (prepared, sliced), 1 tin whole tomatoes or 1lb. skinned tomatoes, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 cup stock, salt, cayenne pepper, 1 cup burgundy, little marjoram or thyme, 1lb. prawns (shelled and chopped), 1lb. crab, lobster, or any flaked fillet fish.

Brown crushed garlic and onions in heated oil or butter. Add mushrooms, saute gently 5 minutes. Add whole tomatoes and juice or chopped tomatoes, puree, tomato paste, and stock; simmer 20 minutes. Season well with salt and pepper, add burgundy and marjoram or thyme. Fold in seafood, simmer further 15 minutes. Serve hot.

SPANISH PANCAKES

Half pound sausage meat, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup finely chopped onion, 1lb. chopped cooked meat, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch chilli powder, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 1/2 cups cooked chopped spinach, 1lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 1/2 cups milk, 3 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup cornmeal, 2-3rd cup flour, 1 cup tomato puree, 1/2 cup tomato sauce.

Place sausage meat in saucepan, allow to brown lightly. Add crushed garlic, onion, cooked meat, and continue cooking 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Mix in salt, chilli powder, mixed herbs, spinach, mushrooms. Beat eggs, milk, and salt with flour and cornmeal until smooth. Spoon on to heated greased griddle or frying-pan, cook only on one side (make 12 pancakes). Place small amount of filling on uncooked side of each pancake, roll up. Arrange in large greased shallow dish. Heat sauce and puree, pour over pancakes. Bake uncovered in moderate oven 25 minutes. Serve piping-hot.

STEAK SQUARES

Four squares blade or topside steak, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 onions (sliced), 1lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 tin condensed cream of mushroom soup, 2-3rd cup stock or milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard.

Brown steaks in fat or oil. Remove from pan, saute onion and mushroom slices until tender. Drain all on absorbent paper. Combine soup, stock, parsley, seasonings. Place alternate layers of steak, onion, and mushroom slices in greased casserole, pour soup mixture over. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

LASAGNA WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Two tablespoons oil or fat, 1 clove garlic, 1 sliced onion, 3 cups chopped mushrooms, 1 large tin peeled tomatoes or 1lb. skinned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons tomato paste blended with 2 tablespoons hot water, salt, pepper, 1lb. lasagna noodles, 2 cups grated tasty cheese.

Heat oil in pan, add crushed garlic and onion, saute until lightly browned; remove. Add chopped mushrooms to pan and brown; remove. Add chopped tomatoes and sauteed onion to pan, cook slowly about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally until pulpy. Add tomato paste and water, simmer further 15 minutes. Return mushrooms to pan, season well with salt and pepper, simmer further 15 minutes. Place lasagna noodles in saucepan of boiling salted water, boil rapidly 10 minutes; drain, wash under cold running water. Assemble dish; cover base of greased casserole with layer of noodles, spoon over little sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese.

Continue in layers until all ingredients are used, finishing with topping of sauce and grated cheese. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

BRER RABBIT FRICASSEE

Two young rabbits (cleaned and cut into sections), 1-3rd cup flour, salt, pepper, 1/2 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1/2 cup diced salt pork, 1 clove garlic, 1 onion (thinly sliced), 1 bayleaf, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1/2 cup diced celery, 2 cups stock, 1/2 cup sherry, 1 1/2 cups sour cream, 6oz. tin button mushrooms, 2 teaspoons cornflour, paprika and parsley to garnish.

Soak rabbits in cold water 1 hour. Dry, coat with mixture of flour, salt, pepper, and mixed herbs. Fry pork, brown rabbit pieces with garlic in pork fat, then discard garlic. Add onion, saute until tender. Place rabbit, pork, onion, bayleaf, parsley, and celery in greased casserole. Combine stock, sherry, and 1/2 cup sour cream, pour over. Cover lightly, bake in moderate oven 1 1/2 hours, stirring occasionally and adding little extra liquid if necessary. When rabbit is tender, stir in mushrooms, salt, pepper. Add cornflour (blended with little water) to gravy, top dish with remaining sour cream. Return to oven to heat through, and finally garnish with paprika and parsley.

MUSHROOM VICHYSOISE

One ounce butter, 1/2 cup finely chopped onion, leek, or chives, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 cup scalded milk, 1lb. mushrooms (chopped finely), 1 cup stock, 1/2 cup cream, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Blend butter and onion into mashed potato; season with salt, pepper. Slowly add scalded milk. Cook mixture in double boiler 5 minutes. Meanwhile in separate saucepan combine mushrooms and stock; simmer together 15 minutes. Slowly fold into potato mixture, heat thoroughly through. Add cream, pour into soup dishes. Serve garnished with parsley. This soup can be served hot or cold.

SCRAMBLED EGGS DE LUXE

Two ounces butter, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1lb. mushrooms (sliced thinly), 1 1/2 cups green peas (parboiled 10 minutes or use frozen peas), 4 well-beaten eggs, 1/2 cup grated tasty cheese, salt, pepper, 4 slices toast, parsley.

Melt butter in pan, add onion, saute until lightly browned. Add mushrooms, saute further 10 minutes. Simmer gently until liquid evaporates. Add peas, cook 5 minutes. Fold in eggs, cook until almost hard. Add cheese, season well with salt and pepper, stir vigorously for few seconds, then quickly spoon mixture on to hot toast. Serve at once sprinkled with chopped parsley.

VEGETABLE CARNIVAL

Half pound mushrooms (sliced and lightly sauteed), 1/2 cup cooked peas, 1/2 cup cooked sliced carrots, 1/2 cup cooked beans, 1/2 cup cooked celery, 1 small onion (grated), 1-3rd cup tomato sauce, 1 tin condensed cream of mushroom soup, salt and pepper to taste, 1/2 cup breadcrumbs, 3 slices bacon.

Arrange mushrooms, peas, carrots, beans, and celery in layers in 1 1/2-quart casserole. Combine onion, tomato sauce, soup, salt, and pepper. Pour over vegetables, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, place bacon rashers across top of dish. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Continued overleaf

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COUNTY CHOP BAKE

Six hogget or lamb chump chops, seasoned flour, 2 sliced onions, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 lb. sliced mushrooms, 1½ cups tomato puree, 1 cup stock, salt, pepper, oregano, 1 pkt. frozen peas or fresh peas, parsley.

Dust chops with seasoned flour, fry in hot fat until lightly browned all over (about 5 to 8 minutes). Remove from pan, drain. Add sliced onions and mushrooms to pan, sauté until softened. Remove and drain. Arrange layers of chops, onion, and mushroom mixture in greased casserole. Combine tomato puree, stock, salt, pepper, oregano, pour

over ingredients in casserole. Cover, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve with cooked peas.

MUSHROOM RELISH

Two and a half cups pickled mushrooms (see recipe), ½ cup minced red and green pepper, ½ cup minced green olives, ½ cup minced black olives, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon mace, pinch powdered ginger, pinch ground black pepper, 1 small gherkin (minced), 1 small pickled onion (minced), 2 tablespoons dry sauté.

Combine all ingredients, mix well.

RUSSIAN DELICACY

One and a half pounds small mushrooms, 1 cup butter, 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar, pinch cayenne pepper, pinch powdered ginger, salt, 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon paprika.

Heat butter in pan, add prepared whole mushrooms, sauté a few minutes. Cover, cook slowly 10 minutes. Uncover, fold in vinegar, pepper, ginger, and salt. Cover, simmer further 10 minutes. Remove from heat, pour on to hot platter, spoon over sour cream, sprinkle with paprika. Serve hot.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS

(Pickled mushrooms can be served cold the day they are made or kept indefinitely under refrigeration. Serve as condiment with fish or bland meat.)

Three pounds mushrooms (small button type is best), white vinegar, olive oil, 1 tablespoon mixed pickling spice, salt.

Put mushrooms in large saucepan, wash thoroughly in warm water. Rinse well under cold running water. Return to saucepan, cover with mixture of half vinegar and half hot water. Season with salt. Bring mixture to boil and boil 15 minutes. Drain liquid off into another pan, cool mushrooms. Meanwhile put small wooden spoon in the hot liquid to soak (this will sterilise it). Combine equal parts of olive oil and vinegar (less than 2 cups should do), add spice. Fill sterilised jars one-quarter full with liquid, add mushrooms, pack down well with liquid, add mushrooms, pack down well with liquid, with the wooden spoon. Fill jars to overflowing with remainder of oil-vinegar mixture. Cover, store in cool place.

EGGS DIABLE

Eight hard-boiled eggs, 4 tablespoons chopped mushrooms (sautéed lightly), 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 4 anchovy fillets (minced), 2 tablespoons cream, dash tabasco sauce, 1 tin tomato soup, ½ cup milk, ½ cup grated cheese.

Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Scoop out yolks, mix with mushrooms, chives, anchovies, cream, and sauce. Stuff into egg-whites. Place in greased shallow casserole, pour over mixture of milk and soup. Top with grated cheese, bake in moderate oven to heat through.

DEVILED MUSHROOMS

One pound small whole mushrooms, 1 cup meat stock, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons dry mustard, ½ cup skim milk, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 2 tablespoons olive oil, pinch cayenne pepper.

Combine mushrooms with stock in saucepan, boil steadily 15 minutes. Uncover, simmer until liquid has evaporated considerably. Meanwhile in bowl combine the flour, mustard, gradually stir in the skim milk, vinegar, olive oil, cayenne pepper. Drain mushrooms thoroughly, add to mixture. Chill. Serve as hors-d'oeuvre or as condiment with meat.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Four green peppers, 4 cups mushroom stems or roughly chopped mushrooms, 4oz. butter, 4 slices bread (soaked in 1 cup stock), salt, cayenne pepper, 2 finely chopped onions, 12 green olives (minced), 2 cups stock.

Parboil peppers 5 minutes in salted water; cool. Cut off caps ¼ in. from top and reserve. Clean out pepper seeds and fibres, working carefully so as not to cut the walls. Prepare stuffing: Heat butter in large pan, add mushrooms, sauté lightly. Squeeze out stock from bread, adding what is squeezed out to the 2 cups stock. Add bread to mushrooms with seasonings, onion, olives. Simmer 10 minutes. Fill mixture into peppers, place caps back on peppers. Arrange in baking-dish, pour round the stock. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

PRAWNS ELEGANCE

Half pound mushrooms, 2-3rd cup stock, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 bayleaf, 3 tablespoons oil, 3½ cups prawns, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, piece lemon peel, 1½ cups sour cream.

Slice mushrooms. Heat oil in saucepan, sauté mushrooms lightly. Place in top of double saucepan with prawns, tomato paste, stock, salt, pepper, bayleaf, lemon peel. Cook over hot water 15 minutes. Stir in sour cream, heat through without boiling. Remove bayleaf before serving.

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Readers' recipes

A Victorian reader wins the £5 main prize in this week's recipe contest for a tasty beef and vegetable casserole topped with dumplings.

A SAVORY seafood dish suitable to serve at a luncheon or as an entree wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

STEAK CASSEROLE WITH PINEAPPLE DUMPLINGS

One and a half pounds topside or blade steak, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 onions, 1 carrot (sliced into rings), 1 diced green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 10oz. tin cream of celery soup, 2 cups water or stock.

Cut steak into 1in. cubes, coat with flour, salt and pepper. Fry in heated fat until browned on all sides. Arrange in greased casserole. Add sliced onion to pan, saute lightly; spoon into casserole. Combine celery soup with water, add to casserole with the tomato sauce, carrot, celery, and green pepper. Cover, bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until meat is tender. Prepare dumplings.

Pineapple Dumplings: One and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed drained pineapple, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped ham, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 dessertspoons melted butter, 1oz. grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt, cayenne pepper into basin, rub in butter and add the pineapple, ham, and celery. Mix to soft dough with milk. Drop mixture in dessertspoonfuls into simmering casserole, sprinkle over the melted butter, grated cheese, and breadcrumbs which have been mixed together. Bake uncovered in hot oven further 20 minutes. Serve piping-hot with green vegetables.

First Prize of £5 to Miss V. Windmill, Elliminyt, via Colac, Vic.

DEVILLED SEAFOOD SAVORY

Two ounces butter, 2oz. flour, 2 cups milk, 8oz. cooked fish (cod or similar), 1 small tin lobster or crab paste, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), salt, pepper, 4oz. browned breadcrumbs, extra 1oz. butter, chopped parsley and paprika to garnish.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, add milk. Cook over heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens.

HOME HINTS

• These kitchen hints from readers win a prize of £1/1/- each.

A FEW drops of vinegar added to your fish-batter mixture will make it crisp and brown. — Mrs. S. Kutcher, c/o District Hospital, Clare, S.A.

Add grated, raw onion to mashed potatoes and the family will be back for a second helping. — Mrs. P. Frazer, 172 Hancock Street, Killarney, W.A.

If you have run out of eggs, a good substitute when making cakes or biscuits is a tablespoon of milk mixed with a level dessertspoon of custard powder. — Miss M. Tigell, Jones' Gully, Crow's Nest, Qld.

To speed up the creaming of butter and sugar, dip your wooden spoon into hot water before beginning. — Mrs. B. C. Davis, 15 Lucas Street, Bellerive, Hobart.

Thread sausages on a steel skewer before putting them in the frying-pan. They can then be turned all together quickly and easily. — Mrs. J. N. Burke, 115 Roslyn Street, Middle Brighton, Vic.

If you have a hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

Remove from heat, add flaked fish, lobster paste, lemon juice, hard-boiled egg pieces; simmer 3 minutes, then season with salt and pepper to taste. Pile mixture into greased ramekins, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with extra butter. Bake in moderately hot oven about 15 minutes. Serve piping-hot decorated with parsley and paprika.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Wilkinson, 15 Balmoral Ave., Berkeley, S.A.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's question about an antique.

SOME years ago I received a cup and saucer, both of which are heart-shaped and trimmed with gold. There are no markings that I can see. I would like to know its origin and age, please.—Mrs. B. McArthur, West Kempsey, N.S.W.

Your cup and saucer were made in Germany or Austria, probably in the 1870-80 period.

For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



HEART-SHAPED cup and saucer owned by Mrs. McArthur, West Kempsey, N.S.W.

SCIENCE
LATEST!

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Clinic's unique formula combines scalp cleanser, hair conditioner and entirely new anti-dandruff ingredient.

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hair shining with health, so easy to brush and comb. So exhilarating. Clinic-clean your hair this week. Your scalp will feel gloriously clean, delightfully refreshed. Shampoo with new Blue Clinic every week . . . you'll never see a speck of dandruff again! Your hair will lead a shining new life. Bottles 4/6 and 6/9. Bubble 1/4.

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While I waited for her, something made me think of the long-ago summer when I was fifteen. I found myself remembering that Roland Livingston, the boy Julie had also stolen from me, had had the same falling lock of dark hair Mike had. Had I loved Mike because subconsciously he reminded me of that dimly remembered first love? It was horrifying that it had happened again like this.

Something impelled me to search through one of our overcrowded closets until I found the snapshot album I'd started when I was twelve. I went quickly through the front part until I arrived at the pictures of that summer.

And then I came upon what I was searching for, although I didn't really know I was searching for it. The picture bore beneath it a legend in my fancy, white-painted script: "Julie,

Continuing . . . JULIE AND I

from page 78

at Pine Haven." There she stood, outlined against a grey sea, in a bathing-suit that pitilessly revealed how tall and thin she was.

Suddenly I felt as if my heart would break, and I didn't know if it must break for me or that long-gone young Julie. I remembered her saying, that day when I'd set out, full of anger and hate, to find her, "Wasn't it wonderful of God to give us a love of beauty?"

Now I realised how sensitive she had always been and how she must have suffered, being called "Legs" and "String Bean." And I found

myself thinking that she had always had an inner quality of beauty, and that gradually the outside of her had grown to match it.

When I'd been fifteen I had probably derived some satisfaction from thinking Julie had been shy and underhand in stealing Roland from me, but I was adult now and I knew that with Roland, as with Mike, she hadn't had to do a single thing to make them fall in love with her. Just being there was enough.

I was still in a horrible state, feeling bruised inside and out, when she finally came home. She was glowing like a lit-up Christmas tree, and when she hugged me I didn't know whether to cry or laugh.

"Well, let me look at you. How have you been?" she said.

"Oh, fine," I said, hoping she wouldn't notice the traces of tears.

"Well, hey, you don't sound very fine." Then she gave me the wide, brilliant smile. "Sweetie, the most wonderful of wonderful things has happened. I'm in love!"

I said dully, "Yes, I know."

She looked surprised. "Well, how could you possibly know?"

"Mike told me."

"Mike? Mike Justin? What does he know about it?"

"Well, who should know better? He told me he's in love with you."

"Oh, nonsense. Mike's in love with himself and his art; that's all he's in love with."

It was so unexpected it was shocking, and for a moment I couldn't comprehend. I said, "You mean it's not Mike?"

"Of course it's not Mike. What would you or I want with the likes of him? It's Richy Barnaby, one of the photographers who was on our Mexican jaunt. He's the only man who's ever made me feel like a real person, like me, not just a freak."

"You know how self-conscious I've always been. I've always envied you because you were so smart and sure of yourself. And you never had to die a million deaths because you were a freaky old string bean." She still didn't know how beautiful she was.

"You're one of the most beautiful women in the country," I told her. "Doesn't that give you confidence?"

"That? They dress me up and put the lights on me just right, and all it amounts to is that I'm still just a freak."

I felt a twinge of guilt. It was I who had pushed her, prodded her into making a beautiful spectacle of herself.

"Anyway," Julie said, "I'm finished with all that. Richy hates it, too, and he loves Mexico the way I do. We're going to live there, and he has a million ideas about what he wants to do with photography there." She stopped and gave me a searching look. "You weren't really terribly interested in Mike Justin, were you?"

I couldn't say anything. She went on, "Because this past week, when he's been making his artistic, romantic passes, all I could think of was that he's not good enough for you."

STILL I couldn't say anything. Even though I knew she was right and I could never love Mike again the way I had.

She said, "I've given a lot of thought to you and the men in your life, and I've wondered why you don't pay some attention to Ben. Now, there is a real man. And he's completely off his rocker about you."

I was struck dumb. When I finally found my voice, I said "Ben! You know he only comes around because of you."

"Listen, sweetie, they don't all like me better, you know. And Ben's one I could have really liked a lot if I hadn't known he was all yours."

It was really quite shocking. Ben in love with me? Ben, whom I'd tried to set up for Julie? It was hard to believe. Well, Ben, I thought wonderingly. You and your pseudo-fatherly attitude.

I was thinking of all the nice things about Ben that I'd taken for granted for so long, wondering how I could have been so obtuse, when the telephone rang.

Julie said, "After you, my dear Alphonse."

I said, "But no. After you, my dear Gaston."

And then we both laughed, practically doubling over. Finally, I pulled myself together, and as I went to answer the telephone I found myself hoping it would be Ben.

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Chrysanthemums



BENDIGO, one of the newer quilled chrysanthemums, has a delicate color combination. A good cutter and an excellent exhibition type.

● Chrysanthemums are often called "queens of autumn" — they bloom when summer has lost its sting.

OLD stands in the garden may now be lifted with a fork and the basal growths divided into single plants. These should be set out in beds that didn't carry chrysanthemums last season, for they are subject to several diseases and pests that may carry over in the new plants.

They all need an open, sunny position in fertile soil that is well drained. The leaf nematode, or eelworm, is probably the most troublesome pest. Spray early and often with malathion for control.

Leaf spot, rust, ray blight, and mildew are the most frequent diseases. Timely sprayings of Bordeaux mixture are advised.

New chrysanthemums worth trying include novelties like Alfred Simpson (buff, crimson reverse), Marie Castle (creamy-yellow). Others are Country Maid (golden-bronze incurve), Rose Bowl (orchid-pink incurve), and Shirley Perfection (bright pink, silver reverse).

Recently introduced decoratives include Kim (deepest mauve incurve), Margaret Castle (steel-bronze incurve), and Superlative (bell-shaped blooms of white). A new quilled type, Golden Bendigo (bronze), is now on offer, and Healesville Quill (rosy-mauve) is a beauty.

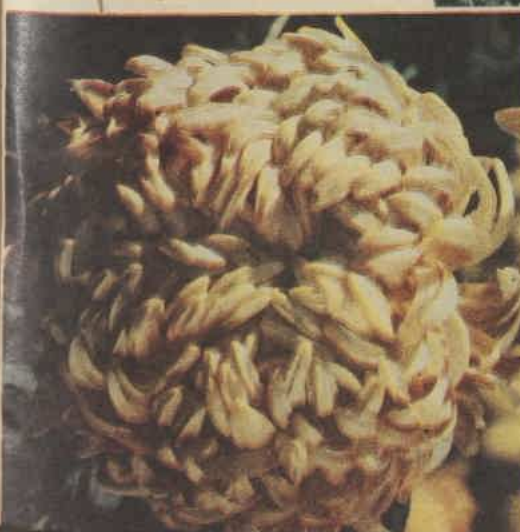
Mrs. E. D. Webb, an anemone chrysanthemum (wine shade overlaid with glistening green), is also worth adding to any collection.



BILLY BUTTON produces tiny golden balls on dwarf bushes. Is usually listed among the pompones. Useful for making up miniature decorative arrangements.



HELEN CASTLE, a high-domed clear white show bloom among the anemone-centred chrysanthemums. A consistent winner at exhibitions when well-grown and an excellent cutter.



LIONESS, a new decorative of a peculiar tawny shade. Rather shaggy in wet weather and should be given good protection from strong winds when flowering.

GARDENING



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October 11, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**JOHNNY
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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

make a wall and sit rumply-rumpy on it. to right side and stuff. Turn in raw edges. Cut gingham into two 10in. lengths for. CURTS (WHEELS) BY THE GARDEN. N

LETTERS

Cheaters by the dozen

IN many Sydney high schools cheating by pupils exists on quite a large scale. This is painfully obvious to me, a school-going newcomer to Australia.

At least the cheating is not generally organised, but the most usual methods are "helping" your neighbor, or sitting with the text-book open under the desk. An alternative is to rest the test-paper on the book in question and furtively look up the answers.

Teachers do not usually notice. Or, if they do, they seem to take the line of least resistance and say nothing, probably thinking, "cheats never prosper."

The students do not think cheating is harmful. The sad truth is that most boys and girls are proud of it. Incidentally, I do not attend a "bad" school, but one which has a good reputation and a high academic standard.

One girl proudly informed me that her class "is the biggest class of cheats in Sydney. Those teachers are so dumb they never know what goes on." This girl, I might add, is well liked and considered to be intelligent. I have also been told "I wouldn't have passed one history test this year if old so-and-so hadn't been so blind that she couldn't see we cheated."

I refused to let my neighbor look over my shoulder in a test, and it was horrifying to discover that many were calling me "stuck-up," "typical example of a chicken New Australian," and so on.

I realise that by writing this, the truth, students will rise in a very indignant body and "prove" that this letter is a pack of lies, that I am bigoted and goodness knows what else. Actually I love Sydney and the Sydneysiders and am very happy here.

The time to commence eradication of cheating is in primary

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR PIN-UP

• Johnny O'Keefe is our pin-up, on the cover. Johnny faded from show-business prominence after a serious accident last year, but seems to be making a come-back. A recent record is a big hit and he has signed a contract for a new TV show.

school. It should not be stopped by corporal punishment, as the scholars will then only cease cheating under fear of punishment. In America there is a successful "honor" system. All the students promise, on their honor, not to cheat in any way. This works so well that in some schools tests are written with no teacher in the room.

Can something be done in Sydney to save fine boys and girls from the despicable practice of cheating? After all, Australians are world-renowned for having a sense of fair play.—"Worried," N.S.W.

It's progress

A LOT of people have been complaining about the old songs being jazzed up. Why can't they be glad that at least they will know the words? After all, don't people modernise their old houses and clothes? Why shouldn't the songs be modernised, too? — Penny Burrell, Kyalite, N.S.W.

That's the spirit!

I AM 15 and still afraid of the dark. When I told my sister, her advice was: "If you are afraid of something, you must go towards it, then you'll see there is nothing to be afraid of." I went to the library, took out a book about ghosts, and sat that night in the laundry with a lamp reading it. I do hope someone can give me some better advice—because I am now too scared to go to bed!—"Need Help," Werrington, N.S.W.

The low-down

THE best discovery ever to hit the news—better than a man in space, better than a new LP by Elvis, better than a solution to the Berlin crisis—is a solution to having the blues. When you're beginning to feel low, immediately try to list the reasons why. The last time I found eight, ranging from the girl next to me in class getting on my nerves and having extra homework, to my not seeing a person I liked that morning, plus my funds being low.

Next, try to find possible solu-

BEATNIK



"But, son, it's not like you to let yourself go like this."

tions to the small problems—how about getting up early tomorrow and doing that homework? Once you're convinced there is a solution to everything—there is—"Sunshine," Ballarat, Vic.

How to travel?

HOW would you travel if you were to go overseas—by car, plane, or camel? And where would you go? I've just been abroad. I've been to Paris, Naples, Gibraltar, and Singapore, and I'd like to hear what other teens have to say about travelling.—Sue Sklan, Wilfield Avenue, Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Prize booby

WHEN Mr. Right was sitting in a car next to me at the big match of the season, what did I do? From a level-headed young lady in whom he was becoming interested I became a

loud-voiced schoolgirl. He realised how foolish he was being made, and walked away. I haven't seen him since. Is there a booby prize for a prize booby?—"Ying Tong," Goomalling, W.A.

Next week

IN our next issue we begin an absorbing series of articles, illustrated with magnificent color pictures, discussing famous periods of art during the past 1000 years. There's ALSO a story about top English rockers Cliff Richard and The Shadows (they're on the cover), who will tour Australia later this month. Our teenage chef, Debbie, offers a wonderful summer recipe. And there's a chic weekend wardrobe shown in color.

A BIG BATTLE OF WORDS—ABOUT WAR

"REALIST'S" friend has probably read the novel "1984" by George Orwell. The author describes our world, in 1984, as a world which is divided into three land masses. These land masses are continually worrying and forming alliances with one another with such alarming rapidity that the proletariat do not know who is friend or foe. Thus the three countries use war to consume surplus material, men, and man-hours. By arranging that the withdrawals equal the distances advanced, no territory is lost or gained. So a sound economic and social balance is maintained.—"Teenager," Punchbowl, N.S.W.

SURELY destruction by war is a gruesome and cruel way to create employment. In order for men to have work, millions of innocent women and children also must perish. As the world is today, if a war broke out there would be no men to carry out the reconstruction.—"Anti-Combat," Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

• "Realist" from Townsville, Qld., wrote (T.W. 30/8/61) that a very sophisticated friend has said that wars were "in a way necessary; that they created work," and that "little people" could do nothing to prevent them. Readers replied:

THE letter proved that "Realist's" sophisticated friend has never suffered any type of sorrow at all—I wonder how she would feel if her brothers or fiancé were killed in action. Surely the "benefits" of war are not justifiable when the thousands who are mentally and physically incapacitated and the millions of refugees who will never have a home or country they can call their own are taken into consideration.—"Let's be Peaceful," Kilburn, S.A.

I AGREE. Just before a war the countries of the world are quarrelsome, unsettled, and brooding over fears and troubles. When a war does come the world meets chaos and destruction, but the vari-

ous nations unite closely to aid one another and to help fight back. After a severe war every nation can start once more the building-up process. After a war, peace and goodwill is established. Wars ARE necessary.—S. Winston, Braemar Street, Essendon, Vic.

MOST intellectuals would have agreed with this sophisticated girl about 20 years ago. Her theory on the necessity of war still stands on logical grounds. But now the invention of nuclear and thermonuclear weapons could bring a fatal blow to humanity. We have now reached the point of no return, where we must choose between Peaceful Co-existence and complete liquidation of mankind.—"J.Z.," Wangaratta, Vic.

THE real cost of war is not measured in terms of the prices paid for the guns and ships, etc., but by the alternative things on which this money could have been spent. Destruction of any sort, even a broken window-pane, is not good for the community as a whole, although some people, such as glaziers, may benefit. During a war, the capital of a country is reduced, and thus labor, which could have been used to increase capital, now has to be used in order to replace that which has been lost.

"When a nation goes to war... the community is deprived not only of existing materials and valuable property, but also of the goods necessary for the welfare of a progressive community, that could have been produced with the resources used for the provision of the arms and equipment of war... The restoration of destroyed property leaves the nation no better off than it was before the destruction." (Quote from "Teach Yourself Economics," by S. Evelyn Thomas.)—Lorraine Mansfield, Southton Street, Mansfield, N.S.W.

FAREWELL TO SANDRA

IT'S goodbye this week to our comic-strip heroine SANDRA (see page 10). Her creator has ended his recording of her adventures—presumably so she can settle down to a quiet married life with private detective Mike Rogers. We're sure you join us in wishing her and Mike all the best!

This popular sport is a mystery to many—so, here's . . .

WHY don't you, too, join in the fun? Don't say, "I couldn't do it." You could, quite easily. Here are the **FOUR** main steps for the beginner. I've just tried and found them successful. Follow the lessons and with plenty of practice you'll be "hot-dogging" (riding confidently, expertly) something like champion style in a few months.

How to ride a surfboard

By **KERRY YATES**

TIPS FOR BEGINNERS

● Paste these handy hints in your beach hat:

- New surfboards can be bought from specialised board manufacturers or sporting stores, but for the beginner a second-hand surfboard will do fine. For a "bargain" board, ask a dealer, or scout around a surf club.
- Before taking your surfboard into the water, rub the top with paraffin wax, which is available at chemists. This stops you from slipping off the glass-like finished surface.
- The fashionable "zip-tweeds," those long cotton shorts that so many surfers prefer (they are comfortable) to ride in, can be made by cutting down an old pair of slacks or jeans.
- Look after your board. Don't drag the fin through the sand; carry it to the water's edge. Repair a split in

- the fibre-glass covering immediately.
- Keep clear of the experts, but close enough to note their movements. Don't, however, try cutting across another rider — it can mean trouble.
- If you take a tumble, try to fall clear of your surfboard and dive deep to avoid being struck by it.
- Most surfing beaches have special areas marked off for board-riders. If the beach where you're surfing has no such restricted area, keep clear of the water "between the flags," don't go near any large group of surfers "on foot."
- Practise on land, rising to a standing position in one movement. Lie flat and try to get to your feet by pushing up with your arms. This will soon become an automatic movement.



STEP ONE: Kneel or lie (whichever you prefer) on your surfboard so that it floats level in the water. Paddle out, swinging both arms together, beyond the breaking waves.



STEP TWO: To "crack" your first wave, lie flat. Let the first wave go by. When the second is about 20ft. behind start paddling until you feel the swell lifting you along.



STEP THREE: Making sure that your surfboard is moving with the wave, slowly rise to your feet (about three-quarter way back from the nose of the board) in one movement.



STEP FOUR: Bend your knees slightly, one foot in front of the other, and lift your arms to the sides. Try to lean a little forward and let the board make its own way to shore.

How lovely you look
to him tomorrow



Depends on how well you
clean your face tonight

Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine modern make-up. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly. Tonight, cream-cleanse your old make-up away with Pond's—the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down. Pond's cream-cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean—ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Available in Tubes and Jars.



Hat by courtesy of "Ann Austin"; Complexion by Pond's.

POND'S COLD CREAM

Cleanses, cools your skin—relaxes you

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's

C478



**Time (for
gloves) on
your hands?**

... HAVE FASHION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

By PATRICIA KENT

● Get to know these points about a most important part of your wardrobe — your gloves — and you will help that well-groomed look.

● WHEN TO WEAR THEM . . .

GLOVES are "in" (rather "on") at ceremonies such as funerals, weddings, christenings; at formal lunches and dinners; at dances, the theatre, the opera, and concerts (although many people don't and are still not wrong), and in the street when you are in a city or a large town.

● . . . AND TAKE THEM OFF

YOU may remove your gloves when you're indoors, except at formal dances or dinners. NEVER sit down to eat with gloves on—they must be removed before you sit at the table.

Some people keep their gloves on to smoke or eat at cocktail parties. This isn't correct and it's certainly not practical. Your gloves will get very dirty very quickly.

● WHAT TO WEAR—WHERE

THE most formal gloves are above-elbow length and made in glace kid or suede leather. Fabric gloves in these lengths are correct, too, except for the most ultra-formal occasions.

For ordinary wear, kid, doeskin, chamois, suede, antelope, or fabric gloves are all correct, and for driving or spectating—pigskin, knitted gloves, or gloves with leather palms are ideal.

● LONG OR SHORT?

ON those very formal occasions when you wear a long strapless dress there are only two correct lengths—opera (to the middle of the upper arm) or shoulder-length. A good rule is to have your glove meet your sleeve.

However, if your arms are your best feature, shortie gloves can be worn with almost anything.

Avoid having the top of your glove

too close to the end of a sleeve—it looks as though the sleeve has shrunk!

● THEY'RE MADE FROM? . . .

GLACE leather is made from skin finished on the hair side—it is smooth and shiny. Suede gloves have a dull surface and are made from skin finished on the flesh side. Fabric gloves can also be suede-finished.

● GLOVES AND JEWELLERY

NEVER wear rings over gloves. They look just awful. Sometimes, on formal occasions, a bracelet can be worn over long gloves. As a general rule, no jewellery outside your glove.

● GLOVES FOR BRIDES

YES, always a bride wears gloves if the wedding is formal. They should be white suede or kid—above-elbow for a short-sleeved dress, wrist-length if the sleeves are long. For an informal wedding gloves are not absolutely necessary, but if worn should be soft leather or fabric.

● A "ONE-BUTTON" GLOVE?

THIS term dates from the time when all gloves had buttons. Today it is only a measurement of length. A one-button glove measures 1 inch from the base of the thumb. Wrist-length gloves are called 2-button; bracelet 4-button; mid-arm 8-button; elbow 12-button; opera 16-button; shoulder-length 20-button.

● OFF TO SHAKE HANDS?

IT'S a woman's privilege to keep her gloves on when she shakes hands. A man should take off his right-hand glove whenever he shakes hands with a woman.

● Down by the station early in the morning, young Peter Beers shoulders his shovel, collects his kit of tools, and threads his way through the maze of dormant steam engines.

HE'S going to prepare one of them for a run. He'll do the checking and the oiling, the banking and the spreading of the fire well within the standard 65 minutes allowed him.

For Peter, just 18, of Sydney's Enfield yard, is as keen a trainee engineman as you'll find anywhere along New South Wales railway lines.

He is keen for two reasons. "Trains are good fun," he gives as the first. "They appeal to me." So, come cinders, soot, or what may, he takes real pleasure in his work.

Then, he reckons there's a good career to be had in the railways.

Wages, conditions, superannuation, and holidays come into it, but the best thing about the career, in Peter's view, is the fact that progress, based on merit as well as length of experience, is fast.

Only 10 months ago, as a beginner, he was a cleaner of engines, working underneath them in pits, clad with boots, goggles, and grime, as he turned the high-pressure hose up into the innards.

Now, as an assistant fireman, he has the responsibility of preparing engines and keeping them going.

He must feed the fire — at the rate of about seven shovelfuls of coal every five minutes. Between times, he sits to the left of the driver watching out for signals.

There's not much time for chatting, but with luck there'll be a minute to pop a billy in the firehole under the boiler

for a cup of tea. Lunch could be a couple of eggs and bacon, fried on the blade of a spotless spare shovel.

And before too long (at the age of 23 at least) Peter will be in the driver's seat, a fully qualified engineman, drawing approximately £23 a week.

But first things first. There can be many a slip between applying for the trainee job and becoming an engineman.

Tall order

You can be ruled out on medical grounds. The medical test, which Peter, a strapping six-footer, flew through, is pretty stiff.

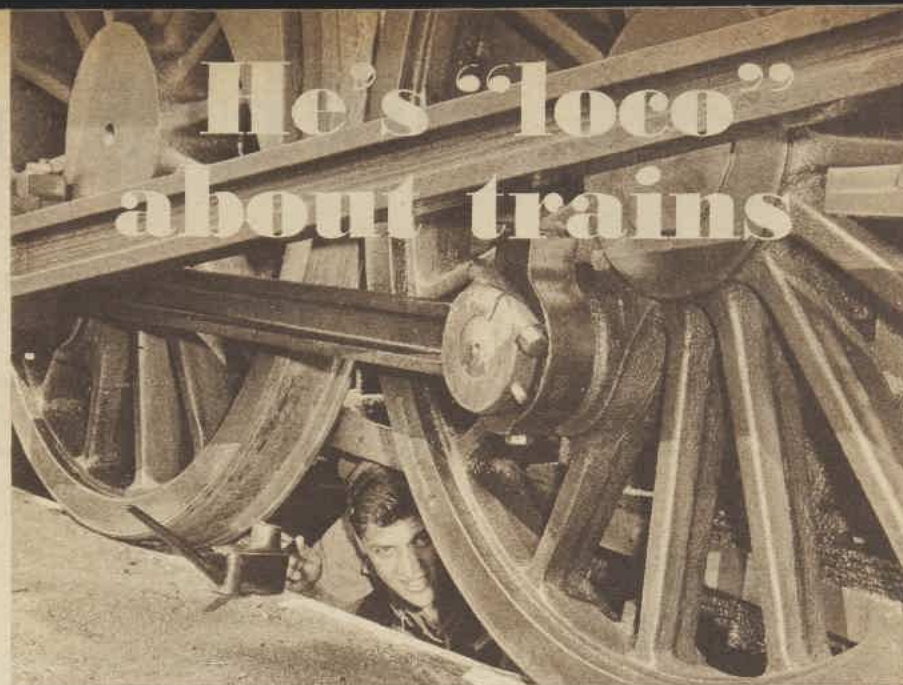
There's the question of age — a boy must be 17½ to start training — and of being at least 5ft. 6in. tall. Consolation, had Peter needed it, would have been that the railways do accept trainees slightly shorter — at 17 they might still be growing.

Then there could be an accommodation problem, because a trainee must live fairly close to one of the big railway yards.

Peter had to come to Sydney from Grafton, in northern N.S.W. Luckily, though, the distance doesn't worry him. While he's still under 21 he gets a free "privilege pass" to go home each weekend.

Another help was the £1/14/- living-away-from-home allowance, which a trainee gets up to the age of 18. It helped pay Peter's board with a family at Marrickville, and it brought his pay packet up to the present award wage of £12/3/6.

Lately, though, with time-and-a-half for overtime, Peter's been earning about £35 a fortnight.



He's "loco" about trains

night. He likes to assess wages by the fortnight. They sound more!

Not that he has much time for spending sprees. Working hours, he says, are all over the place. He can be on shift at any hour of the day or night.

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

This means a special alertness about getting to work on time. But no matter how grim the hour, there's no chance of a trainee engineman playing "hooky" by sleeping in.

"The Department's callers always telephone you to wake you up if you're working between midnight and 6 a.m.," explained Peter. "If you still don't waken, the driver'll come and throw gravel on your window. You can't sleep through that."

Once out on a run, forty winks is out of the question. So is a guarantee that his shift of work will be the normal eight

hours. If there's no one at hand to take over the firing duties, Peter has to carry on till there is another fireman. Trains must go through willy-nilly.

The more hours Peter works on the track the better pleased he is. Besides the overtime rates, he logs up precious "run hours" in much the same way as an airman does.

Rigid tests

He's already steamed through 400 hours and is nearing the test he must pass at 500 hours. This will be much the same as the one he passed at 80 hours some months ago. But at 500 hours and a pass he'll step into the rank of "acting fireman."

He's not too worried about this test. It won't be as bad as his beginner's one.

"I didn't know one end of an engine from another at first," said Peter. And the exam — after he'd cleaned a few engines and attended a two-

TRAINEE railway engine-man Peter Beers "comes up for air" after oiling an engine in an N.S.W. yard. He has a tender feeling for trains.

week course of lectures—dealt with any railway thing from electric signals to handling dynamite.

Later, having mastered the technique of steam engine driving, he'll learn to drive some of the new streamlined diesel trains.

It all sounds pretty dramatic. To Peter, it is. The pulse of the engine, the rhythmic click of the speeding wheels on the line, and the prospect of becoming master and driver of an engine are thrilling.

Where to from engineman? Well, a former Prime Minister, the late Mr. J. B. Chifley, was an engineman on the Bathurst run. And the present Commissioner for Railways in New South Wales (Mr. Neal McCusker) was once a junior porter.



PETER feeds the fire on an engine. There's usually time to pop a billy of tea in the firehole and cook lunch there.

DIFFERENCES ELSEWHERE . . .

● Wages, conditions, and training schemes for railway enginemen vary from State to State in Australia.

However, the basic pattern of the training is similar to that done by Peter Beers, and the structure of the wages table is standard throughout the Commonwealth.

In New South Wales the basic weekly wage is:

Trainee Enginemen	
17 years old	£10/10/-
18 years old	£12/3/6
19 years old	£13/15/-
20 years old	£15/6/6
21 years old and over	£16/4/-
Fireman, 1st yr. . .	£17/14/-
thereafter	£18/15/6
Driver, 1st yr. . . .	£23/2/-
thereafter	£24/1/6



CHECKING equipment on steam engines is one of Peter's duties now. In his job he also studies diesel trains.

GWEN'S GLITTERING, GO



KEYS, of gold cardboard, 18in. long, made by Mrs. Anderson, hung in the party-room, decorated with flowers. Gwen will keep the keys.

● Gwenneth Anderson, final-year nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, recently celebrated her 21st birthday with a dance given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Anderson, at their home in Strathfield, N.S.W. Novel ideas were used in the decorations that you could, perhaps, adapt for your coming-of-age party.

Pictures by staff photographer Adelie Hurley



FAN-SHAPED fruit case, buds, was made by Mrs. S.



GWEN wore white organza with yellow embroidered flowers sewn on bodice and skirt. It was designed and made by her sister, Beverley (18), who is a student at East Sydney Technical College.

BEVERLEY wore home-made dress of blue and white, with a scooped, ruffled petal skirt. She



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 11, 1961

OLDEN "21st"



cake, pink-iced and decorated with ribbons and roses—Mrs. S. McMillan, of Strathfield, a friend of the family.



GUESTS at supper, from left, Robert McMillan, David Fisher, Murray Schofield, Jennifer O'Connell, Roger Horn, Joy Wood, Gordon Chipperfield, Robyn Anderson, Fred Binns, Gwen, Carol Johnson, Peter Callaghan, and Gwen's sister, Beverley. The 60 guests had lobster mayonnaise, chicken salad, trifle, followed by Continental cakes. Gwen's brother, Ross (16), and other sister, Cheryl (10), were away from home and unable to attend.



ANDERSON serves trifle to her uncle, Mr. S. McMillan (right), Margaret Pearson (left), and Beverley. Beverley wore a dress of unadorned satin, with a high neck and unusual design, made it.

THE SISTERS with the white lacquered tree in the entrance hall. The tree was decorated with miniatures of the larger keys, for the boys, and posies of 21 sugared almonds, one for each year of Gwen's life, for the girls. The posies idea is Italian; there, dishes or little bags holding five almonds, for good luck, are given to wedding guests.



Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

Tell the truth

"I AM an 18-year-old girl and have a boy-friend who is 19. When I first went out with him I thought he was everything a girl could possibly wish for. But lately he has been getting a little too serious and he wants me to go steady. What am I going to do? I don't want to hurt him, and if I tell him that I only want us to be friends, nothing more, I know it will."

"Troubled," Vic.

You can only tell him the truth—the way you really feel. There is no possible way of avoiding hurting him, but if you tell him now how you feel it is going to be a far shallower hurt—and a quicker-healing one—than if you leave it till later.

Parents are right

"I AM the oldest girl in our crowd; I am nearly 15. All the girls are allowed to go out with boys and the boys are allowed to bring them home. But I am not allowed. My parents say I am too young. I think I am too young to be thinking of love yet, but I think I still should be able to go out with boys. I would like to know which you agree with."

B.T., N.S.W.

I agree with your parents. You are far, far too young to be going out with boys. I disagree with you; I don't think you are a bit too young to be thinking of love. Be honest and admit that most girls think of being in love and being carried off by Prince Charming from the time they are about 12. I think thinking of love is a normal occupation for a 14-year-old girl. But going out with boys? No.

Change your job

"I AM 19 and very much in love with my boss. He is 32; married, with two children. Although he has never asked me out, I know one day soon he will. He doesn't seem to be very happy at home, as when his wife rings (not very often) he always says he is busy and hasn't time to speak, when he is hardly busy at all. When he asks me out, am I to accept or not? I am really in love; he is the one for me."

"Undecided," Vic.

You should leave immediately and get yourself another job. You are right in line for one of the unhappiest times in your life if you don't. Why do you think this man would give up his wife, children, and his home for you?

The truth of the matter is that you are a pretty thing to have around the office, nothing more, except a fillip for his ego. He may want, at his age, to be assured that he still is attractive to a young girl of your age and, being human and experienced, he may try to find out.

It would never enter his head that he is also being selfish and unprincipled behaving like this, because he probably doesn't think a great deal about you. During office hours, you are the pretty machine that does his work,

but I'll bet that after five you are covered with disregard like your type-writer is covered with its plastic cover, while he is at home happy with his wife and family.

If you want a happy life you'll get yourself another job but quick, and if, before you leave or after, he asks you out, refuse sharply.

Forget bikinis

"SINCE I had my baby I have had stretch marks on my stomach. How could I remove them? I want to wear a bikini to the beach this summer."

M.K., Qld.

There is no way that I know of to remove stretch marks, although I think that with time and exercise they may become less noticeable.

I think you should give up the idea of wearing a bikini; they only look good when worn by girls with slight figures and unblemished skins. I remember last summer, seeing a girl who had an appendix-operation scar wearing a bikini and it looked quite shocking. Why don't you get a one-piece suit this summer? The one-piece in gingham, made with a very low back, is very much the thing this season.

Many problems

WHAT can I do for skinny, goose-pimpley legs? I'm sure I've tried about everything—overeating, pumice-stoning, hand-creaming, yet, at the slightest hint of a drop in temperature, out come my goose-pimples the size of goose eggs. I have knobby knees, too. When I go out with a boy it's terrible. I seem to be able to attract boys all right, but once I'm alone with one my mind goes blank or I rave on in a droning

voice and ask uninteresting questions. I just know I'm boring; but how can I be interesting at first? I've been told I have an old face, but in other places I'm definitely not over-endowed. In fact, I'm skinny and short. How is it I attract older boys? It makes me feel ancient. Four boys asked to take me home at a recent dance and I'm sure not one of them was under 20. Do you think bust exercises help a growing bust? I thought they would only help one that is fully grown.

"Sooty," Vic.

Your problems are varied. At first sight, overeating for goose-pimples sounds a bit mad, but when I read your letter about your goose-pimples, knobby knees, and skinniness, I think overeating would be a good idea for you until you put on a bit of weight.

Why don't you try the milkshake trick? It is an easy way to put on weight. As well as all your normal daily food, some time every day have a chocolate malted milkshake.

The trick about it is that the milkshake must be additional to all the other food you ordinarily eat. You must not cut out a piece of cake or slice of bread to make room for it; you must just have it as an addition to your daily food. If you do this honestly, and don't cut out any of your other food, you will find you will gain a steady pound a week, and will be rounder, warmer, less goose-pimpley.

I think the pumice-stoning is good, too, for goose-pimples. I'd keep that up as well.

I wouldn't worry about your conversation with boys. I'd keep on going the successful way you seem to be going. Just rave on; boys love girls who talk. The ones that frighten them are the ones who have nothing to say, or so little that they feel they have to keep pushing the conversation along.

I don't know why you attract such old boys, but that's life—if you like younger men, the older ones rush you; if you like mature charms, the young boys swarm. It is trying, but you'll sort this out later on. As every year passes you'll become more interesting, more able to choose the kind of man you like, a better conversationalist. I'd just carry on the way you are, and let the years do the improvements that you think are necessary.

Yes, I do think exercises help a growing bosom, indeed any bosom. The thing about exercises is that they improve your posture, make you stand better, strengthen the muscles round your bust, so that, whether it is big or small, it looks better anyway.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

CAN you fill the cookie jars with cookies that really send the taste-buds? Every girl should be able to. Try these for a start.

Cream together 1lb. butter and 1 cup sugar. Add an egg and fold in.

Now sift together and mix in gently $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of self-raising flour, and a dessertspoon of cocoa. After this, add half a pound of raw peanuts.

Put a heaped teaspoon of the mixture on a scone-tray and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Brush her off

"I AM 16 and I have a girl-friend. We went out to a party and everyone had arguments and I just got sick of everything and walked out. She likes a boy-friend of mine and told me she wanted to go around with him for a while and then come back to me; I don't like the idea. I like this girl very much and she says she likes me."

"Sad," Qld.

I'd give this girl the brush-off smartly. She's no good to you at all. She's conceited and unprincipled. I've never heard anything better than announcing to you that she wants to go round with your boy-friend for a while and then come back to you. What do you do in the meantime? Wear a "reserved" notice on your back?

As for walking out of the party, I think it was a good idea. I've often felt like it in such circumstances and never had the strength of character.

A wide range

"I AM to be married in two months' time at a 6 p.m. service. My fiancé and his attendants do not want to wear the traditional white flower in the lapel, but instead have a white handkerchief peeping from the breast pocket. Would this be incorrect, seeing I will be in a full-length bridal dress?"

"Blucy," N.S.W.

Wedding clothes these days cover a wide range for both brides and bridegrooms. Few things are incorrect. I think a better word to describe wedding clothes is "traditional." It certainly is traditional for your bridegroom and his attendants to wear white flowers in their buttonholes; the handkerchief wouldn't count in traditional wear.

I don't think it matters if they don't wear a buttonhole, but when you are paying your bridegroom the compliment of wearing a traditional full-length bridal dress, I think it is a poor compliment to you if he doesn't.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Know your etiquette

HANDKERCHIEFS, EATING

1. How and when do you wear a pocket handkerchief?

THE pocket handkerchief is worn in the left breast pocket of a suit or sports coat. You can wear it in one of two ways. Fold the handkerchief in a square and have about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch showing above the pocket; or you can spread the handkerchief out, pick it up by the centre, fold it back up where you're holding it, and tuck it into the pocket. In this way it will fall in two or three points over the pocket edge. Or don't show it at all. Many well-dressed men never do.

2. How do you correctly eat cream-puffs?

CREAM-PUFFS and other creamy, difficult-to-manage cakes are all eaten the same way.

Take them from the serving-dish—with your fingers (unless tongs are provided)—and transfer them directly to your bread-and-butter plate. Do not take them from the main dish and put them straight in your mouth. If the outside is very crisp, hold the puffs with your fingers, taking SMALL bites. If it's soft, use the cake fork provided.

● What is your etiquette problem? Write to "Etiquette," Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney, and we shall publish the correct answers to as many as possible. Sorry—we can't reply by mail.

ACNE — cause and cure

● A leading Sydney dermatologist here talks about the most common of all skin problems, teenage acne. At the foot of the page Carolyn Earle points out the value of planned skin care at home.



ACNE vulgaris, which manifests itself as varying numbers of pimples and blackheads, occurs mainly between the ages of 11 and 15 and usually disappears by the age of 30.

The commonest site affected is the face, but the neck, back, and upper chest may also show evidence of the condition.

It is not necessarily — is in fact uncommonly — hereditary, since only one or two members of a large family may be affected.

Acne can be aggravated and kept going by:

(a) Sitting with one or both hands on the face over long periods and subconscious "picking" at pimples with the fingernails.

(b) Squeezing of pimples, particularly blind ones.

(c) The use of greasy cosmetics on the face by girls and greases and oils on the scalp by boys.

(d) Wearing of wool or furs in contact with acne lesions.

(e) Occupational contact with oils, greases, and waxes, also tar and chlorine.

(f) Taking iodides (as in iodized salt) or bromides in medicines or drinking chlorinated water.

(g) Chocolate or any substance containing chocolate or deriving from the cocoa bean are the commonest articles of diet to cause aggravation. It is not necessary to leave out other articles of diet unless they definitely cause aggravation.

(h) Constipation may occasionally, but not necessarily, cause aggravation.

(i) Mental stress (e.g., examinations), fatigue, and exhaustion may make the condition worse.

(j) Infection (e.g., a bad tooth or tonsil) and excessive sweating should be remedied.

It is important to consult a doctor early, particularly a dermatologist, and not wait for the pimples to disappear. They may cause much needless scarring if this procedure is adopted. Doctors can help to get rid of the condition by rectifying imbalance of internal gland secretions, administration of certain vitamins, various forms of local treatment, and, when necessary, by the administration of small doses of X-rays.

Even when scarring has occurred, quite reasonable improvement can be obtained by an abrasion technique.

Also, most cases benefit materially from sunlight taken in reasonable amounts, so that swimming and sunshine are to be encouraged.

Acne cannot be cured quickly and may take from six months to two years. Consequently, sufferers from this condition should not be impatient if no, or very little, improvement is seen in the first few months.

The sooner a doctor is consulted the better, and the degree of improvement or cure obtained is in direct proportion to the persistence and co-operation given by the acne sufferer in carrying out treatment.

Carolyn Earle: **START YOUR SKIN CARE NOW**

REGULAR care will always benefit the skin, and there is nothing more rewarding than starting a simple programme of beauty care while you are young to help keep your complexion clear and healthy through the years.

The word "regular" is the operative word here. You simply cannot establish the habit of a clear glowing complexion by once-in-a-while care, and must be prepared to stick to whatever plan you adopt.

The most important thing a teenage girl can do to promote the look of her skin is to

keep it clean. If your complexion is so nice that it leaves nothing to be desired, then you obviously look after it well.

But if you can see the pores on your nose and chin, if you can find a blackhead here and there, if your skin is less than glowing, then start keeping it cleaner than you do.

Cleansing your skin thoroughly cannot be done with a quick splash and a promise.

Most skins, even dryish ones, need the daily tonic pick-up which warm water and a bland soap give. Use your own clean hands to whip up a lather (facecloths and sponges tend to pick up dust), and use this to massage the face with small circular movements.

Rinse off the soap with cool, clear water.

If your skin is on the dry side, this is the moment to rub in a very little skin cream or lotion, or perhaps a speck of moisturising cream or lotion. Remove any surplus cream, however, for, everything else apart, going to bed with a sticky face is bad for the skin.

Oily skin — and good cleansing is vital for this type of skin — usually fares best with medicated soap, cleansing grains, and an astringent lotion.

The normal skin belongs to the fortunate few, needs only the simplest of beauty care. Use the same routine as dry skin and add a light skin freshener.

TEENA by Linda Terry



LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE HEADING THIS WAY!



YUP! THEY ARE, ALL RIGHT! THEY JUST WENT OVER THE WOODEN BRIDGE.



HEY! WHAT'RE THEY STOPPING FOR?!!



YOU DON'T S'POSE THEY'RE JUST GOING TO SEE ELOISE, DO YOU?



Sandra

MIKE ROGERS follows Sandra to Switzerland after receiving a letter from Carol saying that Sandra is paying too much attention to Chuck. Sandra is upset, feeling that Mike doesn't trust her. NOW READ ON...

by Bill Sawyer



LISTEN HERE — with Kirsten Ward

Rice and gossip with the Joy Boys

● The Joy Boys and I recently celebrated the success of their record "Smokey Mokes" over an Indonesian rice lunch. The disc is the first all-Australian instrumental one to top the hit parade.

WE met outside Festival Records building in Ultimo, Sydney, where the boys had been recording with the De Kroo Brothers.

Keith Jacobsen, Col's brother and guitarist in the group, couldn't come. He'd been quite sick (suspected rheumatic fever) and had an appointment with the doctor.

But Kevin Jacobsen, "the Boss," and John Bogie, Norman Day, Laurie Irwin, and I still had a marvellous time talking just about everything and reminiscing about the old days when Kevin and John began the Joy Boys group and lived on hot-dogs and dreams.

John Bogie, the drummer, is married, has a tiny daughter.

Norman Day is a 19-year-old English boy. He's been here only about 12 months, but says he's not at all homesick.

Laurie Irwin (he plays the sax and clarinet) is a hepcat like, Man, I mean it. He likes jazzy clothes, says he's got a lucky streak.

Kevin Jacobsen is Col's brother, older and "the boss" of Col Joye Enterprises, the big business concern that's evolved from a yen he had a few years ago to take up piano lessons and start a band.

Kevin met John, who could play the drums. Col started plucking guitar strings, and before long they were playing quite regularly at a football club. Then Laurie joined in. Dave Bridge (who has since left) became the guitarist, and Col started singing.

LIONEL LONG and a cameraman friend, Chuck Peters, are going shopping for a Chinese junk. They think it would make a good background for photography and be just the place for parties. Lionel's been escorting a pretty golden blonde around Sydney. The girl has a slight accent, but refuses to say what her nationality is.

FROM Queensland comes the news that those singing country boys, the Webb Brothers — Fabian, Marius, and Berard — aren't (like Little Boy Blue) under the haystack fast asleep, but are busy preparing a lot of their own compositions for recording in Sydney. Marius is now the only bachelor of the trio.

ENGLISH singer Mark Wynter recently came to Australia almost unannounced. He'll take part in the stadium shows at Brisbane, Melbourne, and Sydney with the Everly Brothers, Bobby Vee, Ray Peterson, and our own Col Joye and the Joy Boys.

FOR the children, Festival have released Vol. 2 of the Dreamtime series — "Tales from Dreamtime." The story of why the kookaburra laughs and how the kangaroo and the emu turned from "ugly ducklings" to beautiful creatures will hold the kids spellbound—and isn't at all corny for adults.

Local talent: As a follow-up to his "Angel," Tony Brady sings "Big Things Are Happening" (on Leedon 45). It's cute and catchy, easing along in fine pop style. "Golden Boy," on the other side, is a

wistful, moonlight - and - roses type. They're both chart-topping material, but I'd reckon "Big Things . . ." has more chance of getting there.

"WE (Australians) sing to our hearts' content about the rest of the world, but let a song come along about Australian places and we crawl into our shells and hum it to ourselves . . ." says Leslie Ross. W. & G. have put out an LP, "Australian Sing-Along," with the Leslie Ross singers, to prove that Australia is something to sing about. The idea's great, but the presentation is clouded only by too many voices. You'd have to know the songs to sing along.

Pops: Conway Twitty will tell you the "Rock And Roll Story" via a new M.G.M. LP. He sings the top numbers of the past few years. If you're a loyal rock fan you'll dig.

BLIND Negro Ray Charles goes on a tour of American districts put to music on (Ampar LP) "Genius Hits The Road." The backing is really excellent — and Ray sounds sincere, relaxed.

THE big band era was from the mid-30s to the mid-40s. The Popular Record Club has brought out an LP—"Dave Pell Plays Big Band Sounds"—featuring the hits of such leaders as Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, and Jimmy Dorsey to name a few. But the record is of special interest technically, too. It's cut from a clear, golden vinyl material, and plays stereo AND monaural hi-fi.

PEN'S MIGHTIER ON THE SWORD!

● I might write any old thing —
but I can't write any old where.

NO, sir! I need to have a table under the paper before I can put down any deathless prose. But girls!—they seem to be able to write letters anywhere.

You can see them scribbling on pads laid out during lunch on park grass (hence, perhaps, the saying "The pen is mightier on the sward"?), and resting writing tablets on their knees in crowded public transport. The trend goes on in dozens of similar unlikely (to me) situations.

So what? So the whole writing business as we blokes know it is in jeopardy, that's what!

Females are steadily moving into all male strongholds, including working activities. And think what would happen if girls completely took over the writing and publishing games!

Imagine the scene in a book publisher's office when a girl author presents a new manuscript . . .

"How long is it?" asks the publisher.

"A 15-minute, two-bob train ride 182 times at peak hours," replies the author.

Publisher: "What ground does it cover?"

Author: "Chatswood to Wynyard, across the Harbor Bridge."

Daily newspaper work could go mad, too, if papers were staffed by reporters who were all like the girls I picture. "Going out on a job" would take on an entirely different meaning as members picked up stories in the office over the telephone—and had to go out to write them on buses or in parks!

Printers, of course, could face fantastic problems when setting in type a story written in a park over lunch.

How would they know which were punctuation marks and which were ants?

And while a newspaper or book-publishing company could save money because it would need no desks or typewriters, it would have one expensive piece of equipment.

For perhaps its sub-editors, who had come through the ranks of girls using trams and trains, would want to work in, naturally, a sub!

Actually, this would not really be an unreasonable demand. Rest assured, a good sub-editor is a running tower of strength!

There's a way, of course, to end this rot now—just stop girls writing letters in transport and parks.

For instance, put signs in parks saying, "Don't S.W.A.L.K. on the grass!"

—Robin Aldair

WORTH HEARING

BERLIOZ: Overtures

BERLIOZ was one of the greatest masters of the orchestra. He experimented with all manner of ingenious effects and colors that had never been attempted before and also wrote a book on the art of orchestration. Virtually all later orchestral writers—Wagner especially—are indebted to him.

In a fine new recording from R.C.A., one of the world's greatest orchestras, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the veteran Charles Munch, a specialist in French music and in Berlioz in particular, plays four of Berlioz' overtures and an excerpt from his last and greatest opera, "The Trojans."

Berlioz was a true romantic in his personality as well as his music. To judge from his entertaining autobiography, he seems to have spent his life in a perpetual fever of ecstasy, rage, or despair.

One of the overtures on this disc, "The Corsair," stems from one of his wildest emotional crises.

While Berlioz was in Italy he heard that the woman he was in love with was going to marry someone else. He immediately set out for Paris with two loaded pistols, intending to shoot the lady and himself. On the way he changed his plans and tried unsuccessfully to drown himself in the Mediterranean. He wrote the overture while he was recuperating in Nice.

The whole episode was as typical of Berlioz as is the boisterous music of the overture itself.

—Martin Long

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11



THE JOY BOYS (from left): Kevin Jacobsen (piano), Norman Day (guitar), Laurie Irwin (sax and clarinet), John Bogie (drums), Keith Jacobsen (bass guitar).

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 11, 1961



Scene: Anywhere in the sun

Cast: Glamorous girl (in a Jantzen)
Suntanned boy (in a Jantzen)

Costumes: His: "PORTSIDE" New brief zip-fit Boxer in imported cotton broadcloth. Smooth front, coin pocket, full nylon supporter. Six colour combinations. 30-36. 52/11. Matching pop-over shirt 69/11.

Hers: "ELVIRA" elasticised cotton knit in Madison stripes with new narrow straps. French Bra-cups for more figure control. New fashion colours combine in three colour blends. 32-38. 139/11.

Plot: As long as there are smiles like this and Jantzens like this — pursuing males will always be at large.

Credits: Made in Australia by Jantzen (Australia) Ltd.

Conclusion:

**just wear a smile
and a jantzen**

£100 FOR A SNAPSHOT

of a boy and girl together in Jantzen swimsuits or sunclothes. Send your photos to "Snapshot Competition" (Department B), Jantzen Aust. Ltd., P.O. Box 21, Lidcombe, N.S.W., by November 20. The winner will be announced in the "Teenagers' Weekly" issue dated December 20.